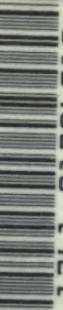


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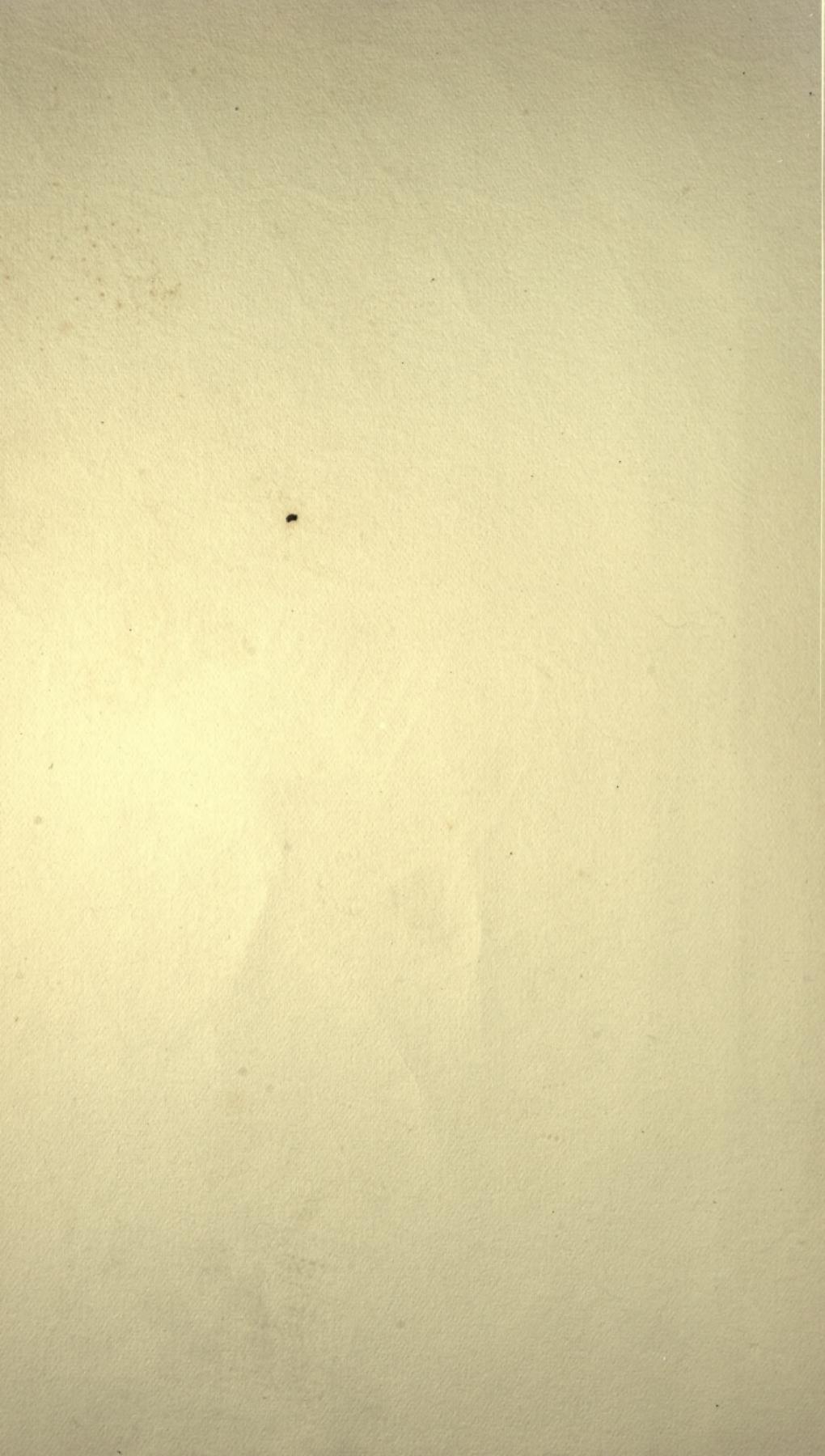


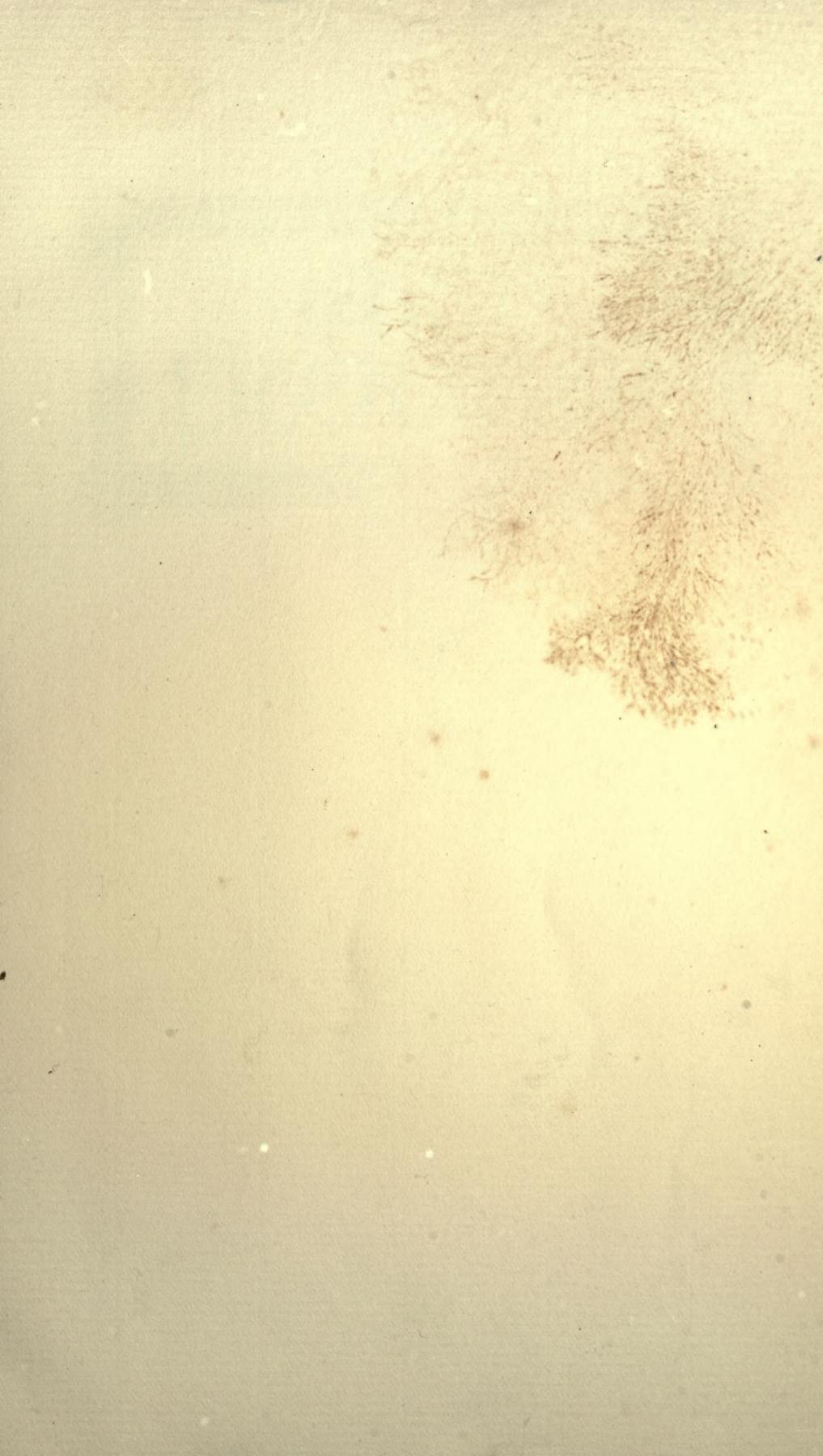
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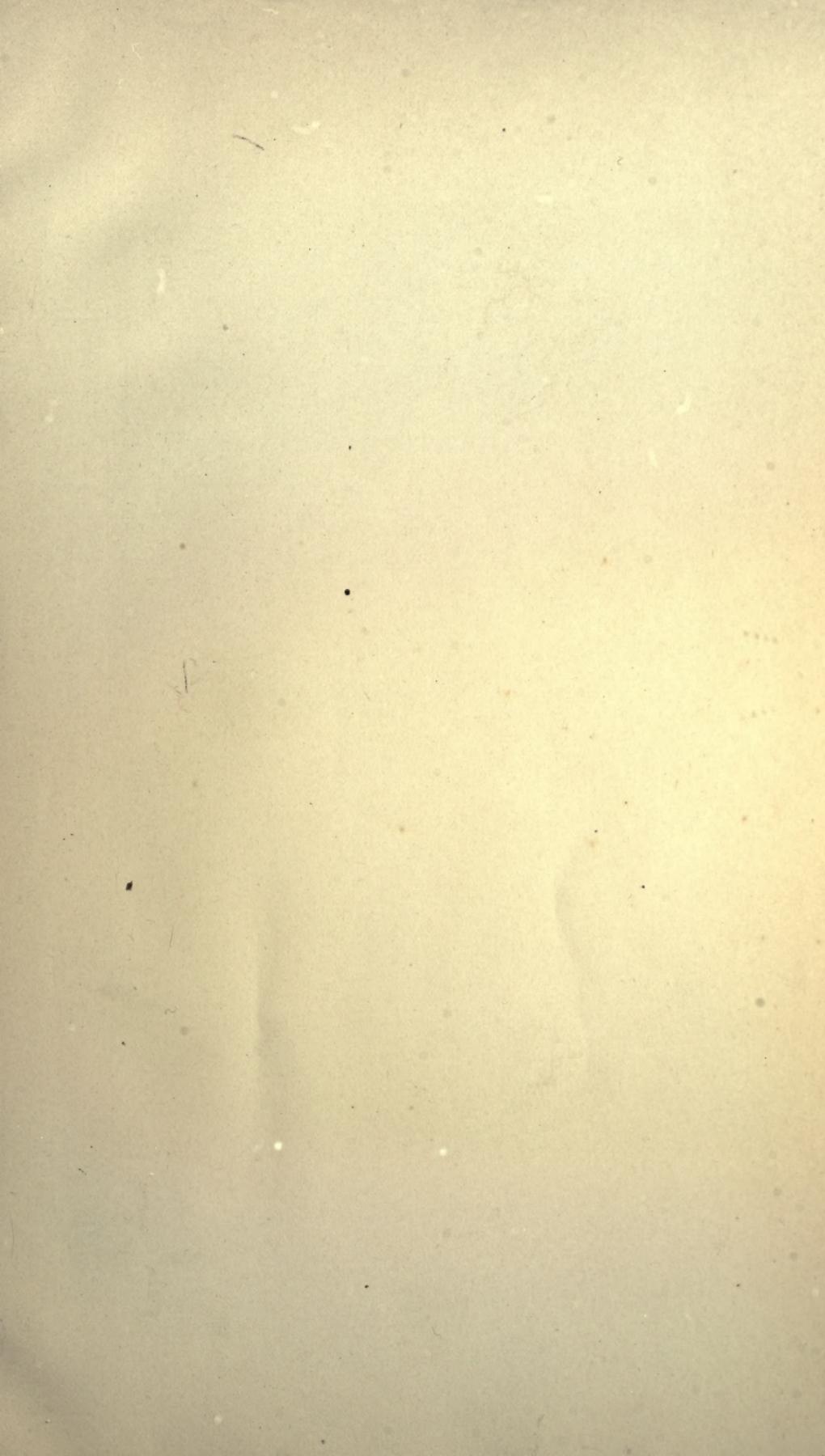




IRISH LITERATURE

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IRISH LITERATURE

THE OLD PLAID SHAWL

This picture, from a photograph, presents the characteristic costume of the older village folk in Ireland, and the spinning wheel denotes an industry which has not yet died out.

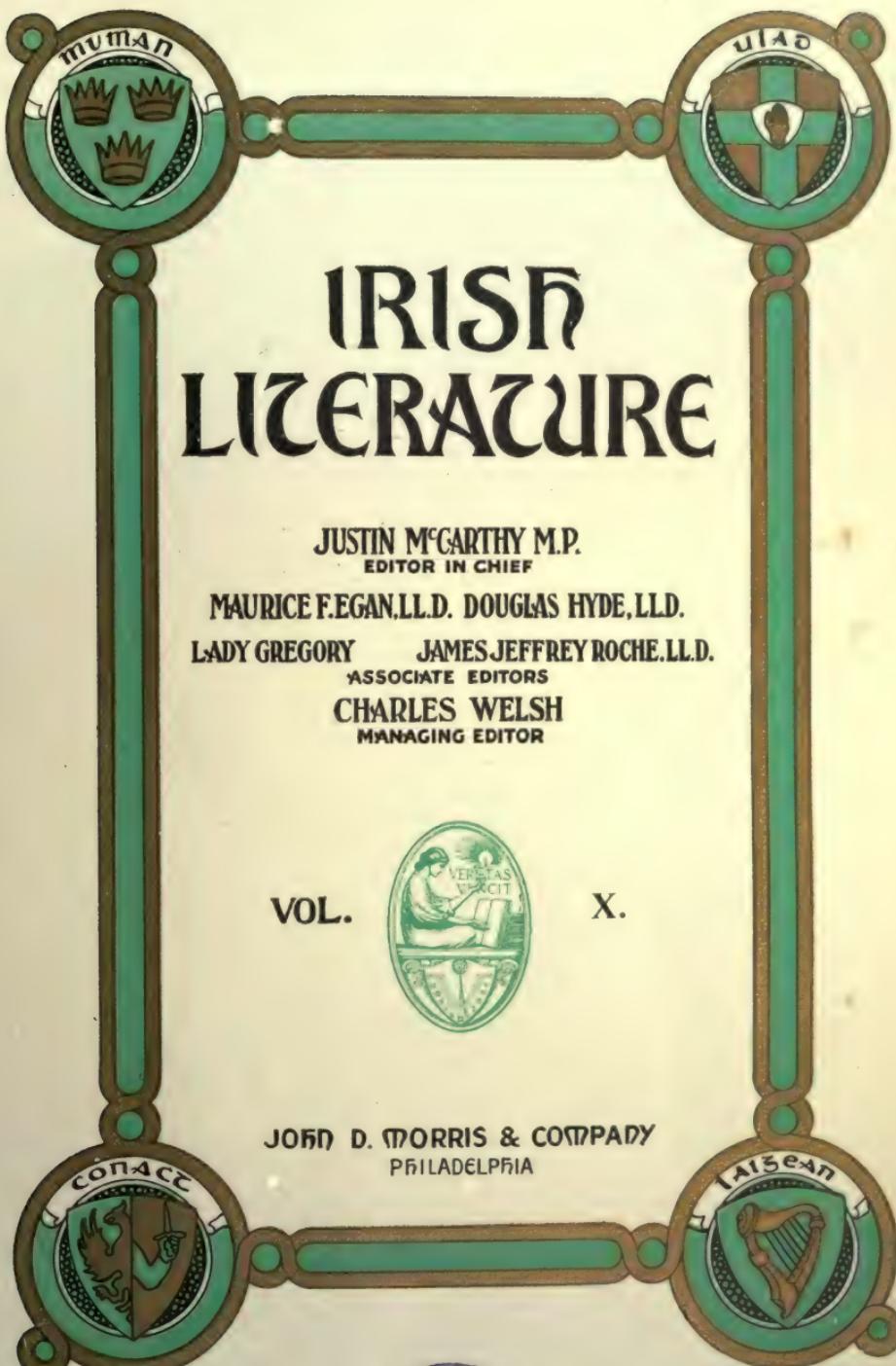
VOL.

X.

JOHN D. MORSE'S IRISH LITERATURE

ПРАВИТЕЛЬСТВО СССР

СТАВРУПОВЫЙ АДМИНИСТРАТИВНЫЙ КОДИКС
БЫЛ ПОДПИСАН ВОЛГАГРАДСКИМ ГУБЕРНАТОРОМ
ВОЛГАГРАДСКОЙ ОБЛАСТИ 25 ИЮНЯ 1941 ГОДА



IRISH LITERATURE

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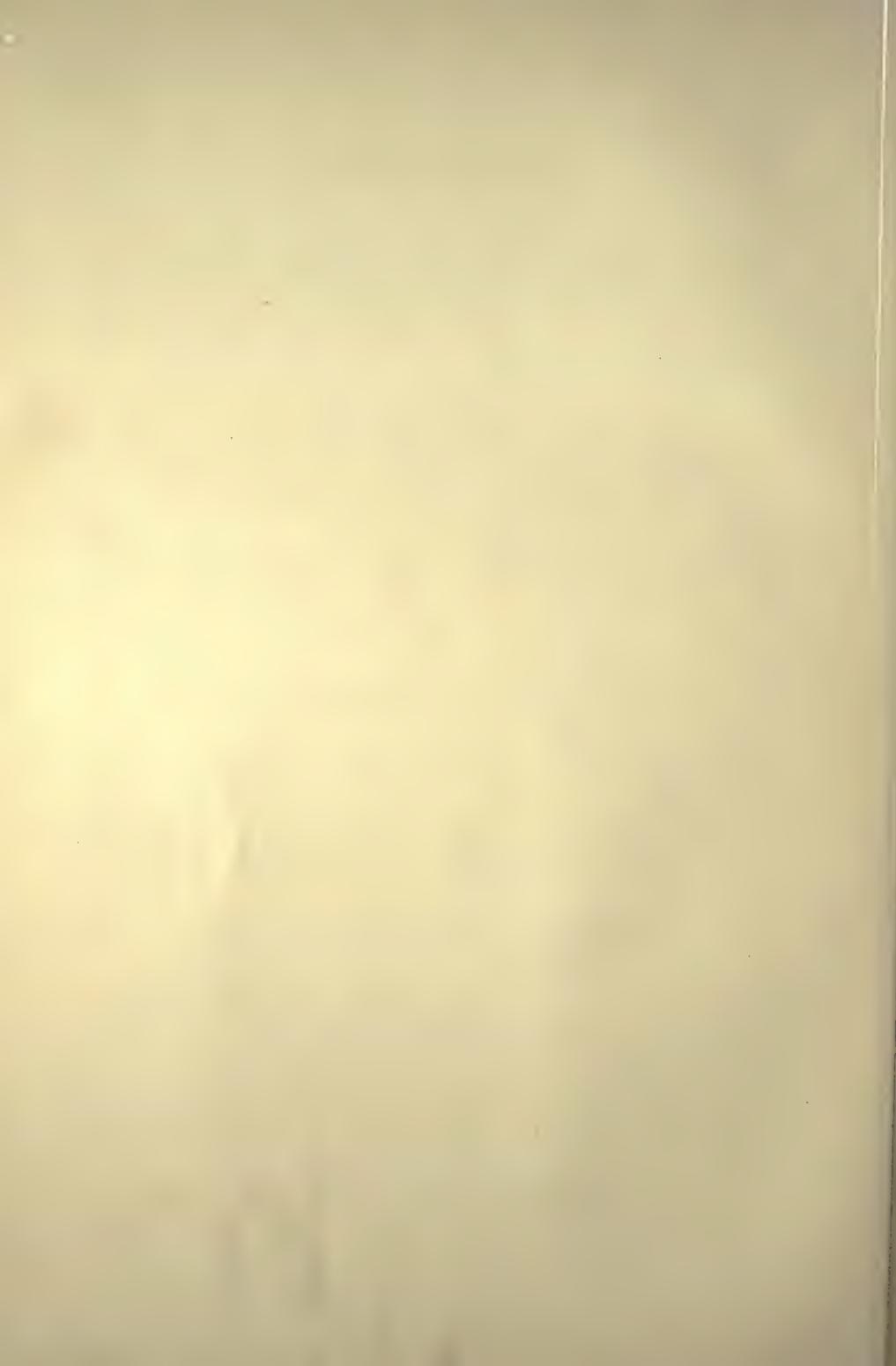
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THE IRISH DRAMA.

IN an article in the *Fortnightly Review* for December, 1901, Mr. Stephen Gwynn, the eminent critic, told the story of the Irish Literary Theater. We present here his account of the Irish National Dramatic Society, written in December, 1902. With regard to the first named he says:—

Its work may be summed up in a sentence: It produced in Ireland, with English actors, seven plays written in English on Irish subjects. These were: two by Mr. Yeats, 'The Countess Cathleen' and 'The Land of Heart's Desire'; two by Mr. Martyn, 'The Heather Field' and 'Maeve'; one by Miss Milligan, 'The Last Feast of the Fianna'; one by Mr. Moore, 'The Bending of the Bough'; and one, 'Diarmuid and Grania,' by Mr. Yeats and Mr. Moore in collaboration. At the time when the last was produced by Mr. Benson, a troupe of amateurs played Dr. Hyde's 'Casadh an t-Sugáin,' and the advantage that Irish amateurs had, even over good English professionals, for the purpose in hand was obvious. I suppose that this occurred to Mr. Fay, for it was after this that he and some friends—all of them people earning their bread by daily labor—banded together to devote their leisure to the acting of Irish plays; and the new experiment was inaugurated last Easter, when this company of Irish actors played two Irish plays, "A. E.'s" 'Deirdre' and Mr. Yeats' 'Cathleen ni Hoolihan.' It was renewed on a much larger scale this Samhain-tide, when in the course of a week some plays (including one short farce in Gaelic) were given; the subjects ranging from poetic handling of the oldest mythology down to contemporary satire on the town corporation. The whole thing was absolutely and entirely uncommercial. Authors and actors alike gave their services for the benefit of Cumann na Gael, under whose auspices the plays were produced, calling themselves the Irish National Dramatic Company.

The more one thinks about it, the plainer one sees that for full enjoyment of drama the auditor must be one of a sympathetic crowd. For instance, a comedy of Mr. Shaw's

played before the Stage Society is infinitely more enjoyable than when it is played in Kennington or Notting Hill. But the Stage Society, which makes an ideal audience for wit, is perhaps too sophisticated for poetry; too much under the domination of modern comedy. In Dublin Mr. Yeats and the rest had a hall full of people not less intelligent but less over-educated, less subservient to the critical faculty; in a word, more natural. This audience had all the local knowledge necessary to give dramatic satire its point (and that is scarcely possible in a place so big as London), and had also a community of certain emotions arising out of distinctive ideas. And, above all, the people composing it came to the theater much as they might have gone to church or to a political meeting, ready to be moved by grave emotions or by serious ideas. Two of the plays could, I think, have held their own with any audience. But without that special audience 'Cathleen ni Hoolihan' and 'The Laying of Foundations' would have been by far less dramatic than they were.

It should be said at once that these plays were for the most part extremely modest in scope. Only one had so many as three acts or required a change of scene; and two or three were at best "curtain raisers." In this class must be put Mr. McGinley's 'Eilis agus an Bhean Déirce' ('Eilish and the Beggar Woman'), which I cannot criticise, as no text was procurable and my Gaelic was not equal to following the dialogue closely. I do not think that a higher rank can be claimed for Mr. Yeats' farce, 'A Pot of Broth,' which, however, afforded Mr. W. G. Fay the chance for a capital piece of broad comic acting. The story is one, common among Irish peasants, of a beggar, who comes to a churlish woman's house, and knowing well that asking will get him neither bite nor sup, plays on her credulity by displaying a wonderful stone which will make the best of broth. All he asks is the use of a pot and water in it, and while the miserly housewife listens to his praise of the saving to be effected by such a stone, he dilates upon its other qualities—its effect on a chicken if you put it in with it, or on a ham-bone or the like—till gradually one eatable after another slips into the pot, and the beggar in a fit of generosity presents the stone to the housewife, taking in return merely the broth and a few unconsidered trifles.

That was all, and it was little enough. But it was interesting to find Mr. Yeats as a purveyor of laughter—for the little piece was genuinely droll, and interesting too—to notice how, for his comedy as for his tragedy, he went to folk lore and the peasant's cottage.¹

I may dismiss at once Mr. Seumas O'Cuisin, author of two of the plays. His 'Racing Lug' was a little story of sea-faring folk, apparently so cut down as to be barely intelligible. This was in prose; his other production, 'The Sleep of the King,' was simply a poetic tableau, showing how Connla, son of Conn the Hundred-fighter, left a professed throne to follow after a fairy woman.

"He follows on for ever, when all your chase is done,
He follows after shadows, the King of Ireland's son."

Mrs. Chesson has put the gist of it into the haunting little poem from which I quote these two lines, and put it much more effectively than Mr. O'Cuisin. Still, his little piece in verse—and very creditable verse—gave the troupe their one opportunity of showing how they spoke what was written in meter. They spoke verse not as actors generally do, but as poets speak it, in a kind of chant, which I confess seems to me the natural and proper manner.

It was just this quality—the absence of all stage mannerisms, the willingness to speak poetry simply as poetry, to speak it for its own sake, and not to show the actor's accomplishments—that rendered possible the production of 'Deirdre'; and it would have been a pity for work so good not to have been produced. Nevertheless I cannot regard 'Deirdre' as a good or successful piece of drama. The author, "A. E.," ranks high in my judgment as a lyrical poet, but even as a lyrical poet his appeal must necessarily be to the few. Mystic in the blood and bone, he stands habitually apart, and moves in ways of thought and emotion where it is difficult to follow him. And yet it was striking to observe how well the audience responded to his interpretation of the famous and beautiful story, and to the thoughts that he wove into its fabric. The first act tells how the sons of Usnach found Deirdre in the secret abode where the High King Conchobar had secluded her

¹ The story is told in Griffin's 'The Collegians,' see Volume IV.

fatal beauty, and how she fled with Naisi, obedient to the voice of a new wonder; and in this act I could see little or nothing to praise. But in the second, which shows Deirdre in the kingdom that Naisi and his brother had won on the shore of Loch Etive, there was work of a very different quality. In a passage of singular beauty the poet—for the play, though written in prose, is sheer poetry—shows Deirdre looking out on a glorious sunset. It is the sunset not of one but of many days, she says, and the stars that had lost each other in the mists and heat of the sun, know again their friends' faces across the firmament. And so, too, she and Naisi, awaking at last from the long swoon of sunshine, see at last into each other's hearts, and she sees in him a regret. It is the regret of pride that he has fled without confronting King Conchobar; the regret of chivalry that he has broken the rules of the Red Branch Order. It is, indeed, for comradeship in the Red Branch that he pines, not knowing it; and on the top of this discourse comes the shout of a man of Erin from his galley in the loch. And Deirdre, who has Cassandra's gift, foreknows the whole; so that when Fergus enters, the dearest of Naisi's friends, with pledge of forgiveness and of restoration to the Red Branch, she has no heart to greet him. She can only implore Naisi to stay, and her sorrow angers him, till her love and her knowledge yield to his pride.

I thought the whole of this act very well planned and full of beauty, and, even when the beauty was recondite, it conveyed itself surprisingly well. Deirdre in her lament says that the Gods have told her her love and happiness are ended, and are yet immortal, for they are destined to live forever as a memory in the minds of the Gael! and one felt that slight stir run through the silent audience which tells of a point gone home. And the spectacular beauty, even on that mean stage, was considerable; the figures moving behind a gauze veil in costumes designed by the author, who is artist as well as poet, and moving no more than was essential for the action. It was a great relief to see actors stand so still, and never to have attention distracted from the person on whom it naturally fell. But the whole thing was too literary, depended too much on the accidental beauties of thought or phrasing, and not enough on a strong central emotion. I do not think that "A. E."

achieved more than to demonstrate the possibility of a drama on an Irish heroic subject which should appeal to an Irish audience. But such a drama would have to be written by a most skillful dramatist.

The other two plays of which I have to speak had their way, as it seemed, made almost absurdly easy for them; so directly did they spring out of the mind of the audience. And yet these things are not quite so easy as they appear, and Mr. Ryan succeeded when Mr. Moore and Mr. Martyn had failed. Mr. Moore's 'Bending of the Bough' was a dramatic satire on Irish politicians: so was Mr. Martyn's 'Tale of a Town.' But though Mr. Moore and Mr. Martyn knew well how Ibsen had done that sort of thing, they were not familiar at first-hand with local politics; they did not show that perfect knowledge of local types which gave a value to 'The Laying of Foundations.'

The action of this comedy passes in the house of Mr. O'Loskin, town councilor (and patriot), immediately after a municipal election. To him come his friends, Alderman Farrelly and another, for a discussion of prospects. The alderman and his ally have their own little game to play; to secure for a building syndicate in which they are concerned the contract for erecting a new asylum. Mr. O'Loskin, on his part, desires the post of city architect for his son Michael. There is an obvious fitness in the arrangement by which Mr. O'Loskin will back the one job, while Mr. Farrelly completes the other; indeed, the only obstacle to this and all other good plans lies in one Nolan, the editor of a plaguy print, who has succeeded in capturing one of the wards, and will have a new means of annoyance—as if his *Free Nation*, with his rancorous comment on the private arrangements of public men, were not troublesome enough already. "And the worst of it is," says Alderman Farrelly, with pious indignation, "that I don't believe the fellow can be squared." Needless to say, the *Free Nation* has its counterparts in real life: the *United Irishman*, and another clever paper, *The Leader*, have been for some time back making things very unpleasant for patriot publicans and others. Nor was this all. Even the *obiter dicta* of prominent men found a new publicity given to them on the stage. "This fellow Nolan," says Alderman Farrelly, "is never done putting absurd no-

tions into poor people's heads. He says a working man ought to get twenty-four shillings a week. Twenty-four shillings!" (They all roar with laughter.) "Eighteen shillings is plenty for any laboring man. What would they do with more if they had it? Drink it!" And he slaps his thigh, leans back, and drains his tumbler of monstrously stiff whisky and water. This trait did not lose any of its pungency before an audience which remembered how a certain Lord Mayor had recently fixed eighteen shillings as the highest wage any working man should look for.

After the opening dialogue the action begins to develop. Michael, the future city architect, is an almost incredibly ingenuous youth. He only knows his father as the prominent patriot, the liberal subscriber to charities. And he is vastly overjoyed at the prospect, but he does not see how it is to be accomplished. How exactly is Alderman Farrelly going to secure favors from Alderman Sir John Bull, the leading Unionist? How is he, Michael, going to consent to receive them? Mr. O'Loskin has to explain that Sir John Bull is a large employer of labor, and, no matter what his politics, which is the better patriot, the man who gives the means of livelihood to hundreds, or one of your starveling fellows who goes about making trouble and stirring up ill-will? Michael yields easily, for Michael is engaged, and this will mean marriage; but the young lady, Miss Delia, is not so sanguine. She has been infected with the venom of Nolan, she distrusts Mr. O'Loskin, she warns Michael against a trap. Nevertheless, Michael accepts.

Two months later finds him installed, and coming gradually face to face with facts. Alderman Farrelly is righteously indignant because Michael has pedantically reported that the foundations of the new asylum are being laid with four feet of concrete instead of the stipulated eight. Worse still, Michael has condemned, root and branch, certain slum tenements—not knowing that they are the joint property of Alderman Farrelly and his own father. Here again one may observe that the audience bore in mind how a rickety tenement owned by a prominent and patriotic member of the Corporation had finally collapsed, killing some of the inmates. Michael's eyes are finally opened completely by an interview with Mr. Nolan, and,

Delia backing him, he takes his stand. In vain does Alderman Farrelly inclose a check for £500 as "a wedding present." In vain does Mr. O'Loskin tear his paternal hair. "Michael, I always thought you would take after me. See what comes of giving a boy a good education." (That, I will be bold to say, is a stroke of irony worthy of Swift himself.) Michael is obdurate, and the curtain falls on his righteous protestations.

Up to a certain point, as will be evident, the thing is purely analogous to Ibsen's work—but might have been written by one who had never read a line of that master. Only, if Ibsen had drawn Michael as Mr. Ryan drew him, and as Mr. Kelly represented him, there would certainly have been a third act, showing, in a bitter sequel, Michael's surrender. This is a defect in the art, for Michael is ill-drawn; and Miss Delia is rather a needlessly aggressive young lady. But whatever Mr. O'Loskin and Mr. Farrelly have to say and do is excellent, and the sentence which I have quoted is a fair illustration of the irony which pervades the whole. And a wholly subordinate character, Mrs. Macfadden, wife of the third town councilor, has an admirable scene in which she speaks her mind of Miss Delia and her extraordinary notions and goings on. Nothing could be better played than this was by Miss Honor Lavalle; she was the Dublin Catholic bourgeoisie to the life.

I do not say that the play was a masterpiece. I do say that it was live art; and that here was a new force let loose in Ireland: the clear sword of ridicule, deftly used from the point of greatest vantage, striking home again and again. Here there was no reference to the stranger; here was Ireland occupied with her own affairs, chastising her own corruption. I wish I could have been present on the Saturday night when the programme began with 'The Laying of Foundations' and ended with 'Cathleen ni Hoolihan.' That would have been to see drama pass from its cauterizing the ignoble to its fostering the noble in national life: from the comedy of municipal corruption to the tragedy, brief, indeed, but drawing centuries into its compass of Ireland's struggle for freedom.

It is necessary to explain for English readers that "Cathleen ni Hoolihan" was one of the names which poets in the eighteenth century used to cloak, in the disguise of love-

songs, their forbidden passion for Ireland; that the "Shan Van Vocht," or "Poor Old Woman," was another of these names; and that Killala, near which, in 1798, is laid the scene of Mr. Yeats' play, is the place where Humbert's ill-starred but glorious expedition made its landing. But there was no need to tell all this to the Dublin audience.

The stage shows a peasant's house, window at the back, door on the right, hearth on the left. Three persons are in the cottage, Peter Gillane, his wife Bridget, and their second son Patrick. Outside is heard a distant noise of cheering, and they are wondering what it is all about. Patrick goes to the window and sees nothing but an old woman coming toward the house; but she turns aside. Then on a sudden impulse he faces round and says, "Do you remember what Winnie of the Cross Roads was saying the other day about the strange woman that goes through the country the time there's war or trouble coming?" But the father and mother are too busy with other thoughts to attend to such fancies; for Bridget is spreading out her son Michael's wedding clothes, and Peter is expecting the boy back with the girl's fortune. A hundred pounds, no less. Things have prospered with the Gillanes; and when Michael, the fine young lad, comes in with the bag of guineas he is radiant with thinking of the girl, Delia Cahel, and Bridget is radiant with looking at him, and Peter with handling the gold and planning all that can be done with it. And through it all again and again breaks the sound of distant cheering. Patrick goes off to learn the cause, and Michael goes to the window in his turn. He, too, sees the old woman, but this time she is coming to the house, and her face is seen for a moment, pale like a banshee's, through the thick glass of the window. And Michael shivers a little. "I'd sooner a stranger not to come to the house the night before the wedding." But his mother bids him open the door, and in walks the old wayfarer.

Miss Maud Gonne, as every one knows, is a woman of superb stature and beauty; she is said to be an orator, and she certainly has the gifts of voice and gesture. To the courage and sincerity of her acting I can pay no better tribute than to say that her entrance brought instantly to my mind a half-mad old-wife in Donegal whom I have

always known. She spoke in that sort of keening cadence so frequent with beggars and others in Ireland who lament their state. But for all that, tall and gaunt as she looked under her cloak, she did not look and she was not meant to look like a beggar; and as she took her seat by the fire, the boy watched her curiously from across the stage. The old people question her and she speaks of her travel on the road.

BRIDGET. It is a wonder you are not worn out with so much wandering.

OLD WOMAN. Sometimes my feet are tired and my hands are quiet, but there is no quiet in my heart. When the people see me quiet they think old age has come on me, and that all the stir has gone out of me.

BRIDGET. What was it put you astray?

OLD WOMAN. Too many strangers in the house.

BRIDGET. Indeed, you look as if you had had your share of trouble.

OLD WOMAN. I have had trouble indeed.

BRIDGET. What was it put the trouble on you?

OLD WOMAN. My land that was taken from me.

BRIDGET. Was it much land they took from you?

OLD WOMAN. My four beautiful green fields.

PETER (*aside to Bridget*). Do you think, could she be the Widow Casey that was put out of her holding at Kilglas a while ago?

BRIDGET. She is not. I saw the Widow Casey one time at the market in Ballina, a stout, fresh woman.

PETER (*to Old Woman*). Did you hear a noise of cheering and you coming up the hill?

OLD WOMAN. I thought I heard the noise I used to hear when my friends came to visit me. (*She begins singing half to herself.*)

“I will go cry with the woman,
For yellow-haired Donough is dead,
With a hempen rope for a neck-cloth,
And a white cloth on his head.”

The sound of her strange chant draws the boy over to her as if by a fascination; and she tells him of the men that had died for love of her.

“There was a red man of the O'Donnells from the North, and a man of the O'Sullivans from the South, and there was one Brian that lost his life at Clontarf by the sea, and there were a great many in the West, some that died hundreds of years ago, and there are some that will die to-morrow.”

The boy draws nearer to her, and plies her with questions, and the old people talk pityingly of the poor crea-

ture that has lost her wits. They offer her bread and milk, and Peter, under his wife's reproaches, offers her a shilling. But she refuses.

"If any man would give me help he must give me himself, he must give me all."

And Michael starts to go with her, to welcome the friends that are coming to help her. But his mother interposes sharply, with a note of terror, and she reminds him whom it is he has to welcome. Then turning to the stranger—

Maybe you don't know, ma'am, that my son is going to be married to-morrow.

OLD WOMAN. It is not a man going to his marriage that I look to for help.

PETER (*to Bridget*). Who is she, do you think, at all ?

BRIDGET. You did not tell us your name yet, ma'am.

OLD WOMAN. Some call me the Poor Old Woman, and there are some that call me Cathleen ni Hoolihan.

It sounds flat and cold when you write it down; it did not sound cold when it was spoken. And the audience felt, too, in a flash, all that lay in Peter's comment, "I think I knew some one of that name once. It must have been some one I knew when I was a boy."

The stranger goes out then, chanting an uncanny chant, after she has told them what the service means that she asks of men. "They that had red cheeks will have pale cheeks for my sake; and for all that they will think they are well paid." And she leaves the boy in a kind of trance, from which his mother tries to waken him with talk of his wedding clothes. But as Bridget speaks the door is thrown open, Patrick bursts in with the neighbors: "There are ships in the bay; the French are landing at Killala!"

Delia Cahel may come with him, may cling about Michael; but the chant is heard outside and the bridegroom flings away the bride and rushes out, leaving them all silent. Then old Peter crosses to Patrick and asks, "Did you see an old woman going down the path?" And the lad answers, "I did not; but I saw a young girl and she had the walk of a queen."

The actors played the piece as it was written; that is, they lessened instead of heightening the dialect and the brogue; they left the points unemphasized. But they had

the house thrilling. I have never known altogether what drama might be before. Take a concrete instance. Few things in modern literature seem to me so fine as the third act in 'Herod'; few pieces of acting have pleased me better than Mr. Tree's in that scene. But I have never felt in reading it over that I missed anything by lacking the stage presentment, and I felt obscurely glad to be spared the sense of an audience only half in sympathy. 'Herod' came to the audience from outside; Mr. Yeats put before them in a symbol the thought of their own hearts. He had such a response as is only found in England by the singers of patriotic ditties in the music halls. "Cathleen ni Hoolihan" is the Irish equivalent for the "Absent-minded Beggar" or the "Handy Man." It is superfluous to do more than suggest the parallel.

I do not for a moment mean to imply that these Irish plays are worthy the attention of English managers. There is no money in them. They will be played, no doubt, a few times in Dublin, where Mr. Fay and his fellows have taken a small house for occasional performances. They will be played up and down through the country to people paying sixpences and pennies for admission. Some of them will, I hope, be produced by the Irish Literary Society in London for an Irish audience. But wherever they are played they will represent a wholly different order of dramatic art from that which prevails in the English theater; and the difference will lie chiefly in their intention, first, in the fact that they are not designed to make money.

Wherever they are played I hope they may find performers so good as Mr. W. G. or Mr. F. J. Fay, or Mr. Digges—an actor of extraordinary range, who played the parts of Naisi, of Michael Gillane, and of Alderman Farrelly, with equal success. The ladies of the company were hardly equal to the men, but Miss M. Quinn and Miss M. nic Shiubhlaigh both acted with fine intelligence. And the whole company, by their absence of stage tricks, showed the influence of Mr. Yeats, who is President of the company.

Part of the propaganda was an address delivered by him on the scheme which he has so much at heart for establishing a fixed manner by means of notation for speaking verse.

I was unable to be present, but have heard his views before, and have heard Miss Farr speak or chant verse on his method, accompanying herself on a queer stringed instrument.

The important thing is the deliberate attempt to re-establish what has never died out among Irish speakers—a tradition of poetry with a traditional manner of speaking it. Put briefly, it comes to this: Mr. Yeats and many others wanted to write for Ireland, not for England, if only because they believed that any sound art must address itself to an audience which is coherent enough to yield a response. The trouble was that Ireland had lost altogether the desire to read, the desire for any art at all, except, perhaps, that of eloquent speech—and even in that her taste was rapidly degenerating. What the Gaelic League has done is to infuse into Ireland the zeal for a study which, as Dr. Starkie says, “is at heart disinterested.” What Mr. Yeats and his friends have done is to kindle in Ireland the desire for an art which is an art of ideas. No matter in how small a part of Ireland the desire is kindled, nothing spreads so quick as fire.

It is noticeable that Mr. Fay's company has more and more limited its efforts to two types of play—the prose idyll, tragic or comic, of peasant life, and the poetic drama of remote and legendary subjects. In the former kind a new dramatist has revealed himself, Mr. J. M. Synge, whose little masterpiece, ‘Rivers to the Sea,’ was the most successful of five plays produced by the company at the Royalty Theater in London in the spring of 1904. Mr. Synge had not been heard of before, but his work in prose is no less accomplished and complete than that of Mr. Yeats in poetry, in the days of poetic plays. “A. E.’s” ‘Deirdre’ has been succeeded by Mr. Yeats’ Morality ‘The Hornglass,’ written like it in cadenced prose, and this by ‘The King’s Threshold’ and ‘The Shadowy Waters.’ In both of these plays we have heard Frank Fay and Maire nic Shiubhaigh speak beautiful and dramatic verse as it is seldom spoken, and in ‘The Shadowy Waters,’ especially, what the piece lacked in dramatic quality was made up by the mounting, which showed how much solemn beauty could be achieved with little cost from common materials handled by an artist.

It is satisfactory to add that a theater has been arranged in Dublin where these players will in future have the advantages of a proper stage, however modest its dimensions.

*From T. S.
Stephen Gwynn*

In September, 1903, we learn from an article by Mr. W. B. Yeats in *Samhain* that the movement, the beginnings of which Mr. Stephen Gwynn has chronicled in the foregoing, has grown to such an extent that the year's doings could not be described in detail.

Father Dineen, Father O'Leary, P. Colum, and Dr. Hyde produced new plays which, with those by "A. E." Mr. Cousins, Mr. Ryan, W. B. Yeats, Dr. Hyde, Lady Gregory, etc., were witnessed not only by thousands throughout the length and breadth of Ireland, but by large and appreciative audiences in London as well. The Irish Literary Society of New York also has been active in presenting several of these plays, and the effect of the new-born Irish drama is being strongly felt in this country also.

Let Lady Gregory say the last word on this subject:

"There has always, on the part of the Irish people, been a great taste for dramatic dialogue. The 'Arguments of Oisin and Patrick' are repeated by peasants for hours together with the keenest delight and appreciation. Other dramatic 'arguments' appeal to them—the 'Argument of Raftery with Death,' the 'Argument of Raftery with Whisky,' or the argument between a Connaught herd and a Munster herd as to the qualities of the two provinces. These old pieces are recited and followed with excitement, showing how naturally the dramatic sense appeals to the Celtic nature. It is curious, therefore, that only now should Irish drama be finding its full expression, and not at all curious that it has taken such a hold upon the country. The dramatic movement has made really an enduring impression upon the life and intellectual activity of the people."—[C. W.]

FOLK TALES, FOLK SONGS, RANNS,
sean-sgeuluitiúiseacht, sean-ábhráin, rann,
HISTORICAL SKETCH,
bláthair as stair na h-Éireann,
STORIES, POEMS, AND PLAYS,
sgealta, dánta, agus dráma;
BY MODERN IRISH AUTHORS.
le h-úisearaibh an lae inmór:

AN NUAS-TITRIÚDEACHT I NGAEDEILS.

Ciúiníodh iníon i mleabhar deimhí ro, romplairde ari Síneach-Gaeilge na nuaointe, mar do b' i rí aca in rian d' a cónaíodh bliadán ro do chnáidh tairbheann, agus mar d' a rí aca aonair. Níl acht nua-Gaeilge le páisí an ro, agus aonair leis an leigheas a bheithearannar fírin ón dánam ari an t-rean-Gaeilge le congnáim na n-airgeadán d' aonair do chugamair iníon n-ímléabhrach eile. Ni chugamair aon t-rean-Gaeilge ann ro, oírlí ír i n-óigeasair a tuigint do aon duine ná n-óigeasair ruidéarach tréiríalta innti.

Tá rgealta, aibhláin, agus páisíde na nuaointe fírin, le páisí an iníon leabhar ro, agus tá curio móibh díobh ro ríomhtháis ríor le ríoláiriú ó b' aonair na rean-aoine 1 n-Éirinn nári chuis a roteanga fírin do ríomhtháis ná do leigheas. Acht tá curio eile ó, agus ír obair na ríomhtháis i obair na ríomhtháis atá ag ón dánam titriúdeactha nuaíde do muinntir na n-Éireann iníon, mar atá an t-áctair peadar O Laochaire, Seumas O Dúibhgeall, Conán Maol (Mae uí Seosó), pátrias O Laochaire, Tomáir O n-Áodh, an t-áctair O Duinnín, úna ní feairgaille, "Tóirna" agus eile.

Ír an-óigeasair an ríud é b' aonair ceapáit blianta do cíup ari Síneach-Gaeilge, óir ír é mo b' aonair náidh ón roteanga ari talmáth na Chriostuiseachta ír mó virír eataonna fírin 'ná iad. Agus cíod go b' fírin iú a comh fada ríin 'na reagair ari an aon oileán, taoibh le taoibh, ír ríor-óigeas an lóisí o'fag ceann aca ari an gceann eile, agus ír ríor-óigeasán o'fóglúim na nuaointe labhrar iad ó n-a céile.

Tá ríolte na n-Éireann, fáraoir! Fá ríomhtháis nuaointe o' a dtus an Ríogailear Sacraíse an ríomhtháis oírra, agus b' na nuaointe fíod 1 gocónnuide 1 n-áctair na n-íomháil agus 1 n-áctair roteanga na tíre. Níl eolair ag duine ari b' iú aca uirí acht oíreacht le aghaileadh b' aonair. Tá ceathair de na nuaointe fíod 'na mb' aonair ón cíúiníodh an rotheasach, acht b' ríomhtháis leis nuaointe cionntáca do nuaointe, nuaointe riad muinntir na n-Éireann, 'gá cíup aca ari b' aonair aonair, fad a mbealtas, 1 nuaointe na neite b' aonair leis fírin agus na rotheasach. Tá fíod eile aca 'na nuaointe fíod 'na Colaiste na Tríonóide—ír fíod na n-íomháil an ait ríin—agus tá curio móibh

THE MODERN LITERATURE OF THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

We shall see in this last volume specimens of the ordinary Irish language of the people, as they have had it for the last couple of hundred years, and as they have it now. There is nothing but modern Irish to be found in this volume, and hence the reader must form his own opinion of the old Irish literature by the help of the English translations that have been given in the other volumes. We give here no old Irish, because it is too difficult to understand for any person who has not made a special study of it.

There are stories, songs and sayings of the people themselves to be found in this book, and a great many of these have been written down by scholars from the mouths of old people in Ireland who did not know how to read and write their own language. But there is another portion of the book which is the work of the cleverest writers, the work of writers who are making a modern literature for the people of Ireland to-day, such as Father Peter O'Leary, James Doyle, Conan Maol (O'Shea), Patrick O'Leary, Thomas Hayes, Father Dinneen, Miss O'Farrelly, Tadhg O'Donoghue, and others.

It is a very difficult thing to put correct tasteful English upon Irish, for it is my opinion that there are no two languages in the lands of Christendom which differ more between themselves than they do. And although they have been so long standing side by side upon one island, very little is the trace that either of them has left upon the other, and it is very little that the people who speak them have learned from one another either.

The schools of Ireland also, are, alas, under the dominance of people to whom the English Government has given the control over them, and these people have always been against the Irish, and against the language of the country. Not one

eile aca na n-aoisínib-uaile pleáitíodhre gan aon eolais gpreimialta aca ar fgoiltib ná ar fgoilteagácht; agur do tóirmeasg riad Haed-eilis do múnad inRNA fgoiltib, no do labhairt leis na fgoiláirib, go dtí tóis no ceataí de bhláthantaib ó foin. Tá achrúis aon a noí, agus, go dtí, tóis aon achrúis aon tóis na Cíofrúisgeasta riám, a raib a leitíodh fín de fghannail le feicint inni. Agur do b' i n-Éirinn — máláistírtíodh agus máláistírtíeara fgoile náicé raib focal Haed-eilge aca, agus "múnad"! ráiríodh náicé raib focal béalra aca! Ní h-iongnaid gur díbheas a mac friúin aon Litriúdeasta ar na n-aoisínib, agur gur muidseas aige gáé oidear, gniocar, cíonacáit, agur fthuaim do tainis aonuair cíca ó n-a fínnreapairib fomra. Acht a noí, — mar gheall ar Connacht na Haed-eilge — tá an Haed-eilis, agus teastéid éinici féin aige; agur i fír goiléir é a noí, do'n domhan ar fad, má tá Éire le beit 'na náisiún ar leit, no le beit 'na náisiún ar bith acht 'na condae Shránaí Sacraínais, (agur i ag déanamh aitír go faon fann fuaig an náisiún na Sacraína) go scaitiúr fír iomordó ar a teangealíodh féin aige agus tóirmeasg riad éeapad inni.

Agur tá Éire ag tóirmeas ariú rím do déanamh céana féin, agur tá rompláidhe ar a bhrúil rí o'á déanamh inRNA leabhar ro. Níl ionnta ro go leir (obair na ndeise mblátháin ro chuaibh tóirmeas) acht céad-bhláta an earráis. Tá an Samhradh le teastéid fóir le congnáin Dé:

RÍS AN FÁSÁIS ÓUIB:

Laethair O flóinn, ó Beulácht-na-muice (Swinford : mbeuile) o'innis an fgeal ro do phróiníriar O Connéadair i mb'luacáin, ó a bhrúairi mire é.

Nuair b' i O Connéadair 'na rígs ar Éirinn b' i ré 'na cónáinidé i Ráit-Ériúacáin Connacht: B' i aon m'ac amáin aige, acht nuair b' fáiscthe rí fuaig, b' i ré fiaotháin, agur níor fheud an rígs rmaect do éis aige; mar bheideas a tóil féin aige inRNA gáé uile ní:

of them knows anything about it, more than so many asses or bullocks. Four of these men are judges from the courts of law, who have no particle of knowledge about education; but since their ordinary work is to condemn the guilty, they condemn the people of Ireland, sentencing them to life-long ignorance about the things that concern themselves and their country. Another of them is the Provost of Trinity College, that place that is Fuath na nGaedheal, and a great number more of them are wealthy country gentlemen, without any special knowledge of schools or scholarship; and these men practically forbade the Irish language to be taught in the schools or to be spoken to the scholars until three or four years ago. A change has come now. God grant that it may be a lasting one!

I do not think that there was ever any other country in the lands of Christendom in which such a scandal was to be witnessed as in Ireland—masters and mistresses of schools who did not know a word of Irish, “teaching” (!) children who did not know a word of English! It is no wonder that the spirit of literature was banished out of the people, and that all instruction, intelligence, wisdom and natural ability, that had come down to them from their ancestors before them, were driven out of them. But now—thanks to the Gaelic League—the Irish language is coming to itself again, and it is evident at last to the whole world that if Ireland is to be a nation apart, or anything at all except an ugly English county, (imitating, in a manner lifeless, feeble, and cold, the manners of the English), she *must* turn to her own language again, and create herself a new literature in it.

And Ireland is beginning to do this, even already, and there are specimens of what she is doing in this book. These—the works of the last ten years—are yet nothing but the first spring blossoms. The summer is to come with the help of God.

THE KING OF THE BLACK DESERT.

This story was told by one Laurence O’Flynn, from near Swinford, in the County Mayo, to my friend, the late F. O’Conor, of Athlone, from whom I got it in Irish. It is the eleventh story in the “*Sgeuluidhe Gaodhalach*.”—Douglas Hyde.

When O’Conor was king over Ireland, he was living in Rathcroghan of Connacht. He had one son, but he, when he grew up, was wild, and the king could not control him, because he would have his own will in everything.

Áon mairdin aithéin cuaidh ré amach,

Δ cù le na chóir
Δ feabhas ari a boir
A' r a capall bheag duibh a' ionchéar,

agusur d'imirig ré ari agair, ag ghabhail pláinn aibhinn do féin go dtáinig ré comh fad le gheatais móir do bhi ag fáil ari bhruidé gleanna. Bí rean-duine liat' na fuirde ag bun na gheice, agusur duibh ait: "A mic an phig, má tig leat imirt comh maith a' r tig leat aibhinn do ghabhail, buidh maith liom cluiche d'imirig leat." Saoil mac an phig gur rean-duine mi-céilleadh do bhi ann, agusur cuirilings ré, cait grian tairis gheas, agusur fuin séior le taobh an trean-duine liat. Táirgaint reilgean rada cártaidh amach agusur d'fiafhus: "An tig leat iad ro d'imirig?"

"Tig liom," ari gan mac-phig.

"Céad imobramaoidh ari?" ari gan rean-duine liat.

"Ni' ari b'ic i'f mian leat," ari gan mac-phig.

"Maith go leor, má ghnótaisim-re caitriodh turfa nio' ari b'ic a iarrfach m' deunamh Óam, agusur má ghnótaisearna turfa, caitriodh mire nio' ari b'ic iarrfach turfa oípmh deunamh Óuitre," ari gan rean-duine liat.

"Tá mé fárta," ari gan mac-phig.

D'imirig ríad an cluiche agusur buail an mac phig an rean duine liat. Ann rin duibh ait: "Céad do buidh mian leat mire do deunamh Óuit, a mic an phig?"

"Ni' iarrfach m' oípmh nio' ari b'ic do deunamh Óam," ari gan mac-phig, "raoirim nac bhfuil tú ionnáinn mórán do deunamh."

"Na bac leir' rín," ari gan rean duine, "caitriodh tú iarrfach oípmh buidh éiginn do deunamh, níor cailí me gseall ariamh nár feud mé a foc."

Mar duibh ait: "Raoril an mac phig gur rean duine micéilleadh do bhi ann, agusur le na fáruig aodh duibh ait ré leir."

"Bain an ceann de mo leargháil ari agusur cuir ceann ghabhail uirbhí ari feadh reacmhainne."

"Deunfao rín Óuit," ari gan rean duine liat.

Cuaidh an mac phig ag maircuiséad ari a capall,

Δ cù le na chóir
Δ feabhas ari a boir,

agusur éig ré a agair ari ait eile, agusur níor éiimhing ré níor mó ari an rean duine liat, go dtáinig ré a-baile.

Buair ré gair agusur bhrón móir in gan gcairpleán. D'innir na reallbhrógaontaithe ó do dtáinig Óraoiðearðóir aigteas 'gan geomra' n' ait a phair an bainisiochan agusur gur cuir ré ceann ghabhail uirbhí i n-áit a cinn féin:

One morning he went out

His hound at his foot,
And his hawk on his hand,
And his fine black horse to bear him,

and he went forward, singing a verse of a song to himself, until he came as far as a big bush that was growing on the brink of a glen. There was a gray old man sitting at the foot of the bush, and he said, "King's son, if you are able to play as well as you are able to sing songs, I should like to play a game with you." The King's son thought that it was a silly old man that was in it, and he alighted, threw bridle over branch, and sat down by the side of the gray old man.

The old man drew out a pack of cards and asked, "Can you play these?"

"I can," said the King's son.

"What shall we play for?" said the gray old man.

"Anything you wish," says the King's son.

"All right; if I win, you must do for me anything I shall ask of you, and if you win I must do for you anything you ask of me," says the gray old man.

"I'm satisfied," says the King's son.

They played the game, and the King's son beat the gray old man. Then he said, "What would you like me to do for you, King's son?"

"I won't ask you to do anything for me," says the King's son, "I think that you are not able to do much."

"Don't mind that," said the old man. "You must ask me to do something. I never lost a bet yet that I wasn't able to pay it."

As I said, the King's son thought that it was a silly old man that was in it, and to satisfy him he said to him—"Take the head of my stepmother and put a goat's head on her for a week."

"I'll do that for you," said the gray old man.

The King's son went a-riding on his horse

His hound at his foot,
His hawk on his hand—

and he faced for another place, and never thought more about the gray old man until he came home.

He found a cry and great grief before him in the castle. The servants told him that an enchanter had come into the room where the Queen was, and had put a goat's head on her in place of her own head.

“Uair mo láimh, iñ longantac an níod é rín,” ari ran mac rijs, “dá mbeiríonn ’ran mbaile do bainfínn an ceann té le mo clárdreamh.” Bí an bhrón mór ari an rijs agus é cíur ré fíor ari ébhairíleoirí círeóna agus rófiarruis ré dé an raiib fíor aige cia an éaoití capla an níod seo do'n bainisíogain. “Só denimín ní thíos liom rín innreacht duit,” ari reirean, “iñ obairi dhaorítheacá e.”

Níor leis an mac rijs ari fén 50 raiib eolair ari bia aige ari an gcaír, aict ari marón amárasc róimhig ré amac,

▲ ÉÚ LE NA ÉOIR
▲ FEADAS ARI A ÓIR
’S A ÉAPALL BHEAGH DUIB Ó'Á TOMÁIR,

Agus níor tarrainis ré ríman go dtáinig ré comh fada leir an ríseac mór ari bhrúas an gcleanna. Bí an rían duine liat ’na fúidé ann rín faoi an ríseac agus rúbairt ré: “A mhe an rijs, mbeirí cluicé agus an t-áinéir?” Tuiriling an mac rijs agus rúbairt: “Béirí.” Leir rín, cait ré an ríman tair gheas, agus rúbairt ríor le taoibh an trean duine. Tarrainis reirean na cártaidí amac, agus rófiarruis de'n mac rijs an bhrúairt ré an níod do ghnótaris ré ande.

“Tá rín ceart go leor,” ari ran mac rijs.

“Imeáramadóir ari an ngeall ceudana an t-áinéir,” ari ran rían duine liat.

“Tá mé pártá,” ari ran mac rijs.

Óimír ríad, agus ghnótaris an mac rijs. “Cheada do buidh mian leat mire do cheanamh duit an t-áin ró?” ari ran rían duine liat. Smuain an mac rijs agus rúbairt leir fén, “Béarrparáid mé obairi bhrúas do an t-áin ró.” Ann rín rúbairt ré: “Tá páirc ríeac n-aicra ari cíul cairpleáin m'atáir, biond ri lionta ari marón. Amárasc le báit (buaibh) gan aon bheirt aca do bheirt ari aon dát, ari aon áit, no ari aon doirí amáin.”

“Béirí rín deunta,” ari ran rían duine liat:

Cuairt an mac rijs ag marúiúiseac ari a éapall,

▲ ÉÚ LE NA ÉOIR
▲ FEADAS ARI A ÓIR,

Agus tuis agatá a-bhaile. Bí an rijs go bhrónas i dtaoibh na bainisíogna. Bí dochtúirí ari n-úile áit i n-Éirinn, aict níor feud ríad aon mairt do cheanamh bí.

Ari marón, lá ari na mairas, cuairt maoi an rijs amac go moch, agus éonnairic ré an páirc ari cíul an cairpleáin lionta le báit (buaibh) agus gan aon bheirt aca de 'n dát ceudana no de'n doirí ceudana, no de'n áit aon bheirt aca. Óimhig ró arteas, agus róimh cé an ríseal longantac do'n rijs. “Téiris agus tiomáin iad amac,” ari ran rijs. Buaibh an maoi rí, agus cuairt ré leod ag

"By my hand, but that's a wonderful thing," says the King's son. "If I had been at home I'd have whipped the head off him with my sword."

There was great grief on the King, and he sent for a wise councillor and asked him did he know how the thing happened to the Queen.

"Indeed, I cannot tell you that," said he, "it's a work of enchantment."

The King's son did not let on that he had any knowledge of the matter, but on the morrow morning he went out

His hound at his foot,
His hawk on his hand,
And his fine black horse to bear him,

and he never drew rein until he came as far as the big bush on the brink of the glen. The gray old man was sitting there under the bush and said, "King's son, will you have a game to-day?" The King's son got down and said, "I will." With that he threw bridle over branch and sat down by the side of the old man. He drew out the cards and asked the King's son did he get the thing he had won yesterday.

"That's all right," says the King's son.

"We'll play for the same bet to-day," says the gray old man.

"I'm satisfied," said the King's son.

They played—the King's son won. "What would you like me to do for you this time?" says the gray old man. The King's son thought and said to himself, "I'll give him a hard job this time." Then he said, "there's a field of seven acres at the back of my father's castle, let it be filled to-morrow morning with cows, and no two of them to be of one colour or one height or one age."

"That shall be done," says the gray old man.

The King's son went riding on his horse,

His hound at his foot,
His hawk on his hand,

and faced for home. The King was sorrowful about the Queen; there were doctors out of every place in Ireland, but they could not do her any good.

On the morning of the next day the King's herd went out early, and he saw the field at the back of the castle filled with cows, and no two of them of the same color, the same age, or the same height. He went in and told the King the wonderful news. "Go and drive them out," says the King. The herd got men, and went with them driving out the cows,

tigimáint na mbó amach, aict ní luaité cùirfeadh ré amach ari aon taoiib iad 'ná cùicfaidh riad airtseas ari an taoiib eile. Cuaidh an maoir do'n rijs ari, agus rúbairt leir naibh òfheurfaidh an meadó feair b' i n-Éirinn na bat rín do b' ian bpáipear do cùp amach. "Ir bat òraoirdeacra iad," ari ian rijs.

Nuaipr cónaipre an mac-rijs na bat, rúbairt ré leir fein: "Béird cluice eile agam ceir an rean duine liat anoirí." Óimicis ré amach an maoirin rín,

A cù le na còir
A feabhas ari a bhoir
A' r a chàpall bheag tuibh t'á ionmhaibh,

agus níor tairisius ré rírian go dtáinig ré comh fada leir an rgeis tòibh ari bhuac an Gleanna. B' ian rean duine liat ann rín ionmhe agus r' iarr ré ari an mbeirdeadh cluice cárpaidh aige.

"Béird," ari ian mac rijs; "aict tá fiúr agad go mait go dtig liom tú bhualaibh ag imiric cárpaibh."

"Béird cluice eile agaibh," ari ian rean duine liat. "Ari imir tú liatphróid ariam?"

"Óimpear go deimhn," ari rín mac rijs; "aict faoilim go bhuil turfa iobh fean le liatphróid óimir, agus còp leir rín níl aon áit agaibh ann ro le n'imir."

"Má tá turfa úmhal le h-imir, geobaird mire áit," ari ian rean duine liat.

"Táim úmhal," ari ian mac rijs.

"Lean mire," ari ian rean duine liat.

Lean an mac rijs é tòid an ngleann, go dtángadair go cnoc bheag glas. Ann rín, tairisius ré amach plaitin òraoirdeacra, agus rúbairt foila náibh tuig mac an rijs, agus faoi ceann tòbimidh, órghail an cnoc agus cuairt an bheirt airtseas, agus cuairt riadó tòid a lán de háláibh bheaga go dtángadair amach i ngsáirvoibh. B' iad uile níodh níor bheaga 'ná céile in ian ngsáirvoibh rín, agus as bun an gáiribhín b' áit le liatphróid óimir.

Cait riad piora airtseas riad le feicfint cia aca mbeirdeadh láthairtis aige, l' riad an rean duine liat rín.

Torais riad ann rín, agus níor riad ari rean duine gur gnótais ré an cluice. Ni riabh fiúr ag an mac rijs creibh do òeunfaidh ré: faoi bheoirid órghairbhus ré de'n tréan-duine creibh do buidh mait leir é do òeunaibh ó.

"Ir mire Rígh ari an òfáraic Óuib, agus caitphòid turfa mè réim agus m'áit-cóinniúrde òrghairbhus amach faoi ceann lá agus bhuilidh, nò geobaird mire turfa amach agus caillfirid tú do ceann."

Ann rín tug ré an mac rijs amach an bealaic ceudna a ndeacair ré airtseas. Óruibh an cnoc glas 'na tháis agus óimicis an rean duine liat ari amairc.

but no sooner would he put them out on one side than they would come in on the other. The herd went to the King again, and told him that all the men that were in Ireland would not be able to put out these cows that were in the field. "They're enchanted cows," said the King.

When the King's son saw the cows he said to himself, "I'll have another game with the gray man to-day!" That morning he went out,

His hound at his foot,
His hawk on his hand,
And his fine black horse to bear him,

and he never drew rein till he came as far as the big bush on the brink of the glen. The gray old man was there before him, and asked him would he have a game of cards.

"I will," says the King's son, "but you know well that I can beat you playing cards."

"We'll have another game, then," says the gray old man. "Did you ever play ball?"

"I did, indeed," says the King's son; "but I think that you are too old to play ball, and, besides that, we have no place here to play it."

"If you're contented to play, I'll find a place," says the gray old man.

"I'm contented," says the King's son.

"Follow me," says the gray old man.

The King's son followed him through the glen until he came to a fine green hill. There he drew out a little enchanted rod, spoke some words which the King's son did not understand, and after a moment the hill opened and the two went in, and they passed through a number of splendid halls until they came out into a garden. There was everything finer than another in that garden, and at the bottom of the garden there was a place for playing ball. They threw up a piece of silver to see who would have hand-in, and the gray old man got it.

They began then, and the gray old man never stopped until he won out the game. The King's son did not know what he would do. At last he asked the old man what would he desire him to do for him.

"I am King over the Black Desert, and you must find out myself and my dwelling-place within a year and a day, or I shall find you out and you shall lose your head."

Then he brought the King's son out the same way by which he went in. The green hill closed behind them, and the gray old man disappeared out of sight.

Cuaird an mac píos ag marcuinseacht ari a capall;

Δ čú le na čoip,
Δ ſeaðac aji a boip,

Աշուր է Երանած ՀՕ Լեօն.

Án tráchtána rín, do bhealannuis an níos go piaribh bhrón agus
duairíordeadh móri aip an mac óg, agus nuairí cuaidh fé 'na coirleas,
cuaidh an níos agus gac uile Ódheine do bhi in iarracht gairleán trom-
ornaoil agus páramalaíodh uard. Bí an níos faoi bhrón ceann gábhair
do bheit aip an mbainníosgáin, aict buidh meára é reacit n-uaire
nuairí d'innír an mac do an rgeul, marí tábla ó turp go deirnead.

Seirr ré fior ari cónaileoidír círeanna, agus t'físeannuig ré de an
raibh fior aige cia an ait a raibh an Ríg ari an uisceach Dubh 'na
cónaileadh.

"Níl, go deimén," aip reirean; "aict éomh cinnte a'r tā piball (earball) aip an scat muna bpháistí an t-oíche óg an t-riaois-eadóirí rín amach, caillfirid fé a céann."

“Bí bhrón móir i gcairpleán an rígs an lá rín. Bí ceann gáthair ap an mbainisioigain, agur an mac-rígs dul ag tóiruisgeáct oírlaois-eadóra, gan fios an dtiucfaidh ré apair go deo.

Tag éir reacstmáine [do] baineado an ceann gábhair de'n bainiúigí, agur cuipeado a ceann féní uíppí. Nuair évalaíodh ri an éaoi ari cuipeado an ceann gábhair uíppí, tainig fuat mór uíppí anaíseáidh an mic piúis, agur duibhseart ri: "Nápi tagaird ré ari ait veo ná meajib."

Ár marain, Dia Luain, d'fág ré a bheannacht as a stáip agus as a gaoil, bii a mala-piúbaíl ceangailte ár a Óruim, agus d'imiris ré,

A cù le na còir
A feasgar ari a ðoir
A' r a cùapall bheag òuib t'á ioncàir.

Siúdail ré an lá rín go haibh an ghráin imníte faoi ríseáile na gencoc, agus go haibh doipicadair na h-oiríde ag teast, gan fior aige cia'n áit a bhfuil feadáin ré iolártin. Bhealtnuis ré coill móir ari taoibh a láimé clé, agus tappairnís ré uirpí comh tara agus d'fheudo ré, le rúil an oiríde do caiteamh faoi fargadh na gceann. Siúd ré fior faoi bun ghráinn móir daílac, d'fhorghair ré a mala-riúdbail le biaodh agus do caiteamh, nuair connaitic ré iolári móir ag teast cùige.

"Na bionn fiaiteoir opt nómáin-ra, a mhe ñig. Aitníosim tú, íf
tú mac Uí Conchubair ñig Eipeann. Is capaio mé, agus má tugann
tú do capaill dám-ra le tabaingt le n'ite do ceistí eanlaic ocpaice

The King's son went home, riding on his horse,

His hound at his foot,
His hawk on his hand,

and he sorrowful enough.

That evening the King observed that there was grief and great trouble on his young son, and when he went to sleep the King and every person that was in the castle heard heavy sighing and ravings from him. The King was in grief—a goat's head to be on the Queen; but he was seven times worse when they told him the (whole) story how it happened from beginning to end.

He sent for a wise councillor and asked him did he know where the King of the Black Desert was living.

"I do not, indeed," said he, "but as sure as there's a tail on a cat, unless the young heir finds out that enchanter he will lose his head."

There was great grief that day in the castle of the King. There was a goat's head on the Queen, and the King's son was going searching for an enchanter, without knowing whether he would ever come back.

After a week the goat's head was taken off the Queen, and her own head was put upon her. When she heard of how the goat's head was put upon her, a great hate came upon her against the King's son, and she said, "That he may never come back alive or dead!"

Of a Monday morning he left his blessing with his father and his kindred, his traveling bag was bound upon his shoulder, and he went,

His hound at his foot,
His hawk on his hand,
And his fine black horse to bear him.

He walked that day until the sun was gone beneath the shadow of the hills and till the darkness of the night was coming, without knowing where he could get lodgings. He noticed a large wood on his left-hand side, and he drew towards it as quickly as he could, hoping to spend the night under the shelter of the trees. He sat down at the foot of a large oak tree, and opened his traveling bag to take some food and drink, when he saw a great eagle coming towards him.

"Do not be afraid of me, King's son; I know you, you are the son of O'Conor, King of Ireland. I am a friend, and if you grant me your horse to give to eat to four hungry birds

atá agam, béalffaradh mire níor furiðe 'ná do béalffaradh do éapall tú, agur b'éidír go scuillfíonn tú ari lóis an té atá tú 'tóruis-eacáit."

"Tig leat an capall do bheit agad agur fáilte," ari ran mac níis, "cru guri bhrónac mé ag rígapamaint leir."

"Tá go maist, béríd mire ann ro ari maroim amáras le h-érisge na ghréine." Ann rin o'fórgair ri a gob mór, ius ghréim ari an gcapall, bualil a thá taoib anaíseáit a céile, leatnúis a fíalatán, agur d'imirig ari amáras.

O'it agur o'ol an mac níis a fáit, cuipí an mala-riúbail faoi na ceann, agur níor bhrada go raih ré 'ná coirlaó, agur níor b'úirig ré go dtáinig an t-íolair agur guri b'ubairt: "Tá ré i n-am d'áinni bheit 's imteacáit, tá airtsear fada róimhainn, b'ír ghréim ari do mala agur leim rúar ari mo dhruim."

"Aict, mo bhrón!" ari reirean, "caitfir mé rígapamaint le mo cù agur le mo fheadas."

"Ná b'ioth bhrón oifig," ari ríre; "béríd riad ann ro róimh nuaír tíucfáir tú ari aif."

Ann rin leim ré rúar ari a dhruim, glac ríre fíalatán, agur ar go bhráit leite 'ran aéir. Tug ri é tair cnoicairí agur gleannntaib, tair mhuir mórí agur tair coillteib, guri faoil ré go raih ré ag deirfead ari do mhaín. Nuair b'í an ghráin ag dul faoi fíal le na gencoc, táinig ri go talam i láir fáraig mórí, agur b'ubairt leir: "Lean an capán ari taoib do láimé deirfe, agur béalffaradh ré tú go teacé capaó. Caitfir mire fillead ari aif le roiltear do m'eanlaist."

Lean reirean an capán, agur níor bhrada go dtáinig ré go dtí an teac, agur cuaird ré airtseac. B'í rean-dhuiine liat 'ná furiðe 'ran gcoigríneall; o'íriúig ré é b'ubairt, "Ceud mile fáilte róimh, a mic Ríg ar Ráit-Ériúacan Connacáit."

"Ní'l eolair agam-ra oifig," ari ran mac níis.

"B'í aitne agam-ra ari do fean-aéair," ari ran fean dhuiine liat; "ruibh riор; iñ d'óis go bhrúil tairt agur oscúir oifig."

"Ní'l mé faorí uata," ari ran mac níis. Bualil an fean dhuiine a thá b'oir anaíseáit a céile, agur táinig b'ír fíorúireas, agur leas-aonair b'oir le marit-féoríl, caoír-féoríl, muic-féoríl agur le neart aonair i láitair an mic níis, agur b'ubairt an fean dhuiine leir: "It agur ól do fáit, b'éidír go mbuio fada go bhrúisfir tú a leiteiro ariúr." O'it agur o'ol ré oíreao agur buio mian leir, agur tuis b'írdeasair ari a fion.

Ann rin b'ubairt an fean dhuiine, "tá tú dul ag tóruis-eacáit Ríg an Fáraig Óuib; teipis ag coirlaó anoir, agur ríadar mire tipe mo leabhráib le feucaimt an dtig liom ait-cóimhniúde an níis

that I have, I shall bear you farther than your horse would bear you, and, perhaps, I would put you on the track of him you are looking for."

"You can have the horse, and welcome," says the King's son, "although I am sorrowful at parting from him."

"All right, I shall be here to-morrow at sunrise." With that she opened her great gob, caught hold of the horse, struck in his two sides against one another, took wing, and disappeared out of sight.

The King's son ate and drank his enough, put his traveling bag under his head, and it was not long till he was asleep, and he never woke until the eagle came and said, "It is time for us to be going, there is a long journey before us; take hold of your bag and leap up upon my back."

"But my grief!" says he, "I must part from my hound and my hawk."

"Do not be grieved," says she, "they will be here before you when you come back."

Then he leaped up on her back; she took wing, and off and away with her through the air. She brought him across hills and hollows, over a great sea, and over woods, till he thought that he was at the end of the world. When the sun was going under the shadow of the hills she came to earth in the midst of a great desert, and said to him, "Follow the path on your right-hand side, and it will bring you to the house of a friend. I must return again to provide for my birds."

He followed the path, and it was not long till he came to the house, he went in. There was a gray old man sitting in the corner. He rose and said, "A hundred thousand welcomes to you, King's son, from Rathcroghan of Connacht."

"I have no knowledge of you," said the King's son.

"I was acquainted with your grandfather," said the gray old man. "Sit down; no doubt there is hunger and thirst on you."

"I am not free from them," said the King's son.

The old man then smote his two palms against one another, and two servants came and laid a board with beef, mutton, pork, and plenty of bread before the King's son, and the old man said to him, "Eat and drink your enough. Perhaps it may be a long time before you get the like again."

He ate and drank as much as he desired, and thanked him for it.

Then the old man said, "You are going seeking for the King of the Black Desert; go to sleep now, and I will go

rin o'fáigil amach." Ann rin, buail ré a bóra; táinig reipbíreac, agur dubairt ré leir "Tabair an mac piú go dtí a feomra." Tug ré go feomra bheag é, agur níor bhfada gur tuit ré 'na coda.

Ari marún, lá ari na mánas, táinig an rean duine agur dubairt: "Eipis, tá aisteoir fada nómád. Cailfíodh tú cùis ceud mile deunamh poimh meadón-lae."

"Ni feudfainn é do deunamh," ari ran mac piú.

"Má'r mairc ait tú, béalffaird mire capall túit béalffar tú an t-aisteoir."

"Deunfar marí béalffar túra," ari ran mac piú.

Tug an rean duine neart le n'íte agur le n'óil do, agur nuairi bí ré rátaí, tug re geappán beag bán do, agur dubairt: "Tabair cead a cinn do'n geappán, agur nuairi rtopfar ré, feadach ruar 'ran aéir agur feicfidh tú tibi ealaíde comh geal le gneásta. Ír iad rin tibi ingeanaí Ríg an Fáraig Óuib. Béiridh naipicín glas i mbéil eala aca, rin i an ingean ír óige, agur ní'l nead beo o'feudfar do tabairt go tig Ríg an Fáraig Óuib acht i. Nuairi rtopfar an geappán, béiridh tú i ngair do loc; tiucfaridh na tibi ealaíde go talamh ari bhrúas an loca rin, agur deunfaridh tigír mná (ban) ós dioibh féin, agur pacaird riad aisteac 'ran loc as gnáth agur as pinc. Congbhaig do fúil ari an naipicín glas agur nuairi gheobair tú na mná óga 'ran loc, teipis agur fág an naipicín agur ná rísear leir. Teipis i bhrólaícaí faoi ériann agur nuairi tiucfaridh na mná óga amach, deunfaridh beirte aca ealaíde ós féin agur imteobaird riad 'ran aéir. Ann rin, béalffaird an ingean ír óige, "Deunfaridh mé níodh ari bict do'n té béalffar mo naipicín tam." Tári i lárcaí ann rin, agur tó airí an naipicín thí, agair náicil níodh ari bict as teaptáil uait, acht do tabairt go tig a h-atair, agur innír thí gur mac piú tú ar tibi cùmáctais."

Rinne an mac piú gac níodh marí dubairt an rean duine leir, agur nuairi tugs ré an naipicín o'ingín Ríg an Fáraig Óuib, dubairt ré: "Ír mire mac Uí Conchobair, Ríg Connacht. Tabair mé go dtí o'atair: fada mé o'á cárpaighéasct."

"Náir bhréarri túit mé níodh eigin eile do deunamh túit?" ari riire.

"Ní'l aon níodh eile as teaptáil uait," ari reifrean.

"Má tairbheánamh an teac túit náicil mbéiridh tú rártá?" ari riire.

"Béithead," ari reifrean.

"Anoir," ari riire, "ari o'ánam ná h-innir do m'atair gur mire do tugs cum a tigse-rean tú, agur béríodh mire mo éairíodh mairt túit; agur leig oírt féin," ari riire, "go bfuil mór-cùmáct uirlaoisdeasct agadó."

"Deunfaridh marí deirí tú," ari reifrean.

through my books to see if I can find out the dwelling-place of that King." Then he smote his palms (together), and a servant came, and he told him, "Take the King's son to his chamber." He took him to a fine chamber, and it was not long till he fell asleep.

On the morning of the next day the old man came and said, "Rise up, there is a long journey before you. You must do five hundred miles before midday."

"I could not do it," said the King's son.

"If you are a good rider I will give you a horse that will bring you over the journey."

"I will do as you say," said the King's son.

The old man gave him plenty to eat and to drink and, when he was satisfied, he gave him a little white garran and said, "Give the garran his head, and when he stops look up into the air, and you will see three swans as white as snow. Those are the three daughters of the King of the Black Desert. There will be a green napkin in the mouth of one of them, that is the youngest daughter, and there is not anyone alive except her who could bring you to the house of the King of the Black Desert. When the garran stops you will be near a lake, the three swans will come to land on the brink of that lake, and they will make three young women of themselves, and they will go into the lake swimming and dancing. Keep your eye on the green napkin, and when you get the young women in the lake go and get the napkin, and do not part with it. Go into hiding under a tree, and when the young women will come out two of them will make swans of themselves, and will go away in the air. Then the youngest daughter will say, 'I will do anything for him who will give me my napkin.' Come forward then and give her the napkin, and say that there is nothing you want but to bring you to her father's house, and tell her that you are a king's son from a powerful country."

The King's son did everything as the old man desired him, and when he gave the napkin to the daughter of the King of the Black Desert he said, "I am the son of O'Conor, King of Connacht. Bring me to your father. Long am I seeking him."

"Would not it be better for me to do something else for you?" said she.

"I do not want anything else," said he.

"If I show you the house will you not be satisfied?" said she.

Ann rín jinne ri eala thí fén agur dubhaírt: "Léim ruar aí mo mhuin, agur cuipí do láimha faoi mo mhuineál, agur consóis ghléim cnuaidh."

Rinne ré amhlaidh, agur cnuaidh ri a rígsatána, é aí go bhíat leiteadh é ar énocaib aír é ar ghealánntaib, é ar muiir agur é ar ghléibh, go dtáinig ri go talamh mar do bhi an ghráin ag dul faoi. Ann rín dubhaírt ri leir: "An bhfeiceann tú an teac mór rín éal? Sin teac m'atári. Slán leat. Am aíbh béaldear baoisgal oírt, béaldear mire le do taoibh." Ann rín d'ímhíng ri uairidh.

Cuaird an mac rígs cum an tigé, cuaird airtéad, aitír cia d'fheicteadh ré ann rín 'na fúidé i gscatáinibh óir, aict an rean duine liat d'ímhíng na cárthaidh agur an liathróidh leir.

"Féicim, a mhe rígs," aír reirgean, "go bhfuairt tú mé amach pojim lá agur bhuiléadain. Cá fadh ó d'fág tú an baile?"

"Aír maidin aonaidh, nuaibh bhi mé ag éiríse ar mo leabhairidh, connairc mé tuag-ceilte, jinne mé léim, rísbhí mé mo dá chuir aír, agur fleadhnaíg mé cionn fada leir seo.

"Dáir mo láim, i� mór an gcairgítheadct do jinne tú," aír ran rean rígs.

"D'fheuorbainn juro níor iongantaithe 'ná rín do theunamh, dá n-oscailteain," aír ran mac rígs.

"Tá thí neite agam duit le theunamh," aír ran rean rígs, "í m'aír féidir leat iad do theunamh, baird poibh mo chluáin insean agad mar mhaori, agur muna dtig leat iad do theunamh, caillfirid tú do céann mar cailí curid maithe ó dha jómáin."

Ann rín dubhaírt ré, "Ní bionn ite ná ól in mo tig-ri, aict aon uair amhlaidh 'ran treachtmáin, agur bhi ré agairn aír maidin aonaidh."

"I� cuma liom-ri," aír ran mac rígs; "tig liom torthaú do theunamh aír fead mhoibh dá mbertheadh cnuaidh oírt."

"I� oibhig go dtig leat dul gan cónlaid mar an gceudra?" aír ran rean rígs.

"Tig liom gan amhras," aír ran mac rígs.

"Béid leabhairidh cnuaidh agad aonct mar rín," aír ran rean rígs; "tig liom go dtairbhéanfaraidh mé duit é." Tug ré amhlaidh ann rín é, éairítear ré ór cinnibh mór agur gáibhios aír, é agus aír: "Teigis ruar ann rín agur cónlaid in ran ngsaibhlóis, agur bhi péird le h-éiríse na ghléine."

Cuaird ré ruar in ran ngsaibhlóis, aict cionn liat agur bhi an rean rígs 'na cónlaid, támis an insean ós agur tig airtéad go reompra bheag é, agur consóis ghléim ri ann rín é go mairb an rean rígs aír tig-ri: Ann rín cuipí ri é amach aír i ngsaibhlóis an órlainn.

Le h-éiríse na ghléine, támis an rean rígs cnuige agur dubhaírt;

"I will be satisfied," said he.

"Now," said she, "upon your life do not tell my father that it was I who brought you to his house, and I shall be a good friend to you, but let on," said she, "that you have great powers of enchantment."

"I will do as you say," says he.

Then she made a swan of herself and said, "Leap up on my back and put your hands under my neck, and keep a hard hold."

He did so, and she shook her wings, and off and away with her over hills and over glens, over sea and over mountains, until she came to earth as the sun was going under. Then she said to him, "Do you see that great house yonder? That is my father's house. Farewell. Any time you are in danger I shall be at your side." Then she went from him.

The King's son came to the house and went in, and whom should he see sitting in a golden chair but the gray old man who had played the cards and the ball with him.

"King's son," said he, "I see that you found me out before the day and the year. How long since you left home?"

"This morning when I was rising out of my bed I saw a rainbow; I gave a leap, spread my two legs on it and slid as far as this."

"By my hand, it was a great feat you performed," said the old King.

"I could do a more wonderful thing than that if I chose," said the King's son.

"I have three things for you to do," says the old King, "and if you are able to do them you shall have the choice of my three daughters for wife, and unless you are able to do them you shall lose your head, as a good many other young men have lost it before you."

Then he said, "there be's neither eating nor drinking in my house except once in the week, and we had it this morning."

"It's all one to me," said the King's son, "I could fast for a month if I were on a pinch."

"No doubt you can go without sleep also," says the old King.

"I can, without doubt," said the King's son.

"You shall have a hard bed to-night, then," says the old King. "Come with me till I show it to you." He brought him out then and showed him a great tree with a fork in it, and said, "Get up there and sleep in the fork, and be ready with the rise of the sun."

“Tári anuasr a noir, ⁊ tári liom-řa go dtairbhéanraíodh mē ñuit an níodh atá agad le deunamh aonduí.”

Tuig ré an mac rijs go bhrasach loca ⁊ tairbhearr ré do rean-cáirpleán, agur duibhait leir, “Caoit gac uile cloch ’ran gcairpleán rín amach ’ran loc, ⁊ bioth ré deunta agad real mā dtéirdeann an Sírian faoi, tráchtóna.” O’inniugh ré uair ann rín.

Torairg an mac rijs ag obair, acht b’i na clocha gheamhuisge t’á céile comh chruaird rín, nári feudo ré aon cloch aca do tóigbháil, agur d’á mbeirdeadh ré ag obair go dtí an lá ro, ní beirdeadh cloch ari an gcairpleán. Suíodh ré riortha ann rín ag fhuaimneadh cíeadh do bhuidh cónairt b’ó deunamh, agur níor bhrada go dtáinig insean an t-rean-rijs éinighe, ⁊ duibhait, “Cao é fáit do bhrónin?” O’inniugh ré ói an obair do b’i aige le deunamh. “Na círeád rín bhrón opt; deunraíodh mire é,” ari riortha. Ann rín tuig ri arián, maireachtéarilh ⁊ fion do, tairbhaint amach tráchtín trálaortheacsta, buail buille ari an t-rean-cáirpleán, agur faoi ceann móimhín b’i gac uile cloch dé ari b’iun an loca. “Anoir,” ari riortha, “ná h-inniugh do m’atáir gur mire do jinne an obair ñuit.”

Nuaíri b’i an Sírian ag dul faoi, tráchtóna, táinig an rean rijs agur duibhait: “Feicim go bhrúil d’obair laé deunta agad.”

“Tá,” an ran mac rijs, “cig liom obair ari b’iit do deunamh.”

Saoil an rean rijs anoir go raibh cíúinacht mór trálaortheacsta ag an mac rijs, agur duibhait leir, “Sé d’obair laé amáras na clocha do tóigbháil ari an loc, agur an cairpleán do éinighe ari b’iun marí b’i ri ceana.”

Tuig ré an mac rijs a-bhaile agur duibhait leir, “Teiríg do cíorlaod ’ran áit a raibh tú an oirdhe ariéir.”

Nuaíri éinighe an rean-rijs ’na cíorlaod táinig an insean ós agur tuig ariéac é cum a ríomha ríein, agur éonghais ann rín é go raibh an rían rijs ari ti éinighe ari maróin; ann rín éinighe ri amach ariéir é i ngsabhlóis an cíorlaod.”

Le h-éinighe na gheine, táinig an rían rijs ⁊ duibhait: “Tá ré i n-am ñuit dul scionn d’oibhre.”

“Níl deirír ari b’iit oípm,” ari ran mac rijs, “marí tá riortha agam go dtig liom m’obair laé deunamh go péir.”

Cuaird ré go bhrasach an loca ann rín, acht n’óig feudo ré cloch d’fheiceáil, b’i an t-úirige comh duibh rín. Suíodh ré riortha ari tairbhaint; agur níor bhrada go dtáinig fionnghuala, buidh h-é rín ainn inisne an t-rean rijs, éinighe, agur duibhait: “Caoit tá agad le deunamh aonduí?” O’inniugh ré ói, agur duibhait ri: “Ná bioth bhrón opt; cig liom-řa an obair rín deunamh ñuit.” Ann rín tuig ri do arián, maireachtéarilh, agur cíorpi-féodil agur fion: Ann rín tairbhaint ri amach an tráchtín trálaortheacsta, buail uirge an loca leite, agur

He went up into the fork, but as soon as the old King was asleep the young daughter came and brought him into a fine room and kept him there until the old King was about to rise. Then she put him out again into the fork of the tree.

With the rise of the sun the old King came to him and said, "Come down now, and come with me until I show you the thing that you have to do to-day."

He brought the King's son to the brink of a lake and showed him an old castle, and said to him, "Throw every stone in that castle out into the loch, and let you have it done before the sun goes down in the evening." He went away from him then.

The King's son began working, but the stones were stuck to one another so fast that he was not able to raise one of them, and if he were to be working until this day, there would not be one stone out of the castle. He sat down then, thinking what he ought to do, and it was not long until the daughter of the old King came to him and said, "What is the cause of your grief?" He told her the work which he had to do. "Let that put no grief on you, I will do it," said she. Then she gave him bread, meat, and wine, pulled out a little enchanted rod, struck a blow on the old castle, and in a moment every stone of it was at the bottom of the lake. "Now," said she, "do not tell my father that it was I who did the work for you."

When the sun was going down in the evening, the old King came and said, "I see that you have your day's work done."

"I have," said the King's son; "I can do any work at all."

The old King thought now that the King's son had great powers of enchantment, and he said to him, "Your day's work for to-morrow is to lift the stones out of the loch, and to set up the castle again as it was before."

He brought the King's son home and said to him, "Go to sleep in the place where you were last night."

When the old King went to sleep the young daughter came and brought him into her own chamber and kept him there till the old King was about to rise in the morning. Then she put him out again in the fork of the tree.

At sunrise the old King came and said, "It's time for you to get to work."

"There's no hurry on me at all," says the King's son, "because I know I can readily do my day's work."

He went then to the brink of the lake, but he was not able to see a stone, the water was that black. He sat down on a rock, and it was not long until Finnuala—that was the name

faoi éann móimhín b' an réan-cáipileán aip bun mairi b' ré an lá riomhe. Ann rín duibhaitrí leir: "Aip d'anam, ná h-innrí do m'atáir go nuaípnáidh mire an obair seo duit, nó go b'fhlil eolair aip b'fhlil agad oísm."

Tráchtóna an láe rín, táinig an réan rígs agus r' duibhaitrí, "Feicim go b'fhlil obair an láe deunta agad."

"Tá," aip ran mac rígs, "obair fóir-deunta i rín!"

Ann rín faoil an réan rígs go phairn níor mó cùmáist ophaoiðeásta ag an mac rígs 'ná do b' aige fén, agus r' duibhaitrí ré: "Níl acht aon phuio eile agad le deunam." Tug ré a-baile ann rín é, agus r' é le coitladh i ngsabhlóis an chrainn, acht táinig fionnghuala agus rí in a geomra fén é, agus aip marún, cuip rí amach aipír aip an gceann é. Le h-éiríse na ghréine, táinig an réan rígs cuigé agus r' duibhaitrí leir: "Táir liom go dtairbhéanfaradh mé duit d'obair láe."

Tug ré an mac rígs go gleann mór, agus r' tairbhéan do tobar, agus r' duibhaitrí: "Caill mo thácair-mór fáinne in ran tobarí rín, agus r' fág Óam é gearl má dtéidh an ghráin faoi, tráchtóna."

Anoibrí b' an tobarí ro ceud tróis aip doimhne agus r' físe tróis timéioll, agus r' b' ré lionta le h-uifse, agus r' b' aipír aip iarrionn ag fáirfe an fáinne.

Nuaír d'ímtis an réan rígs, táinig fionnghuala agus r' fiafriúis, "Cao tá agad le deunam aonduí?" D'innir ré b'í, agus r' duibhaitrí rí, "Iar deacair an obair i rín, acht deunfaradh mé mo thíctíoll le do bheata do fábháil." An rín tug rí do maríteóníl, aipán, agus r' fion. Rinne rí rídeacáid * b'í fén agus cuairt ríor 'ran tobarí. Níor b'fada go b'facaíodh ré deacair agus r' timteacáid ag teacht amach aip an tobarí, agus r' tobar ann mairi toirneacáid áirithe, agus r' duine aip b'fhlil aipír iarrionn ag tróis.

Faoi éann tamaill, d'ímtis an deacair, cointe an timteacáid agus r' an toirneacáid, agus r' táinig fionnghuala anois leir an b'fáinne. Seacairí rí an fáinne do m'ac an rígs, agus r' duibhaitrí rí: "Snoíteas mé an cat, agus t'á do bheata r'fábháil, acht feic, tá lairbhícin mo láimhe deireadh b'fíerte. Acht b' éiríodh gur aibhíneil an níod gur b'fíreáid é. Nuaír t'iuscfaidh m'atáir, ná t'abhair an fáinne d'ó, acht b'fagair é go cnuaidh. Béarrfaradh ré t'á ann rín le do bhean do toghaíodh, agus r' feo an éadair deacair r'fábháil do rogha. Béirí mire agus r' mo bheirbhríúracháid i geomra, b'fíodh poll aip an dothar, agus r' cuimhniúile aip láimh amach mairi cnuaimhíngin. Cuimhniúile turra do láim tróis an b'foll, agus r' an láim ciongadhácar t'á ghréim uillí nuaír fórgóibháidh

* Rídeacáid no rídeacáid = "Cointeacáid mairb," fóiríte éin uifse.

of the old King's daughter—came to him and said, "What have you to do to-day?" He told her, and she said, "Let there be no grief on you. I can do that work for you." Then she gave him bread, beef, mutton, and wine. After that she drew out the little enchanted rod, smote the water of the lake with it, and in a moment the old castle was set up as it had been the day before. Then she said to him—"On your life, don't tell my father that I did this work for you, or that you have any knowledge of me at all."

On the evening of that day the old King came and said, "I see that you have the day's work done."

"I have," said the King's son, "that was an easy-done job."

Then the old King thought that the King's son had more power of enchantment than he had himself, and he said, "You have only one other thing to do." He brought him home then, and put him to sleep in the fork of the tree, but Finnuala came and put him in her own chamber, and in the morning she sent him out again into the tree. At sunrise the old King came to him and said: "Come with me till I show you your day's work."

He brought the King's son to a great glen, and showed him a well, and said, "My grandmother lost a ring in that well, and do you get it for me before the sun goes under this morning."

Now, this well was one hundred feet deep and twenty feet round about, and it was filled with water, and there was an army out of hell watching the ring.

When the old King went away Finnuala came and asked, "What have you to do to-day?" He told her, and she said, "That is a difficult task, but I shall do my best to save your life." Then she gave him beef, bread, and wine. Then she made a sea-bird of herself, and went down into the well. It was not long till he saw smoke and lightning coming up out of the well, and (he heard) a sound like loud thunder, and anyone who would be listening to that noise he would think that the army of hell was fighting.

At the end of a while the smoke went away, the lightning and thunder ceased, and Finnuala came up with the ring. She handed the ring to the King's son, and said, "I won the battle, and your life is saved. But, look, the little finger of my right hand is broken; but perhaps it is a lucky thing that it was broken. When my father comes do not give him the ring, but threaten him stoutly. He will bring you then to choose your wife, and this is how you shall make your choice. I and my sisters will be in a room, there will be a

m'ataip an dorar, i fín láim an té bheidear agad mar mnaois; Tíg leat mire o'airne ari mo láróipicín bhríte."

"Tíg liom, agur sílád mo chroíde tú, a fionnghuala," ari ran mac piú.

Tábhéindna an lae fín, táinig an reamh-piú agur o'fraífhusit: "An bhuaipliú tú fáinne mo mátar móire?"

"Buairtear go veimin," ari ran mac piú; "bí airm 'sá cùimhneach ari tréimhinn, aict buail mire iad, agur buailfínn a feadct n-oiread; Náic bfuil fíor agad guri Connachtach mé?"

"Tábhair úam an fáinne," ari ran rean piú.

"Go veimin, ní tiubhar," ari reigean; "chéirid mē go cnuaidh ari a fion; aict tábhair úamh-ra mo bean. Teafraíg' uaim bheit ag imfeacht."

Tíg an rean piú airtéad é, agur duibhírt, "Tá mo chriúir inéan 'ran reomra fín iu' láthair. Tá láim gáe aon aca fínte amach, agur an té conghúisear tú bhréim uíppi go bporfórlaíod mire an dorar, fín i do bean."

Cuirí an mac piú a láim tréid an bpolli do bhi ari an dorar, agur fuaireann ré bhréim ari láim an láróipicín bhríte, agur conghúas bhréim cnuaidh ari, guri fórsail an rean piú dorar an tréomra.

"Sí fheadh mo bean," ari ran mac piú; "tábhair úam aonair rppé o'inéine."

"Níl de rppé aici le fágair aict caoil-eac donn le fíb do tábhairt abairle, agur náír fágair fíb ari aif, baoi ná marb, go deo!"

Cuaidh an mac piú ag fionnghuala ari mar cuijgeact ari an gcaoil-eac donn; agur níor bfaada go dtáinig ari an coill 'n ari fág an mac piú a cù agur a feabas. Bí ríad ann fín piomha, mar aon le na capall bhréag doibh. Cuirí ré an t-eac caol donn ari aif ann fín. Cuirí ré fionnghuala ag mar cuijgeact ari a capall, agur leim fuaif, é féin,

A cù le n-a éoir
A feabas ari a boir,

Agur níor ríad ré go dtáinig ré go Ráid Chruaileamh:

Bí fáilte mór piomha ann fín, agur níor bfaada guri bhrád é féin agur fionnghuala. Cait ríad beata fáda feanáin,—aict iur beag má tá lóig an tréan-cáipleán le fágair anuim i Ráid Chruaileamh Connacht.

hole in the door, and we shall all put our hands out in a cluster. You will put your hand through the hole, and the hand that you will keep hold of when my father will open the door that is the hand of her you shall have for wife. You can know me by my broken little finger."

"I can; and the love of my heart you are, Finnuala," says the King's son.

On the evening of that day the old King came and asked, "Did you get my grandmother's ring?"

"I did, indeed," says the King's son; "there was an army out of hell guarding it, but I beat them; and I would beat seven times as many. Don't you know I'm a Connachtman?"

"Give me the ring," says the old King.

"Indeed I won't give it," says he; "I fought hard for it; but do you give me my wife, I want to be going."

The old King brought him in and said, "My three daughters are in that room before you. The hand of each of them is stretched out, and she on whom you will keep your hold until I open the door, that one is your wife."

The King's son thrust his hand through the hole that was in the door, and caught hold of the hand with the broken little finger, and kept a tight hold of it until the old King opened the door of the room.

"This is my wife," said the King's son. "Give me now your daughter's fortune."

"She has no fortune to get, but the brown slender steed to bring you home, and that ye may never come back, alive or dead!"

The King's son and Finnuala went riding on the brown slender steed, and it was not long till they came to the wood where the King's son left his hound and his hawk. They were there before him, together with his fine black horse. He sent the brown slender steed back then. He set Finnuala riding on his horse, and leaped up himself.

His hound at his heel,
His hawk on his hand,

and he never stopped till he came to Rathcroghan.

There was great welcome before him there, and it was not long till himself and Finnuala were married. They spent a long prosperous life; but it is scarcely that (even) the track of this old castle is to be found to-day in Rathcroghan of Connacht.

A ÓGÁNAIS AN CÚIL CÉANGAILTE

Δ Ógánais an cùil céangailte
 Le a phaist mé peal i n-éinfeadach;
 Cuanadh tu 'náip, an bealaic ro,
 'S m' támairg tu do m'feudcaint;
 Saoil mé nac ndeunfaraidh dochar ònuit
 Dá dtiucfá, a'r mé o' iarrhaidh,
 'S gupi b'i do phóisín tathairfeadh róilair
 Dá mbeiridhinn i lár an fiabhráir.

Dá mbeirdeadh maoiin agam-ra
 Agur aipseadh ann mo phóca
 Óeunfarainn boidhriún ait-giosriach
 So docharaig tighe mo rtóiríin,
 Mar fùil le Óna go g-cluinniunn-re
 Toirann binn a òrphise,
 'S iñ phao an lá ó còdail mé
 Aict ag fùil le blar do phóisín;

A'r fàoil me a rtóiríin
 So mbuod ghealaic agur ghlacan tu;
 A'r fàoil mé 'nna òlairg rìn
 So mbuod rneaceta ari an t-riabu tu;
 A'r fàoil mé 'nn a òlairg rìn
 So mbuod ioc'hann o Óna tu,
 No gupi ab tu an peult-eoblair
 Ag vuil riomam a'r mo òlairg tu;

Seall tu rioda 'r fàitín òam
 Callairde 'r bhróga òrda,
 A'r seall tu tapò eir rìn
 So leanfá tòidh an t-riamh mé:
 Ni mar rìn atá mé
 Aict mo rgeasach i mbeul beagana;
 Sàc nòin a'r gac mairdin
 Ag feudcaint tighe m' ait.

RINGLETED YOUTH OF MY LOVE.

[Translated by Douglas Hyde in "Love Songs of Connacht."]

Ringleted youth of my love,
 With thy locks bound loosely behind thee,
 You passed by the road above,
 But you never came in to find me ;
 Where were the harm for you
 If you came for a little to see me ;
 Your kiss is a wakening dew
 Were I ever so ill or so dreamy.

If I had golden store
 I would make a nice little boreen
 To lead straight up to his door,
 The door of the house of my storeen ;
 Hoping to God not to miss
 The sound of his footfall in it,
 I have waited so long for his kiss
 That for days I have slept not a minute.

I thought, O my love ! you were so—
 As the moon is, or sun on a fountain,
 And I thought after that you were snow,
 The cold snow on top of the mountain ;
 And I thought after that you were more
 Like God's lamp shining to find me,
 Or the bright star of knowledge before,
 And the star of knowledge behind me.

You promised me high-heeled shoes,
 And satin and silk, my storeen,
 And to follow me, never to lose,
 Though the ocean were round us roaring ;
 Like a bush in a gap in a wall
 I am now left lonely without thee,
 And this house, I grow dead of, is all
 That I see around or about me.

COIRNÍN NA H-AITINNE.*

A bhras Ó róin, in ran t-riean-daimhír, bí baintreabhadh daibh' ainnm bhrigisidh ní Spádaigh, 'na cónmuinidh i gContae na Gaillimhe: Bí aon mac amháin aici daibh b'ainm Taobh. Rúgadh é mí tar éir báir a stáir i lár coille bise aitinne do bí ag fáil ari thaoibh énuic i ngearr do'n tig. Ári an áthbhar pín, gáili na daoine Coirnín na h-Aitinne mar leas-daimh ari. Táinig tinneárl obann ari an mnaoi buailear bí rí ag reoladh na mbó ruair ari thaoibh an énuic.

Nuaír iugadh Taobh bí ré 'na naorídeanán bhréag, agur meádairg ré go maist go haibh ré ceiste bhuiléadha t'aoir, acht o'n am rín amach níos fáir ré oifiglae go haibh ré trí bhuiléadha deug, no níos éiní ré eor faoi le coirceáim do riúbal, acht t'feudhradh ré imteacht go tapa go leor ari a thá láimh agur ari a thaoibh fíar, agur tá gcluinfearadh ré aon duine ag teacáit cum an tigé, do bhuailfeadh ré a thá láimh fach, agur do haicadh ré t'aon leim amháin o'n teine go dtí an doilíar; agur do éinífeadh ceud míle fáilte riomh an té táinig. Bí gean mór ag aoir thíos an baile ari, marí do gseibheadh riad gheann mór ari, gac uile oirdhe. O'n am bí ré geacáit mbláthána t'aoir, bí ré dearblátháca agur árpaideac t'a mátaír, agur t'a mátaír-mhór do bí 'na cónmuinidh i n-aon tig leir. In ran bhrófáin, téidéadh ré ari a láthair agur ari a thaoibh-fíar ruair ari thaoibh an énuic, 7 thíos ag ite bláth na h-Aitinne marí gábhair. Bí abann beag ann, iorú an teac agur an chnoc, agur do haicadh ré de leim tar an abhairn éomh h-aépeas le gseiríffíad:

Buadh fean-gogairde an mátaír-mhór. Bí rí borthair agur beag-nas bairb, agur b'iomhá chroíodh do thíos aici férin agur ag Taobh.

Aon lá amháin, bubailear an mátaír le Taobh, "Caitriú mé, a Tairisín, tóin leatáir eur ari do bhrírtibh; tá mé ríomhortha ag ceannas bhréóin, agur nuaír bhréóear ré deunta agam caitriú tú túil go tálliúr le ceiridh t'foghlúim."

"Dáir m'focal," ari ra Taobh, "ní h-é rín an ceiridh bhréóear agam. Ní'l in ran tálliúr acht an naomháid cuiro t'fead. Má tugann tú ceiridh ari bít Óam, deun píobairfe thíom—tá tréir mór agam in ran gceol."

"Thíos marí rín," ari ran mátaír.

An lá 'na thíos rín, éuairí rí cum an baile mór leir an leataír t'fágair, agur nuaír ruairi bhuacailíodh deaga an baile go haibh an mátaír imteigte, ruairiadaír poc gábhair do bí ag páiríon bácaí O Ceallaigh, agur éiní riad Coirnín ag marcuigeadh ari. Ári go

* Ó phróinigír O Connéubair do ruairí mé an tseáil ro.

COIRNIN OF THE FURZE

(Translated by Douglas Hyde.)

LONG ago, in the olden time, there was a widow, whose name was Bridget O'Grady, living in the County Galway. She had an only son, whose name was Teig. He was born a month after his father's death in a little wood of furze that was growing on the side of a hill near the house. For that reason the people called him "Coirnin* of the Furze" as a nickname. The poor woman was suddenly taken ill as she was driving the cows up the side of the hill.

When Teig was born he was a fine infant, and grew well till he was four years of age, but from that time on he did not grow an inch until he was thirteen, nor did he put a foot under him to walk a step, but he was able to go quickly enough on his two hands and his back, and if he would hear anyone coming to the house he would strike his two hands under him, and would go of a single leap from the fire to the door, and he would put a hundred thousand welcomes before whoever came. The youth of the village liked him greatly, for they used to get great amusement out of him every night. From the time he was seven years of age he was handy and useful to his mother, and to his grandmother who was living in the one house with him. In the harvest time he used to go on his hands and his back up the side of the hill, and he used to be eating the furze blossoms like a goat. There was a little river on it there, between the house and the hill, and he used to go over the river of a leap, as airy as a hare.

The grandmother was a silly old woman; she was deaf and almost dumb, and many was the fight herself and Teig used to have.

One day the mother said to Teig, "Teigeen, I must put a leather seat on your breeches; I'm destroyed buying frieze, and as soon as I have it done, you must go to a tailor to learn a trade."

"By my word," says Teig, "that is not the trade I'll have. A tailor is only the ninth part of a man. If you give me a trade at all, make a piper of me. I've a great liking for the music."

"Let it be so," says the mother. The day after that she went to the town to get the leather, and when the little lads of

* Pronounced "Curneen."

Urbáit leir an bpro, ag meigilt éomh n-áirt agus r'feudo ré, ag Coirnín ari a mhui n ag ghearradhaoil mar dhúine ar a cénill, le fáitceoir go dtuitreadh ré, agus buascailloir an baile 'na díais. Tug an poc tghaird ari b'fóin páirón, agus nuair connaithe páirón an poc ag a mairc aig teacht, faoil ré gur b' é an rean-buascail do b' ag aseach 'na coinne. Niop riúbail páirón coirceim le reacht mbliaodanaisiùr pojme rin, acht, nuair connaithe ré an poc ag teacht aiteas ari an dochar, cuaird ré d'aon leim amach ari an bfunneadh, agus gáirí ré ari na cónarannáis é do fábail o'n diabal do b' 'na díais.

B' na buascailloir ag gáiríodh ag ghearradh b'or gur cùir riad an poc ari mire, agus amach ari leir ari an teac. Nuair connaithe páirón é ag teacht an dochar uair, ar go bháit leir, agus an poc agus Coirnín ari a mhui 'na díais. B' aðarca fada ari an bpro, agus b' gheim an fír báitde ag Coirnín oppa. Tug páirón agaird ari Haillim, agus an poc d'a leanamaint. O'leirig an gáir agus taimis daoinne na mbailte ari gaoth taoibh de'n b'fóin amach, agus a leithead ro gháitaoil ní fairs ariam i gcontaé na Haillime. Niop r'faoi páirón go ndeacaird ré aiteas i gceatair na Haillime agus an poc ag a mairc aig le na fáilis. B'ud lá mairgaird é agus b' na ríáidéanna lontach le daomh. Togairg páirón ag gaothach agus ag gáitaoil ari na daomh é do fábail agus b' riad-ran ag deunamh magsaird faoi. Cuaird ré ruair ríáid agus anuas ríáid eile agus b' ag imteacht go fairs an grian ag dul faoi 'ran tráchtóna.

Connaithe Coirnín úbla bhealga ari cláir, agus rean-bean anaise leibh, agus taimis d'uil móir, airi, cuiro de na n-úblais do bheit aige. Sgaoil ré a gheim ari aðarcaibh ruic agus cuaird ré de leim ari cláir na n-úblach. Ar go bháit leir an t-rean-bean agus r'fás ri na h-úbla 'na díais, b'ir b' ri leat-mairb leir an gheannraibh.

Niop b'fada b' Coirnín ag ite na n-úblach nuair taimis a mactair i latair, agus nuair connaithe ri Coirnín, ghearr ri lóig na cnoibre uillim fein, agus b'fuit mo mhineul b'ferte.

Cuiri ri Coirnín aiteas in a pháirise agus tug agaird ari an mbaile:

Acht i'f aiteas an níb tábla do páirón O Ceallaig agus d'a poc gáibair; tá an t-ád oírt, a mactair, nae b'fuit mo mhineul b'ferte.

Cuiri ri Coirnín aiteas in a pháirise agus tug agaird ari an mbaile:

Acht i'f aiteas an níb tábla do páirón O Ceallaig. Nuair ghearr Coirnín leir an bpro, lean ré páirón amach ari an mbóthar móir, taimis ruair leir, cuiri a d'á aðairc faoi, cait ari a dhúim é, agus niop fhead go dtaimis ré a-baile. Cuirlis páirón ag an dochar, agus tuit an poc mairb ari an tairrige. Cuaird páirón 'na codlach, b'ir b' ri leat-mairb agus b' ré mall 'ran oirdé, agus

the village found that the mother was gone, they got a buck goat that belonged to lame Paddy Kelly, and they put Coirnin riding on it. Off and away with the buck, bleating as loud as he could, and Coirnin on his back screeching like a person out of his senses, with fear lest he should fall, and the boys of the village after him. The buck faced for Paddy's cottage; and when Paddy saw the buck and his rider coming he thought that it was the old boy that was coming for him. Paddy had not walked a step for seven years before that, but when he saw the buck coming in at the door he went of a single leap out through the window, and called on the neighbors to save him from the devil that was after him.

The boys were laughing and clapping their hands till they set the buck mad, and off again with him, out of the house. When Paddy saw him coming the second time, off and away with him, and the buck with Coirnin on his back after him. There were long horns on the buck, and Coirnin had the "drowning man's grip" on them. Paddy faced for Galway, with the buck following him. The cry rose, and the people of the villages on each side of the road came out, and such shouting there never was before in the County Galway. Paddy never stopped till he came into the City of Galway, and the buck and his rider at his heels. It was a market day, and the streets were filled with people. Paddy began crying and yelling on the people to save him, and they were making a mock of him. He went up one street and down another street, and he was going until the sun was setting in the evening.

Coirnin saw fine apples on a board, and an old woman near them, and there came a great wish on him to have a share of the apples. He loosed his grasp on the buck's horns, and went with a leap on the board of apples. Away for ever with the old woman, and she left the apples behind her, for she was half dead with the fright.

It was not long that Coirnin was eating the apples, when his mother came by, and when she saw Coirnin she cut the sign of the Cross on herself, and she said—"In the name of God, Coirnin, what brought you here?"

"Ask that of Paddy Kelly and his buck goat; there's luck on you, mother, that my neck is not broken."

She put Coirnin into her apron and faced for home.

But it's curious the thing that happened to Paddy Kelly. When Coirnin parted with the buck, the animal followed Paddy out on the high road, came up with him, put his two horns under him, threw Paddy upon his own back, and never stood still

nuair d'éirigis ré ari maidin, ní raibh an poc le fágáil beo ná marbh; agus rúbairt na daoine uile go mbuadh poc d'fhoirdeáctha do b'ann. Aír caoi ari b'ait tús ré coirpdeáct do pháidín. O Ceallaigh, ruadh náidh raibh aige le feacht m bliathnáibh riomh rín.

Cuaidh an rgeul thíos an tí, go scualairidh gáe uile fear, bean, 7 páirde 1 gceannadh na Gaillimé é, agus ír ionadh cuspóir do b'ain, riomh tráchtóna an láe rín. Rúbairt cuiridh guri poc d'fhoirdeáctha do b'ain 1 b'poc pháidín, 7 go raibh ré iannpháirtteac leir; rúbairt cuiridh eile go mbuadh fear ríde Coirnín, agus go mbuadh cónair a úrásadh.

An oirdéan rín, d'innír Coirnín h-uile níos 1 dtaoisí na caoi do tús an poc go Gaillimé é, 7 táinig na buacaillíos go teac Bhrígíos ní Shrádairí, agus b'í spéann móir aca ag éirteacht le Coirnín ag innriant 1 dtaoisí na marcuiseáctha do b'ain aige go Gaillimé ari muin ruic pháidín Uí Ceallaigh, agus gáe níos tábla leir ari fead an láe.

An oirdéan rín, nuair é uair Coirnín ari a leabhair, táinig bhrón éigin airi, agus 1 n-áit cordalta tórais ré ag reitpil. D'fiafhusaigh a mátaír dé chéad do b'ain airi. Rúbairt reifrean náidh raibh fíor aige. "Níl opt acht reafaróid," ari ríre; "fíor do cuir reitpil, 7 leig túinn cordaibh." Acht níor fíor ré go maidin.

Ari maidin níor feud ré spéim d'ite, agus rúbairt ré le na mátaír, "Racán amach, go bhréicfidh mé an ndeanúnad an t-aéir mait Óam." "B'áitíosí go ndeanúnad," ari ríre.

Leir rín, buail ré a rá láimh faoi, agus é uair d'aon leim aithéan go dtí an dochar, agus amach leir. Tús ré aghaird ari na h-aiteanáibh, 7 níor fíad go ndeacaird ré aghaird 'na mearr. Sin ré é fein idir rá rgealas agus níor bhrada go raibh ré 'na cordaibh. B'í bhrionglóid aige go raibh an poc le n-a éaois, ag iarráidh caint do chur airi. Óuirig ré, acht 1 n-áit an phuic b'í fear bhréaghs gnuagadhaobh leir, 7 rúbairt ré, "A Coirnín, ná b'ioth eagla optiúramhra. Ír capaird mé, 7 tá mé ann go le cónaíreál do leara do tábairt duit, má ghlacann tú uaim i. Tá tú do cláiríneac b'í gugadh tú, 7 do cíur-mágarid ag buacaillíos an baile. Ír mire an poc ghabair do tús go Gaillimé tú, acht tá mé achrúigthe aonair go dtí an fhoict in a bhréiceann tú mé. Ni feudhainn an t-achrúigthe d'fágáil go dtugfaínn an marcuiseáct rín duit, agus aonair tá cùmáct móir agam. D'feudhainn do learaigh ari ball, acht d'fearfaidh na cónaírpanna go raibh tú iannpháirtteac leir na ríde, agus ní feudhá an bhráthair rín baint d'ioibh. Tá tú do fuidh aonair go díreach in ran ait an gugadhaobh tú, 7 tá pota óiri 1 bhróigreacach troise doo' éaois-riap, acht níl tú le baint leir go fóil, mar ní feudhá níráidh mait do bheanamh dé. Teirig a-baile aonair agus ari maidin amáras, abair le do mátaír go raibh bhrionglóid bhréag-

till he came home. Paddy came off at the door, and the buck fell dead at the threshold. Paddy went to sleep, for he was half dead and it was late in the night, and when he arose in the morning the buck was not to be got alive or dead; and all the people said that it was an enchanted buck that was in it. Anyway it gave power to walk to Paddy Kelly, a thing he had not had for seven years before that.

The story went through the country till every man, woman, and child in the County of Galway heard it, and many was the version that was on it before the evening of that day. Some said it was an enchanted buck that Paddy had, and that he was in league with it; others said that Coirnin was a fairy man, and that it would be right to burn him.

That night Coirnin told everything about the way the buck took him to Galway, and the boys came to Bridget O'Grady's house, and they had great fun listening to Coirnin telling about the ride that he had to Galway on the back of Paddy Kelly's buck, and everything that happened him throughout the day.

That night when Coirnin went to bed some sorrow came over him, and instead of sleeping he began sighing. His mother asked him what was on him. He said that he did not know.

"There's nothing on you but nonsense," says she. "Stop that sighing and let us sleep." But he did not stop till morning.

In the morning he was not able to eat a morsel, and he said to his mother—

"I'll go out till I see if the air will do me good."

"Maybe it would," says she.

With that he struck his hands under him and went of one leap to the door, and out with him. He faced for the furze, and he did not stop till he came in amongst it. He stretched himself between two bushes, and it was not long till he was asleep. He had a dream that the buck was beside him trying to make him talk. He awoke, but instead of the buck there was a fine wizard man beside him, and he said, "Coirnin, don't be afraid of me; I'm a friend, and I'm here to give you profitable counsel if you will take it from me. You are a cripple since you were born, and a laughing-stock to the boys of the village; I am the buck goat that took you to Galway, but I am changed now to the form in which you see me. I was not able to get the change till I should have given you that ride, and now I have great power. I would have cured you on the spot, but the neighbors would have said that you were in

Agad go raibh luit ag fáir le coir na h-áitinne do bhearrfadh riúbal agur lút Óuit; abaisi an riúd ceudna leí trí mairdin anndiaig a céile, agur círeofriod rí go bfuil rē fíor. Nuair raibh tú ag tóiríseáct na luithe geobaird tú i ag fáir taobh-fíor de'n cloic mórí níseacáin atá ag bhuasach na h-áitinne; taobhair leat i agur bhuait i, agur ól an fáis, agur béríod tú ionnán pára do riúd anagaird bhuacáill ari bít in ran bhrárráirte. Béríod ionsgantair ari na daoninid i dtóirí, aict ní mairífidh rín a-bharr. Béríod tú trí bhuadha tdeas an lá rín. Tar 'fan oíche cum na h-áite seo; béríod an pota óil tóigte agam-ra, aict ari do bheatá consgaird d'inníntinn agad fein, agur ná h-inniú do bhuine ari bít go bhracaird tú mire. Imníos anoir: Slán leat."

Seall Coirnín go ndeunfadh rē gáid níodh bhuairt an ghráasach beag leir, i táinig rē a-baile, lútgáireas go leor. Óireannais an mátaip naidh raibh rē comh ghráasach agur Ói rē ful má ndeacaird rē amach, agur bhuairt rí, "Saoilim, a mic, go ndearainn an t-áepí maite Óuit."

"Rinne go deimhn," ari reirean, "agur tabhairt riúd le n'icte Óam anoir."

An oíche rín, i n-áit do bheit ag reitírl, codair rē go bheás, agur ari mairdin bhuairt rē le n-a mátaip, "Ói bhrionglóid bheás agam ariéir, a mátaip."

"Na tabhair aon áit ari bhrionglóid," ari ran mátaip; "Ir contráilte tuiteann riad amach."

Cait Coirnín an lá ag rmuaineadh ari an gceomhrád do Ói aige leir an ngráasach beag, i ari an raióibhearr mór do Ói le fágair aige; ari mairdin, lá ari na mairc, bhuairt rē le n-a mátaip, "Ói an bhrionglóid bheás rín agam ariéir ariú."

"Go meadairgíodh Óia an maite, i go laistairgíodh Sé an t-olc," ari ran mátaip; "chualaird mé go minic dá mbeirdead an bhrionglóid céadna ag bhuine trí oíche anndiaig a céile, go mbeirdead rí fíor."

An tríomhán mairdin, d'éirig Coirnín go moé agur bhuairt rē le n-a mátaip, "Ói an bhrionglóid bheás rín agam ariéir ariú, agur, i tábla go dtáinig rē cugam trí oíche anndiaig a céile, raibh mé le feucaint bfuil aon fírinne inní. Connairc mé luit in mo bhrionglóid do bhearrfadh mo riúbal agur mo lút Óam."

"An bhracaird tú in ran mbhrionglóid cá riúd an luit ag fáir?" ari ran mátaip.

"Connairc go deimhn," ari reirean; "tá rí ag fáir taobh leir an gcloic mórí níseacáin atá ari bhuasach na h-áitinne."

"Go deimhn, níl aon luit ag fáir anaice leir an gcloic níseacáin," ari ran mátaip; "Ói mé 'ran áit rín go minic, agur ní feuorfaidh rí bheit ann a-gan-fíor Óam."

league with the fairies, and you would not have been able to take that opinion from them. You are seated now in exactly the same spot you were born in, and there is a pot of gold within a foot of your back, but you are not to touch it yet, because you would not be able to make a good use of it. Go home now, and to-morrow morning tell your mother that you had a fine dream, that there was a herb growing beside the river that would bring walk and activity to you. Tell the same thing to her three mornings after each other, and she will believe that it is true. When you go seeking the herb, you will find it growing down from the big washing stone that is on the edge of the river. Take it with you, and boil it, and drink the juice, and you will be able to run a race against any boy in the parish. There will be wonder on the people at first, but that won't last long. You will be thirteen years old that day. Come in the night to this place. I will have the pot of gold lifted, but for your life keep your intentions to yourself, and don't tell any person at all that you saw me. Go now; farewell."

Coirnin promised that he would do everything the little wizard man told him, and he came home joyous enough. The mother observed that he was not so gloomy as he was before he went out, and she said—

"I think, son, the air did you good."

"It did, indeed," says he, "and give me something to eat now."

That night, instead of being sighing, he slept finely, and in the morning he said to his mother—"I had a fine dream last night, mother."

"Don't give any importance to a dream," says the mother, "it's contrary they fall out."

"Coirnin spent the day thinking on the discourse he had with the little wizard man and of the great riches he was to get. In the morning the next day he said to his mother—"I had that fine dream again last night."

"May God increase the good and may He decrease the bad," says his mother. "I often heard that if a person had the same dream three nights after other, it would be true."

The third morning Coirnin got up early and said to his mother, "I had that fine dream again last night, and since it chanced that it came to me three nights after other I'll go to see if there is any truth in it. I saw an herb in my dream that would give my walk and my activity to me."

“ B' éidir gur fár rí ann ó foin,” aírra Coirnín, “ agus rásaith mire dá tóraigeáct.”

Buail ré a tá Láimh faoi, agus cuairt d'aois leim aithnín go dtí an doras, agus amach leir. Níor bhfuada go raibh ré ag an gcolóid níseacáin, agus fuair ré an Luis. Tug ré leimeanna mar fíad a mbeidéad gádair 'Sá leanamaint, ag teast a-baile le teann-lútgáire:

“ A mátaír,” aír reirean, “ b'fior dám mo bhrionglóid. Fuair mé an Luis. Cuir fíor dám an pota agus bhruit dám é.”

Cuir an mátaír an Luis 'fan brola, agus timéioll cárta uirge leir, agus nuairí bí rí bhruitte agus an rúis fuair, d'ol Coirnín é. Ní raibh ré móimhre in a bholg nuairí fhearr ré fuair aír a chosair agus toraigh ré ag níl fuair agus anuas. Bí iongantair móri aír a mátaír. Toraigh rí ag tabhairt mile ghlór agus altúsgaod do Dia; ann rín gáirí rí aír na cónaírannais agus d'innír doibh bhrionglóid Coirnín, agus an éaoi a bhrúair ré úráid a corf. Bí lútgáire móri oírra uile, mar bí Órláis Ni Shláthairg 'na cónaírann mairt agus bí mear aca uile uirri.

An oíche rín, ériuinnis buascáillír an baile airtéad le lútgáire do cheannamh le Coirnín agus le n-a mátaír. Nuairí biondair uile ag cónáír é cia fíubalraod airtéad aict Páirtín O Ceallaig. Bí ríad uile ag caint faoi an gcaoi a bhrúair Coirnín a fíubal agus lút a cónamh.

“ So deimhnír if dám-ra buidh éiríodh do bheit buitheas; 'ré an eprád do tús mo poc-ghádair-ré do d'fhanne an obair, agus tá fíor ag h-uile duine go dtug an márcuigéas do fhanne ré, úráid mó cor aír dám fén. Oé, mo bhrón! Go bhrúair mo poc bheag bár!”

“ Tug tú h-éiteas,” aír Coirnín, “ 'rí an Luis do leigsearais mé. Rinne mé bhrionglóid tús oíche aontúairg a céile go leigsearais an Luis mé, agus tig le mo mátaír a chotuigáod go raibh mé mo cláirínéad capaí eirí mo teast' ó Gaillimh, gur ól mé rúis na Luisé.”

“ O'fheorainn mo mionna tabhairt go bhrúil mo mac ag innriant na fírinne glaine,” aír fan mátaír.

Ann rín toraigh cás ag deunamh magaird faoi Páirtín, gur imníg ré amac:

Cuairt gáé uile níodh go mairt le Coirnín agus le n-a mátaír 'na diais ríod. Aon oíche aithnín nuairí cuairt an mátaír agus na cónaírannas 'na gcoitianta, cuairt Coirnín éum na h-áitinne. Bí a chaito, an ghráigéas beag, ann rín roimh, agus bí an pota óir péird ó.

“ Seo duit anoir an pota óir; cuir i dtairge é i n-áit aír bít if toil leat. Tá an oíchead ann agus deunfar duit fad do beata.”

"Did you see in your dream where the herb was growing?" says the mother.

"I did, indeed," says he; "it's growing beside the big washing stone that's at the edge of the river."

"Indeed there's no herb growing near the washing stone," says his mother. "I was in that place often, and it could not be in it unbeknownst to me."

"Maybe it grew in it since," says Coirnin, "and I'll go to look for it."

He struck his two hands under him, and went at one leap to the door, and out with him. It was not long till he was at the washing stone, and he found the herb. He gave leaps like a deer that a hound would be following, coming home with excessive joy.

"Mother," says he, "my dream was true for me. I got the herb. Put down the pot for me, and boil it for me."

The mother put the herb in the pot and about a quart of water with it, and when it was boiled and the juice cold, Coirnin drank it. It was not a moment inside him when he stood upon his feet and began running up and down. There was great astonishment on his mother. She began giving a thousand glories and praises to God. Then she called the neighbors and told them Coirnin's dream and how he got the use of his feet. There was great joy on them all, for Bridget O'Grady was a good neighbor, and they all had a regard for her.

That night the boys of the village gathered in to make rejoicing with Coirnin and his mother. When they were all discoursing who should walk in but Paddy Kelly! They were all talking of how Coirnin got his walk, and the activity of his bones.

"Indeed, it's to myself he has a right to be thankful; it's the jolting my buck goat gave him that did the work, and everyone knows that the ride he took gave me back the use of my feet again. Och! my grief that my fine buck died!"

"You lie!" says Coirnin; "it's the herb that cured me. I had a dream three nights after other that the herb would cure me, and my mother can prove it that I was a cripple after coming from Galway till I drank the juice of the herb."

"I'd take my oath that my son is telling the clean truth," says his mother. Then each of the people began mocking Paddy, till he went out.

Everything went well with Coirnin and his mother after that. One night, when his mother and the neighbors went

“ Saoilim go ӯfágsfaró mé é in rán bpolí a phair ré ann,” aip rá Coirnín “ aict béalfaró mé pojinn té a-baile liom.”

“ Ná tabair leat pór é, aict biond bhrionglóir eile agad mar bí agad ceana, agur, ’na óláig rín, tig leat pojinn té do tabairt leat. Ceannais an talamh ro agur cuij teacé aip bun in rán mball aip rugadh é, agur ní feicfidh tú féin ná aon duine i n-aon tig leat, lá bocht fad do béalta. Slán leat anoir—ní feicfidh tú mé níor mó.”

Cuir Coirnín an pota ríor in rán bpolí, agur cneafós of a cionn, agur támis ré a-baile.

Aip marlin, duibhleáit ré le n-a máthair: “ Bí bhrionglóir eile agam ariéirí ariúr,” ḡ an tréar marlin, duibhleáit ré le, “ Tá mo bhrionglóir ríor anoir gan aonair, bí rí agam ariéirí go tréiread mar bí rí agam an rá uair eile; rín trí uaire an-údair a céile, agur tig liom é réid innreacast duit nácl ӯfearfíodh tú lá bocht fad do béalta, aict ní tig liom aon ríor eile do pháid leat o’á taoibh.”

An oirdéche rín, éuairí ré cum an pota óir, ḡ tús láin ríoráin té abhaile leir, agur aip marlin tús ré do’n máthair é. “ Tá níor mó,” ariéirí ré, “ in rán áit a utáinig rín aí, agur geobhaird mé duit é nuairi ӯfearfíodh ré ag teaptál uait, aict ná cuij aon ceirt oírmh o’á taoibh.”

Níor ӯfada ’na óláig reo, suír ceannais ӯfíosu Ní Shrádairg bó bainne ḡ cuij aip feirfíodh i. Éuairí rí féin agur Coirnín aip agairí go marl, agur nuairi bí ré fíde bliadán o’áoir, ceannais ré gábháiltar mór talman timéíoll na h-Aitinne, agur cuij teacé bheagd aip bun aip an mball aip rugadh é. Seal gearr ’na óláig rín pór ré bean. Bí muijíosin mór aige, agur nuairi fuairi ré báir le fean-aoir, o’fág ré óir agur ariúdóir ag a clóinn, agur ní facaird aon duine do comhais in rán tig rín lá bocht ariamh.

to sleep, Coirnin went to the furze. His friend the little wizard was there before him, and the pot of gold was ready for him. "Here now is the pot of gold for you, stow it away in any place you like; there's as much in it as will do you throughout your life."

"I think I'll leave it in the hole where it was," says Coirnin, "but I'll bring a share of it home with me."

"Don't take it with you yet, but have another dream like the one you had already, and after that you can take a share with you. Buy this ground and set up a house on the spot where you were born, and neither you yourself nor anyone in the same house with you will ever see a day's poverty during your life. Farewell to you now; you shall see me no more."

Coirnin put the pot down in the hole and clay on the top of it, and came home.

In the morning he said to his mother—"I had another dream last night, but I won't tell it to you till I see if I will have it again three nights after other."

"The second morning he said—"I had the dream again last night;" and the third morning he said to her—"My dream is true now without doubt. I had it last night just as I had it the two other times, that's three times after one another, and I can tell you this—that you won't see a poor day during your life, but I cannot tell you anything else about it."

That night he went to the pot of gold, and brought the full of a purse of it home with him, and in the morning he gave it to his mother. "I have more," says he, "in the place where that came from, and I'll get it for you when you'll be wanting it, but ask no question of me about it."

It was not long after this till Bridget O'Grady bought a milch cow and put her on grass. She herself and Coirnin went on well, and when he was twenty years of age he bought a large holding of land round the furze, and set up a fine house on the spot where he was born. A short time after that he married a wife. He had a large family, and when he died of old age he left gold and silver to his children, and not a person who lived in that house saw a poor day ever.

bean an fír Ruairí:

Tá riad t'á pád
 Súg tu rálín rocair i mbhróis;
Tá riad t'á pád
 Súg tu déilín tana na bprós;
Tá riad t'á pád
 A míle srád go dtuig tu òam cál;
Cid go óbhul feap le fágair
 'S leir an táilleúil Óean an fír Ruairí;

Do énigar náoi mi
 1 bpríofáin, ceangailte cnuairí;
Boltaid ari mo éaois
 Asgur mile glar ari rán rúair;
Tábharrfainn-re ríde
 Mári tábharrfaid eala coif cuaín;
Le fonn do bheit rínte
 Síor le Óean an fír Ruairí;

Saoil mire a céad-feadair
 So mbeirí' aon tigear iorí me 'r tu
Saoil mé 'nna déise-glin
 So mbreusgáid mo leanb ari do glúin
Mallact Ríg Neimhe
 Ari an té rin bain òiom-ra mo clú;
Sín, asgur uile go léir
 Luéit bhréighe énig iorí me 'r tu.

Tá cnuann aon rán ngsáidíon
 Ari a bpráinn tóilleabair a'ri bláth buirde;
An uair leagaim mo lám ari
 Ir láidír nac mbriúeann mo cnuairde;
'S é rólár go bár
 A'ri é o'fágair o flaitear anuas
Aon phóisín aithní,
 A'ri é o'fágair o Óean an fír Ruairí;

Aéet go dtig lá an traoisair
 'Nna neubhráig énig cuaín,
Tiucfáid rímuit ari an ngsréim
 'S béis na neulta comh òuib leir an ngsual;
Béis an fáisge tírm
 A'ri tiochaird na bhróna 'r na truaist
'S béis an táilleúil ag ríseadáis
 An lá rin fáoi Óean an fír Ruairí.

THE RED MAN'S WIFE.

[Translated by Douglas Hyde in "Love Songs of Connacht."]

'Tis what they say,
 Thy little heel fits in a shoe,
 'Tis what they say,
 Thy little mouth kisses well, too.
 'Tis what they say,
 Thousand loves that you leave me to rue;
 That the tailor went the way
 That the wife of the Red man knew.
 Nine months did I spend
 In a prison closed tightly and bound;
 Bolts on my smalls*
 And a thousand locks frowning around;
 But o'er the tide
 I would leap with the leap of a swan,
 Could I once set my side
 By the bride of the Red-haired man.
 I thought, O my life,
 That one house between us love would be;
 And I thought I would find
 You once coaxing my child on your knee;
 But now the curse of the High One
 On him let it be,
 And on all of the band of the liars
 Who put silence between you and me.
 There grows a tree in the garden
 With blossoms that tremble and shake,
 I lay my hand on its bark
 And I feel that my heart must break.
 On one wish alone
 My soul through the long months ran,
 One little kiss
 From the wife of the Red-haired man.
 But the day of doom shall come,
 And hills and harbors be rent;
 A mist shall fall on the sun
 From the dark clouds heavily sent;
 The sea shall be dry,
 And earth under mourning and ban;
 Then loud shall he cry
 For the wife of the Red-haired man.

* There are three "smalls," the wrists, elbows, and ankles. In Irish romantic literature we often meet mention of men being bound "with the binding of the three smalls."

RIDIRE NA SCLEAS.*

Bi feilméar [no duine-uafal] ann ran tig agus ní maois aige aet son mac amáin. Táinig ré reo [Ridíre na sclear] cùisge ar teac t Katachna oifíche, agus t'íonn ré leórtin do fén agus do'n dá-r' eus do bi i n-éinfeacht leir.

“Suairéid liom marí tá ré agam le t'agaird,” ari ran feilméar, “aet tciúinbhrat me òuit e agus do'n dá-r' eus.” Bhit riuréar pérí òrbis comh maic a'r bi ré aige, agus nuairi bì an riuréar caitte, t'íonn ré an Ridíre ari an dá-r' eus ro ériúise ruar agus piora Gairgítheacsta do òeunamh do'n fear ro, ag tairbeant na ngnionmhaonta bì aca.

O'éigis an dá-r' eus agus riinneadair Gairgítheacsta òb, agus ní fáca an duine reo ariamh piora Gairgítheacsta marí iad rìn, “mairead,” aitheir an duine-uafal, fear an tigé, “nior bfearr liom an oifead ro [de] fairobhréar] 'ná dà mbeirdead mo mac ionnáinn rìn [do] òeunamh.”

“Leis liom-ra é,” ari Ridíre na sclear, “go ceann lá agus bliadain, agus béríb ré comh maic le ceadtaír de na bhuacailib réo atá agam.”

“Leisfead,” ari ran duine-uafal, “aet go dtciúinbhrat tu ari air cùgam é i gceann na bliadna.”

“O tciúinbhrat,” ari Ridíre na sclear, “ari air cùgam é.”

Bhit briacfaist ari maroin, lá ari na máras, òrbis, nuairi biondair ag dul ag imteacht, agus leis an duine-uafal an mac leib, agus o'fan riad amuig lá agus bliadain.

I gceann a' lá agus bliadain táinig riad ari a-baile cùisge, agus a mac fén i n-éinfeacht leib. Bi ré [as] fairobh oifí, agus bì fáilte rompa aige, agus bì oifíche maic aca. Nuairi biondair taréis a riuréir, duibhaint Ridíre na sclear leir an dá-r' eus ériúise ruar ari aigus Gairgítheacst do òeunamh do'n duine-uafal do bì tabhairt an truiuréir òrbis. Anoibr bì a mac fén ann, fheirinn, agus bì ré i ngar do bheit comh maic le ceadtaír aca. “Ní'l ré 'na Gairgítheacst b'or comh maic le mo cùid-re fear, aet leis liom-ra é,” ari Ridíre na sclear, “ari fear lá agus bliadain eile.”

“Leisfead,” ari reirean, “aet go dtciúinbhrat tu ari air cùgam é i gceann an lá agus bliadain.” Duibhaint ré go dtciúinbhrat.

O'imteig riad leib, an lá ari na máras 'náiribh idir na marone, agus o-fanadair amuig lá agus bliadain eile. Agus i gceann an lá agus bliadain connairic an duine-uafal an comhluadair ag teast

* Cá an rgeul ro focal ari focal go díreach marí do fuaimear agus marí do fseisibh ro é ó beul Mhártain Ruairí Úi Shiolláináit (fóirne i mbeurpla), i gcomháe na Gaillimhe.

THE KNIGHT OF THE TRICKS.

Written down word for word by me from the dictation of Martin Rua O Gillarna, or "Forde," near Monivea, Co. Galway (a small farmer, about 50 years old, Irish-speaking only).—DOUGLAS HYDE.

THERE was a farmer [*read* gentleman] in the country, and he had only one son. And this man [the Knight of the Tricks] came in to see him, on the evening of a night, and asked lodgings for himself and the twelve who were along with him.

"I think it miserable how I have it for you," said the gentleman, "but I'll give it to you and to your twelve." Supper was got ready for them, as good as he had it, and when the supper was eaten, the knight asked these twelve to rise up and perform a piece of exercise for this man, showing the deeds [accomplishments] they had.

The twelve rose up and performed feats for him, and this man had never seen any feat like them. "Musha," says the gentleman, the man of the house, "I wouldn't sooner [own] all this much riches, than that my son should be able to do that."

"Leave him with me," said the Knight of the Tricks, "till the end of a year and a day, and he will be as good as any of these boys that I have."

"I will," says the gentleman, "but [on condition] that you must bring him back to me at the end of the year."

"Oh, I will bring him back to you," said the Knight of the Tricks.

Breakfast was got for them in the morning, of the next day when they were going a-departing, and the gentleman let the son with them, and they remained away a day and a year.

At the end of the day and the year, they came home again to him, and his own son along with them. He was watching for them, and had a welcome for them, and they had a good night. When they were after their supper, the Knight of the Tricks told the twelve to rise up and perform feats for the gentleman who was giving them the supper. Now his own son was there also, and he was near to being as good as any of them.

"He is not yet a champion as good as my men are, but let him with me," said the Knight of the Tricks, "for another day and a year."

"I will," said he, "but that you will bring him back to me at the end of the day and a year." He said he would bring him.

cuige aifir: Tug ré fáilte agur riupréar doibh, le lúctasáipe iad do bheit aif aif aif agur a mac ied.

Caiteadair an ruispeáir, agus nuaire biondair 'peir a ruispeáir, dubait leis an-á chuid feair eipíse rúar agus piota gairgídeachta do theanamh do'n duine-úarai do bhrú tabhairt na gnaomhúileact (?) doibh. D'éipis gíaoi rúar, trí fír deug, agus ba é a mhaic an feair do b'fearrí de'n meáin fin. Ni raibh feair ariú bhit ionann ceapta do baint de act Ridipe na gcleas fein.

Deir an Duine-Uaral, "n'il fear ari b'ic aca ionannan Gairgiod-
eac' do Úeannam le mo mac réin."

"Níl, go deimhní," aip Ríordhe na Scleáir "aon feair ionnáinn a
ðeunaíam aet mire; agur mā leigean tu dám-ra e lá agur
blaðain eile, bérð ré 'na gairgíðeac com mait liom féin."

"Maireadó, leigfeadó," aip ran duine-uaral, "leigfíodh mé leat é," aodain p.é.

Διορ, πιος ταρή ρέ αιρ, αν τ-αμ ρο, α ταβαίνει αρ αιρ ατήρ, μαρι
μινε ρέ να ή-αμαντα ειλε, άσυρ πιος ένιρ ρέ ανν α γεαραίδ ε.

1 Seann an lá agus bláthain, b'í an duine-úaral ag fanaíocht agus ag rúil le n-a mac, aictí ní táinig an mac ná Ríofe na gcleas. B'í an t-ataip, ann rin, faoi imníde móir náicí náic an mac ag teacht a-baile éigise, agus dubait p' : " p' b' é ait de'n domhan a b'fhlí p' , caitífidh mé a fágairt amac."

Óiméig ré ann rín agus vú ré ag imteáct gúr éait ré trí oirise agus trí lá ag riúbal. Táinig ann rín asteas i n-áit a phabhláthair bheag, agus amuis anagair an doruair móir vú trí rípi deus ag dualadh báile ann; agus feapré ré ag feudant aip na trí feapraitheus v'dualad, agus vú aon feapré amháin v'dualad le v'd-p-eus aca. Táinig ré 'ran áit a phabhadair asteas ann a mearrs ann rín, agus 'ré a mac féin vú ag dualad an báile leir an v'd-p-eus eile.

Сүүр рё пәнте тоңм аң атаң әнн ғиң. “О! а атаң,” адең рё, “нил аон ғағай ағад өрм. Ні ғинне тұра,” адең рё, “до ғната (ғнод) сеңт; нуаң үі ту [ағ] өненам мәрсаң үеңеңең ніор әллі ту ай; міре [то] табайт әр ай құсад.”

"If you run," said the old man.

"Aonair," aodair an mac, "nì b'fuisgeachd tu feuscaint oifim aonach, aonach deunfaidh t'chì colaim deug d'inn agus caitheidear Spána coimse air an uirlap agus deunfaidh Ridipe na gcleas m'a aitnigheann tu do mac oifim rinn [= ann a mearsan] so b'fuisgeachd tu e. Nì b'eo mire ag ite aon Spáin agus b'eo na cinn eile ag ite. B'eo mire dul aonach 'r anall 'r ag bualaod ppioca ann ran-sgeulid eile

They went away with themselves the next day, after their morning's meal, and they remained away for another day and a year. And at the end of the day and a year the gentleman saw the company coming to him again. He gave them a welcome and a supper, for joy them to be back again and his son with them.

They ate their supper, and when they were after their supper he said to the men to rise up and perform some feats for the gentleman who was showing them this kindness. They rose up, thirteen men, and his son was the best man of all the lot. There was no man at all able to take the right from him [overcome him] but the Knight of the Tricks himself.

Says the gentleman then, "There's not a man of them able to perform feats with my own son."

"There is not indeed one man," says the Knight of the Tricks, "able to do it but me, and if you leave him to me for another day and a year he will be a champion as good as myself."

"Musha, then I will," says the gentleman, "I'll let him with you," says he.

Now this time he did not ask him to take him back, as he had done the other times, and he did not put it in his conditions.

At the end of the day and the year the gentleman was waiting and hoping for his son, but neither the son nor the Knight of the Tricks came. The father was then in great anxiety lest his son was not coming home at all to him, and he said, "whatever place in the world he is in, I must find him out."

He departed then, and he was going until he spent three days and three nights traveling. He then came into a place where there was a fine dwelling, and outside of it, over against the great door, there were thirteen men playing hurley, and he stood looking at the thirteen men playing, and there was a single man hurling against twelve of them. He came in amongst them then, to the place where they were, and it was his own son that was playing against the other twelve.

He welcomed his father then. "Oh, father," says he, "you have no getting of me, you did not do," says he, "your business right: when you were making your bargain with him you did not ask him to bring me back to you."

"That is true," says the father.

"Now," said the son, "you won't get a sight of me to-night, but thirteen pigeons will be made of us, and grains of oats thrown on the floor, and the Knight of the Tricks will say that

de na colamaib. Seoibhait do tu do roghan agur d'eadaraid tu leir gur b' é mé tógráf tu. Sin é an comártas Úachtúit, i rocht go n-aithneóid tu mire amearg na scolam eile, agur ma tógránn tu go ceap, b' eisidh mé agad an uair in.

Oíráig an mac é ann in, agur támis ré airtéad ann ran teac, agur cuip Ridípe na gcleáir fáilte roimhe. Duibhait an duine-úaral go dtáinig ré ag iarráid a mic nuair náct dtug an Ridípe ari aif leir é i gceann na bliadna. "Níor cuip tu in ann ran marigad," ari ran Ridípe, "aict é támis tu comh fada in o'd iarráid, caitíodh ré beit agad, má 'r féidir leat a tógrád amac." Rug ré airtéad ann in é go reompa a riabh thí colaim deug ann, agur duibhait ré leir, a rogha colaim do tógrád amac, agur da mbuadh h-é a mac féin do tógrád ré go dtiucfáid leir a consghairil. Ói na colaim uile ag riocadh na ngrána coipice de'n uirláir, aict aon ceann amháin do ói gábhail tapt agur ag bualaodh píocadh ann ran gcuimh eile aca. Do tógrád an duine-úaral an ceann in. "Tá do mac gnótaisigh agad," ari ran Ridípe.

Cait riad an oideé in buil (?) a céile, agur d'imirig an duine-úaral agur a mac an lá ari na máraí agur d'fágadair Ridípe na gcleáir. Nuair b' iad ag dul a-baile ann in, támis riad gá baile-mór, agur b' aonac ann, agur nuair b'iodar dul airtéad ann ran aonac o'íarri an mac ari a aonair ghealas do éannas agur do cheannamh aonair ó. "Deunpaird mire rtail riom féin," aonair ré, "agur riolpaird tu mé ari an aonac ro. Tiucfáid Ridípe na gcleáir cuigeadh ari an aonac—tá ré do o' leanamhaint aonair—agur ceannasúidh ré mire uait. Nuair b' eisdear tu 's am' riol, ná tabair an t-aonair uait aict consghairis cuigeadh féin é, agur [ir] féidir liom-ra teacht ari aif cuigeadh—ait an t-aonair do consghairil."

Rinne an mac rtail dé féin ann in, agur fuaireann t-áthair aonair agur cuip ré aif é. Táirgairing ré fuaireann ann in ari an aonac é, agur ir gealair do ói ré 'na feáramh ann in, nuair támis Ridípe na gcleáir cuige agur o'íarri ré cia mhead do b' eisdear ari an rtail aige. "Tír ceud púnta" deir an duine-úaral. "Tiú-bháirid mire in uuit," deir Ridípe na gcleáir—tiú-bháid ré iud ari b' eisidh ó ag rúil go bhfuigfeadh ré an mac ari aif, mar b' fios aige go mair gur b' é do ói ann ran rtail. "Tiú-bháid mire uuit é ari an aifisioch in," ari ran duine-úaral, "aict ní tiú-bháid me an t-aonair." "Bud ceap an t-aonair do tabairt," ari ran Ridípe.

O'imirig an Ridípe ann in agur an rtail leir, agur d'imirig an duine-úaral ari a bhealaic féin ag dul a-baile. Aict ní riad ré aict amuig ari an aonac 'ran am a dtáinig an mac fuaire leir ari:

if you recognise your son amongst those, you shall get him. I will not be eating my grain, but the others will be eating. I will be going back and forwards and picking at the rest of the pigeons. You shall get your choice, and you will tell him that it is I you will take. That is the sign I give you now, so that you may know me amongst the other pigeons, and if you choose right you will have me then."

The son left him after that, and he came into the house, and the Knight of the Tricks bade him welcome. The gentleman said that he was come looking for his son, since the Knight did not bring him back with him at the end of the year. "You did not put that in the bargain," said the Knight, "but since you are come so far to look for him you must have him if you can choose him out." He brought him in then to the room where the thirteen pigeons were, and told him to choose out his choice pigeon, and if it was his own son he should choose that he might keep him. The other pigeons were picking grains of oats off the floor, all but one, who was going round and picking at the others. The gentleman chose that one. "You have your son gained," said the Knight.

They spent that night together, and the gentleman and his son departed next day and left the Knight of the Tricks. When they were going home then, they came to a town, and there was a fair in it, and when they were going into the fair the son asked the father to buy a rope and make a halter for him. "I'll make a stallion of myself," said he, "and you will sell me at this fair. The Knight of the Tricks will come up to you on the fair—he is following you now—and he will buy me from you. When you will be selling me don't give away the halter, but keep it for yourself, and I can come back to you—only you to keep the halter."

The son made a stallion of himself then, and the father got the halter and put it on him. He drew him up after that on the fair, and it was short he was standing there when the Knight of the Tricks came up to him, and asked him how much would he be wanting for the stallion. "Three hundred pounds," says the gentleman. "I'll give you that," said the Knight of Tricks—he would give him anything at all hoping that he might get the son back, for he knew well that it was he that was in the stallion. "I'll give him to you at that money," said the gentleman, "but I won't give the halter." "It were right to give the halter," said the Knight.

The Knight went away then, and the stallion with him, and the gentleman departed on his own road going home, but he

“A stáir,” aitheir ré, “tá mé ari fágair an tionsú agam, aét tá aonac ann a leíreidh seo d'áit amáras agur nascamhaois arteas ann.”

An lá ari na máras, nuair biondair ag dul arteas ann rán aonac eile, duibhírt an mac: “Deunfaraidh mé rtail tiomrán agur tionsraidh Ridíre na Scleáir ariúr dom’ ceannas. Tíubharaidh ré aigisioi ari bít oísm a iarrífar tu, aét cuij ann rán mairgad nac dtiúbhraidh turba an t-ádhártar do.” Tárraingeadair rúar ari an aonac ann rín, agur minne ré rtail té féin agur cuij an t-ástair ádhártar ari agur i’r seárrí do b’ ré ann, ’na feáram, nuair tainis Ridíre na Scleáir cuige agur d’fíafraois ré dé cia théad do bheithead ari an rtail aige. “Sé ceud púnta,” ari rán duine-uafar. “Tíubharaidh mire rín duit,” aitheir ré. “Aét ní dtiúbhraidh mé an t-ádhártar duit.” “Buid céart an t-ádhártar tabhairt arteas ’rán mairgad,” ari an Ridíre, aét ní bhuairt ré é.

D’imteis Ridíre na Scleáir ann rín agur an rtail leir, agur d’imteis an duine-uafar ari a béalac ag dul a-baile, aét ní raiibh ré i mbeagána a’ coirtiú ag dul amac ari an aonac am [nuair] a dtainis an mac ariúr rúar leir.

“Tá go maic, stáir,” aitheir ré, “tá an uair seo gnochtáisge agatinn, aét níl fiúr agam cioneád deunfar an lá-amáras linn. Tá aonac ann a leíreidh seo d'áit amáras agur tárrónghamaoidh ann.”

Cuadarí mairi rín ari an aonac an lá ari n-a máras, agur minne an mac rtail dé féin, agur cuij an t-ástair ádhártar ari, agur i’r seárrí do b’ ré ’na feáram ari an aonac i n-am tainis Ridíre na Scleáir ariúr cuige. D’fíafraois an Ridíre cia théad do bheithead ré ag iarráidh ari an rtail bheagás rín do b’ aige ann rán ádhártar. “Naoi gceud púnta tá mire ag iarráidh ari,” ari rán duine-uafar. Níor faoil ré go dtiúbhraidh ré rín do. Aét ní consbhócaidh aigisioi ari bít an rtail ó’n Ridíre. “Tíubharaidh mé rín duit,” aitheir ré. Cuirí ré a láim ann a bóca agur tuis ré an naoi gceud púnta do, agur rús ré ari an rtail leir an láim eile, agur d’imteis ré leir comh luac rín gur deármad an duine-uafar é do cuij ann rán mairgad an t-ádhártar tabhairt ari aif’ do.

D’fan ré ag rún go bfillpeadh an mac, aét níor fill ré. Tuis ré rúar é ann rín agur duibhírt ré na cír raiibh aon maic d’o trupón (?) [beit ag rún] go bhráid leir, ná le n-a teast ari aif’ ariúd go bhráid.

Tuis Ridíre na Scleáir ann rín an mac leir, agur b’ ré tabhairt ’c uile fóirí pionnúir agur d’fhois-uráidhe do, agur ní leigfeadh ré é ari doiríte le aon duine ag ite a bheatha, aét b’ ré ann rín cean-gaile, agur an lá leigfeadh ré na gairíodh eile amac, ní leigfeadh

was only just out of the fair when the son came up to him again. "Father," says he, "you have got me to-day, but there is a fair in such-and-such a place to-morrow, and we'll go to it."

The next day when they were going into the other fair, the son said, "I will make a stallion of myself, and the Knight of the Tricks will come again to buy me. He'll give you any money that you may ask for me, but put it in the bargain that you will not give him the halter." They drew up on the fair then, and he made a stallion of himself, and the father put a halter on him; and it was short he was standing there when the Knight of the Tricks came to him and asked him how much he'd be wanting for the stallion. "Six hundred pounds," says the gentleman. "I'll give you that," says he; "but I won't give you the halter," said the gentleman. "It were only right to give the halter into the bargain," said the Knight, but he did not get it.

The Knight of the Tricks departed then, and the stallion with him, and the gentleman went on his way, going home; but he was not as far as the custom-gap, going out of the fair, when the son came up with him again.

"It is well, father," says he, "we have gained this time, but I don't know what will to-morrow do with us. There is a fair in such-and-such a place to-morrow, and we will go down to it."

They went to the fair accordingly next day, and the son made a stallion of himself, and the father put a halter on him, and it was short he was standing on the fair when the Knight of the Tricks came up to him again. The Knight asked how much he would be wanting for that fine stallion that he had there by the halter. "Nine hundred pounds I'm asking for him," says the gentleman. He never thought he would give him that. But no money would keep the stallion from the Knight. "I'll give you that," says he. He put his hand in his pocket and gave him the nine hundred pounds, and with the other hand he seized the stallion and went off with him so quick that the gentleman forgot to put it into his bargain that he should give him back the halter.

He waited, hoping the son would return, but he did not. He gave him up then, and said that there was no good for him to be expecting him for ever, or expecting him to ever come back again.

The Knight of the Tricks then took away the son with him, and was giving him all sorts of punishment and bad usage, and would not let him [sit down] at table with anyone to eat

ré eiréan iob: Bí ré real fada mar rín, agur Ridífe na gcleáir ag cur thrioc-mhear aili agur ag tathairt uile fóirt pionnúir 'ob:

Tuit ré amach gúr imthíg Ridífe na gcleáir an lá ro ap baile, agur o'fágáidh ré eiréan ann ran bhuinneoirí i'fáirde 'ran teac, 'n ait nád' rai'b iudh ap b'ic le fágair aige; agur é ceangailte ann rín, fuaqr i n-áirde. Agur nuairí Bí 'c uile duine imthígthe ann rín, agur gan ap an t-riáidh aict é féin agur an cailín, t'íarri ré deoc uirge i n-aithn Té, ap an gcaillín. Duibháirt an cailín go mbeirdeadh faitéior uirge i d'fágadh a mairgírtíp amach i, go mar-bhócadh ré i.

“ Ni éloifíodh duine ap b'ic go deob é,” aitheir ré, “ ná b'ioth fuitéior ap b'ic oif, ni mire innreodáir [= innreofar] do é.” Tug ri fuaqr an deoc uirge éuige ann rín, agur nuairí éuipr ré a éloigseann ann ran uirge, ag ól an uirge, minne ré earcón té féin agur éuaird ré riord ann ran roiteacá. Bí rhotáin beag uirge taobh amuig de 'n doipur Bí [aig] iut go n-deacaird ré airtéac ann ran abainn, agur caiti' ri amach ann ran rhotáin gac a rai'b o'fúisgleac 'ran roiteacá aici. Bí reiréan ag imteact ann rín agur é 'na earcuin ann ran abainn, ag tarrainnt a-baile.

Nuairí tainis Ridífe na gcleáir a-baile, éuaird ré fuaqr go bfeicfeadh ré an feair o'fág ré ceangailte, agur ni bhuaili ré é poimé ann. O'fiafhrui'sh ré de 'n cailín ap aipis ri é ag imteact. Duibháirt an cailín nári aipis, aict go dtus rí féin b'raon uirge fuaqr éuige.

“ Agur cá 'n éuipr tu an fúisgleac do Bí agad? ” aitheir ré:

“ Cait mé 'ran rhotáin amach é,” ap ríre.

“ Tá ré imthígthe 'na earcuin ann ran abainn,” aitheir ré, “ Sleurfaisíodh fuaqr,” aitheir ré, leir an uá-íl-eus fáisíodh, “ go leanfhamaoi'd é.”

Rinneadháir d'á mhadaird deus uirge b'ioth féin agur leanadháir ann ran abainn é; agur nuairí b'iotháir ag teacth fuaqr leir ann ran abainn o'éipis ré 'na eun ap an abainn ann ran aéir.

Nuairí fuaipr riad rín amach gúr imthíg ré ap an abainn, minneadháir d'á feabas deus b'ioth féin agur o'imthígeadháir an tionsaig an eín-uireadhs do minne ré té féin—agur b'iotháir ag teacth fuaqr leir.

Nuairí fuaipr ré iad ag teannadh leir, agur nád' rai'b ré ionnáinn dul uata, Bí fuitéior mór aili. Bí bean ag caita' amuig ap páirc bain. Tuirfing ré 'nuair ap an aéir, ó beit 'na eun, i ngar do'n éoirice, agur minne ré ghrána coipice té féin.

Tuirfing riad féin 'na óidísh agur minneadháir d'á ceapc-fiancaid

his food, but he was there tied, and the day he would let the other champions out he would not let him out with them. He was like this for a long time and the Knight of the Tricks putting dishonor on him, and giving him every kind of punishment.

It fell out that on this day [of which we are going to tell] the Knight of the Tricks went from home, and left him at the window that was highest in the house, where he had nothing at all to get, and him tied there, up on high. And then when everybody was gone away and nobody left on the street (*i.e.*, about the place) but himself and a servant-girl, he asked the girl, in the name of God, for a drink of water. The girl said that if her master were to find it out he would kill her.

"Nobody shall ever hear it," says he: "don't be a bit afraid, it's not I who'll tell him." She brought up the drink of water to him then, and when he put his head into the water, drinking the water, he made an eel of himself, and he went down into the vessel. There was a little streamlet of water beside the door, that was running until it went into the river, and she cast out into the little stream all the remains that she had in the vessel. He kept going, then, and he an eel, in the river, drawing towards home.

When the Knight of the Tricks came home, he went up to see the man he had left bound, and he did not find him there before him. He asked the girl if she felt [perceived] him going, or if she perceived anything that gave him leave to go. The girl said that she perceived nothing, but that she herself brought a drop of water up to him.

"And where did you put the leavings that you had?" says he.

"I threw it out into the little stream," says she.

"He's gone as an eel into the river," says he. "Prepare yourselves," says he to the twelve champions, "till we follow him."

They made twelve water-dogs of themselves, and they followed him in the river, and when they were coming up with him in the river, he rose up as a bird, out of the river into the air.

When they found this out, that he had gone out of the river, they made twelve hawks of themselves, and pursued after the bird—it was a lark he made of himself—and they were coming up to him.

When he found them closing on him, and that he was not able to escape from them, there was great terror on him.

deus ríos réin, [agus b'í an Ríordán 'na coileac-ffrancas]. Táraitheanair ag ite an coimse ann rín agus raoil riad é beirt itte aca, aict ní raiib. B'í riad ag ite an coimse go raiib riad i ngearr do beirt rácaí.

Nuaír mear reifrean go raiib a ráit itte aca, agus náic labhairt ionnáinn mórán eile do deunamh, o'íliuig ré rúair agus rúnne ré riomhaí de réin, agus b'ain ré an cloigíonn de'n dá ffrancas deus agus de'n coileac:

B'í cead aige dul a-baile o'á atáir ann rín nuaír b'iondair uile marib aige: Agus rín deirfe Ríordán na Gcilear. '

There was a woman winnowing [oats] out in a bare field. He descended out of the air from being a bird, near to the oats, and he made a grain of oats of himself.

They themselves descended after him, and made twelve turkeys of themselves, and the Knight was the turkey cock. They began eating the oats, and they thought that they had him eaten, but they had not. They were eating the oats until they were near to being satiated.

When he considered that they had enough eaten and that they were not able to do much more, he rose up and made a fox of himself, and took the heads off the twelve turkeys and turkey cock.

He had leave to go home to his father then, when he had hem all killed. And that is the end of the Knight of Tricks.

MO ÚRÓN AIR AN ÚRÁIRRE.

Mo úrón air an úrairre
 Ír é tá mór,
 Ír é gábhail roip mé
 'S mo mheile róir:

O'fágad 'fan mbaile mé
 Deunamh úrón,
 San aon tráil capaill róile liom
 Coirdce ná go neod.

Mo leún nád úrúil mire
 'Súr mo mhuirinn bán
 1 g-cúigé largsean
 No 1 g-condáe an Chláir

Mo úrón nád úrúil mire
 'Súr mo mheile ghlád
 Air docht loinge
 Tírall go 'Meicád

Leabhar tuascra
 Ói fum ariéir,
 Agur cait mé amach &
 Le teaf an laé:

Táinig mo ghlád-ra
 Le mo taeád
 Sualta air gualain
 Agur beul ari bheul

MY GRIEF ON THE SEA.*

(TRANSLATED BY DOUGLAS HYDE.)

My grief on the sea,
 How the waves of it roll!
 For they heave between me
 And the love of my soul!

Abandoned, forsaken,
 To grief and to care,
 Will the sea ever waken
 Relief from despair?

My grief and my trouble!
 Would he and I were
 In the province of Leinster
 Or county of Clare.

Were I and my darling—
 Oh, heart-bitter wound!—
 On board of the ship
 For America bound.

On a green bed of rushes
 All last night I lay,
 And I flung it abroad
 With the heat of the day.

And my love came behind me—
 He came from the South;
 His breast to my bosom.
 His mouth to my mouth.

* *Literally: My grief on the sea, It is it that is big. It is it that is going between me And my thousand treasures. I was left at home Making grief, Without any hope of (going) over sea with me, For ever and aye. My grief that I am not, And my white moornen, In the province of Leinster Or County of Clare. My sorrow I am not, And my thousand loves On board of a ship Voyaging to America. A bed of rushes Was under me last night And I threw it out With the heat of the day. My love came To my side, Shoulder to shoulder And mouth on mouth.* [“Love Songs of Connacht.”]

AN DUACAILL DO BÍ A ÚFAD AR A MÁTAIR.*

Á úfao do fhor bí Lánaíl an phórtá daí b' ainn pártais agus Nuala ní Ciarscáin. Bítheadair bliadain agus físe pórta san aon clann do bhíte aca, agus bí bhrón mór oírra, mara náidh aon oíche aca le na gcuimhneacha d' fágáil aige. Bí an aca talman, b'od, agus físe gádair aca, agus bí tuairim aca do phabádair fágáil.

Aon oíche amháin, bí pártais teacht a-baile o teac duine mhuinniúil, agus nuair tainig ré comh rada leir an poilis maoil, tainig fean duine liat amach agus duibhneart: "So mbeannaisiúd Dia duit." "So mbeannaisiúd Dia 'súf Muire duit," ari pártais. "Cao atá ag cup bhrón oírt?" ari gan fean duine. "Níl moilín go deimhní," ari pártais, "ní bérde mé a úfao b'od, agus níl mac 'ná insean le caoineadh mo diaig nuair gheobair mé bár." "B' eisíp náidh mbeirdeá mara rín," ari gan fean duine. "Faraor! bérdeadó," ari pártais, "táim bliadain agus físe pórta, agus níl aon eoraimlácht fóir." "Slac m'focal-ra go mbéid mac ós ag do mhuaoi, t'í maraíte ó'n oíche anocht." Cuanadh pártais a-baile, lúctháireas go leor, agus d'innír an rgeul vo Nuala. "Ara! ní marb ann gan tréan duine acht gosaille, a bí ag deunaíth magadh oírt," ari Nuala. "Iar mait an rgeulurí an aimpír," ari pártais.

Bí go mairt agus ní marb go h-olc; feal m'a (rui) ndeacair leit-bliadain táir, connairic pártais go marb Nuala dul oíche do tabhairt do, agus bí bhrón mór aip. Táinig ré ag cup na feilme i n-oiríouiseadh, agus ag fágáil gád níodh pérde le h-agaird an oíche óig. An lá tainig tinneárl cloinne ari Nuala, bí pártais ag cup epiann óig a látarí dorair an tíse. Nuair tainig an rgeul eisige go marb mac ós ag Nuala, bí an oíchead rín lúctháire aip gur tuit ré marb le tinneárl epiordé.

Bí bhrón mór aip Nuala, agus duibhneart rí leir an naorídeanán: "Ní coirtear m'e tu óm' cíe go mbéid tu ionáinn an epiann vo bí d' acaír ag cup nuair fuaír ré bár vo tarrainns ari na fíreannáir."

Naoríeadh pártais ari an naorídeanán, agus tuis an mátaír cios ós go marb ré fealcth mbliadána d'aoir. Ann rín tuis rí amach é le feudaint an marb ré ionáinn an epiann vo tarrainns, acht ní marb. Nuair eisige rín aon dhois-mheirneas ari an mátaír, tuis rí airtéas é,

* O feair daí b'ainm bláca, i n-áice le baile-an-nóba, Contae Mhuigheá.

THE BOY WHO WAS LONG ON HIS MOTHER.

(Translated by Douglas Hyde.)

THERE was long ago a married couple of the name of Patrick and Nuala O'Keerahan. They were a year and twenty married, without having any children, and there was great grief on them because they had no heir to leave their share of riches to. They had two acres of land, a cow, and a pair of goats, and they supposed that they were rich.

One night Patrick was coming home from a friend's house, and when he was come as far as the ruined churchyard, there came out a gray old man and said, "God save you."

"God and Mary save you," says Patrick.

"- What's putting grief on you?" says the old man.

"There isn't much indeed putting grief on me," says Patrick, "but I won't be long alive, and I have neither son nor daughter to keen after me when I find death."

"Perhaps you won't be so," says the old man.

"Alas! I will," says Patrick, "I'm a year and twenty married, and there's no sign yet."

"Take my word that your wife will have a young son three-quarters of a year from this very night."

Patrick went home, joyous enough, and told the story to Nuala.

"Arrah, there was nothing in the old man but a dotard who was making a mock of you," says Nuala.

"Well, 'time is a good story-teller,'" said Patrick.

It was well, and it was not ill. Before half a year went by Patrick saw that Nuala was going to give him an heir, and there was great pride on him. He began putting the farm in order and leaving everything ready for the young heir. The day that sickness came on Nuala, Patrick was planting a young tree before the door of the house. When the news came to him that Nuala had a young son, there was that much joy on him that he fell dead with heart-disease.

There was great grief on Nuala, and she said to the infant, "I will not wean you from my breast until you will be able to pull up out of the roots the tree that your father was planting when he died."

The infant was called Paudyeen, or Little Pat, and the mother nursed him at her breast until he was seven years old. Then she brought him out to see was he able to pull up the tree, but he was not. That put no discouragement on the mother; she brought him in, and nursed him for seven years

Agur tuis cíoc feacht mbliadhna eile ó, agur ní náib aon buascáill ann fán tír ionánn feacht fuaí leir i n-obaír.

Faoi ceann deipir na ceitíe bliaúna deusg tuis a máctaí amach é, le feudaint an fáidh ré ionánn an earrann do tarrainns, aict ní fáidh, mar b'i an earrann i n-icír mait, agur as fár go mór. Niop cíur fín aon dros-cáirneac ari an máctaí.

Tuis fí cíoc feacht mbliadhna eile ó, agur faoi ceann deipir aon aма rín, b'i ré comh móri agur comh láidir le fatac.

Tuis an máctaí amach é agur dubhaisit: "Mup (muna) Úfaoi tu ionánn an earrann fín tó tarrainns aonair, ní tiúbhaird mé aon Úfaoi eile cíce Óuit." Cíur páirín rmuigairle ari a lámaib, agur fuaíp gheim ari b'ain an earrann. An ceud-tarraind do tuis ré, earrat ré an talaír feacht b'fearr le ari sac taoibh dé, agur leir an dara tarraind tóis ré an earrann ari na gheamáib, agur timciovil fice tonna de chléarforis leir. "Graíd mo ériordé tu," ari fán máctaí, "ír fíú cíce bliaúan agur fice tu." "A máctaí," ari páirín, "d'oirbigis tu go earrat le bliaid agur deoibh do tarraind dámhra ó fuaidh mé, agur tá ré i n-am dám aonair fíodh eisín do Úfaoi d'uit-re, ann do fean-laetcib. Ír é fad an ceud-earrann do tarrainns mé agur deunfaridh mé marde láimhe dám fénim dé." Ann fín fuaíp ré fáidh agur tuas, agur ghearr an earrann, as fágáil timciovil fice taois dé 'n b'ain, agur b'i cnap aír, comh móri le tún de na túnaith earrinne do b'ídeadh i n-Éirinn an t-am fín. B'i or cionn tonna meadácaí ann fán marde láimhe nuaír b'i ré gleasta as páirín.

Ari marde, lá ari na máraí, fuaíp páirín gheim ari a mairde, d'fág a beannacht ag a máctaí, agur d'imeis ag tóiríseachtaí feirbire. B'i ré ag riúbal go dtáinig ré go caisleán níos Laisean. D'fiafhring an níos dé ead do b'i ré 'tarraind. "As tarraind oibre, má ré do toil," ari páirín. "Úfaoi aon ceirí agas?" ari fán níos. "Níl," ari páirín, "aict tig liom obairi ari b'it dá ndearaind fíor ariamh deunam." "Deunfaridh mé marigáid leat," ari fán níos, "má tig leat h-uile níos a oíordóir mire Óuit a Úfaoi ari fead ré m', beurfaridh mé do meadácaían fénim d'óir Óuit, agur m'ingean mar mnaoi-phórta, aict muna dtig leat sac níos do Úfaoi, caillíodh tu do ceann." "Táim fárta leir an marigáid m', ari páirín: "Téid airtéas 'fán fíobháil, agur b'i as bualaod coirce do na ba (bualaib) go mbéidh do ceud-phionn péist."

Cuairt páirín airtéas, agur fuaíp an fáidh, aict ní fáidh an fáidh aict mar tairteann i láimh páirínis, agur dubhaisit ré leir fénim," ír feairí mo marde-láim' 'ná an gleas fín." Tóiríse ré as bualaod leir an marde-láim' agur níos Úfaoi go fáidh an mead

more, and there was not a lad in the country who was able to keep up with him in his work.

At the end of fourteen years his mother brought him out to see was he able to pull up the tree, but he was not, for the tree was in good soil, and growing greatly. That put no discouragement on the mother.

She nursed him for seven more years, and at the end of that time he was as large and as strong as a giant.

His mother brought him out then and said, "Unless you are able to pull up that tree now, I will never nurse you again."

Paudyeen spat on his hands, and got a hold of the bottom of the tree, and the first effort he made he shook the ground for seven perches on each side of it, and at the second effort he lifted the tree from the roots, and about twenty ton of clay along with it.

"The love of my heart you are," said the mother, "you're worth nursing for one and twenty years."

"Mother," says Paudyeen, "you worked hard to give me food and drink since I was born, and it is time now for me to do something for you in your old days. This is the first tree I ever pulled up, and I'll make myself a hand-stick of it. Then he got a saw and axe, and cut the tree, leaving about twenty feet of the bottom, and there was a knob on it as big as a round tower of the round towers that used to be in Erin at that time. There was above a ton weight in the hand-stick when Paudyeen had it dressed.

On the morning of the next day, Paudyeen caught a hold of his stick, left his blessing with his mother, and went away in search of service. He was traveling till he came to the castle of the King of Leinster. The king asked him what he was looking for. "Looking for work, if you please," says Paudyeen.

"Have you e'er a trade?" says the king.

"No," says Paudyeen, "but I can do any work in life that ever man did."

"I'll make a bargain with you," says the king; "if you can do everything that I'll order you to do during six months, I'll give you your own weight in gold, and my daughter as your married wife; but if you are not able to do each thing you shall lose your head."

"I'm satisfied with that bargain," says Paudyeen.

"Go into the barn, and be threshing oats for the cows till your breakfast is ready."

Paudyeen went in and got the flail, and the flaireen was

do bī ann ran rgiobböl buailete aige. Ann riñ ċuarið ré amac ann ran nsgarba aqur tħorixiż as buaħad na rtáca coiċe aqur ċpuċċ-nejsta, għiex ċuiri ré cieċċanna għaliex ari fead na tixie. Tāniż an niżiż amac aqur tħabbar, "Coiġi do l-äġġ, aðdejja, no rgiuorrha tu mē. Tēiż aqur beiri cūpla buiceu u iżżeġ ċum na unction-ħogħġa ari an loċ ħad fiex, aqur bérò an leite fuaq 50 lebri nuaixi tħiex-xar ari ari." O'feuċi pārōdin tħarr, aqur ċonnaiċiż ré tħad bāriżiż mōr foliż, le coiġi balla. Fuaiji ré għnejm oppa, seann aċċa ann għad l-äġġ, ċuarið ċum an loċa, aqur ċuġi is-ia u l-żonja 50 cūl dojjaix an ċaipleān. Bī iongħantar ari an niżiż nuaixi ċonnaiċiż ré pārōraġiż as-Teat, aqur tħabbar, tħalliż ré leir: "Céiż axt-eas, tħad an leite neriż unction." Ċuarið pārōdin axt-eas, aqur ċuarið an niżiż ċum 100 għiex do bī aige, aqur o'inniż ré unction an tħażżeġ minnha ré le pārōdin, aqur o'fiaffixiż ré tħad, cieudi do bux 50 lebri unction tħabbar le deunam do pārōdin. "Abajix leir tħu rior aqur an loċ do tħadhom, aqur ē do unction deunta aige, real mā ut-teeż an għixx fuoi, an tħaż-żonha ro."

Haġi an niżiż ari pārōdin aqur tħabbar leir: "Tħadhom an loċ jin fior aqur bixxod ré deunta aqad real mā ut-teeż an għixx fuoi an tħaż-żonha ro." "Mait 50 lebri," ari pārōdin, "act cia an 50 a cunnejfek mei an t-uxxżeġ?" "Cuiji ann ran ngleann mōr at-ħad i-nsgar do'n loċ ē," ari ran niżiż. Ni jaib idher an għleann aqur an loċ akt għonja, aqur bixxeda na unction as-Deunam bōċċajix-koire tħad. Fuaiji pārōdin buiceu, picċoż aqur l-äġġ, aqur ċuarið ċum an loċa. Bī bun an għleanna coċ-ċom le bun an loċa. Ċuarið pārōdin axt-eas 'ran ngleann aqur minnha poll axt-eas 50 bun an loċa. Ann riñ cuiji ré a beu ari an bpoll, tħalliex an-ħad fuad aqur niżiż f'għiż ré unction u iżżeġ, iż-żgħiex, nā bax, ann ran loċ, nāp tħalliex ré amac leir an an-ħad riñ, aqur nāp cuiji ré axt-eas 'ra' ngleann. Ann riñ tħu unction ré fuaq an poll.

Nuaixi o'feuċi an niżiż rior, ċonnaiċiż ré an loċ ċom tixxim le boiġ do l-äġġ, aqur niżiż unction 50 ut-tāniż pārōdin ċuġi aqur tħabbar: "Tħad an obajix riñ cipċċoċu u iż-żejt, kad deunx-far mei unction ari??" "Ni'l aon jidu eile le deunam aqad antidu, act bérò neajix aqad le deunam amāra." An oħiex riñ, cuiji an niżiż fior ari ari n-ħalli għiex, aqur o'inniż tħad unction pārōdin an loċ, aqur naċ jaib fior aqur aige cieudi do unction tħad. "Tħad fior aqad-ri ari an niżiż naċ mħaż-żgħad tħalliż għiex tħalliex an tħaż-żonha amāra." An mardin amāra, tabajix r-żgħiex minnha do unction do unction tħad tħalliż għiex tħalliex an tħaż-żonha amāra, aqur a unction ari ari ann ro fuoi sejjex u użżeġ ari fċiċċo. Tabajix an tħaż-żonha amāra, aqur a cakku tħad, aqur tħalliż leat unction minnha nac unction tħiex ari ari." Ari mardin, l-äġġ ari na mħaż-żgħad, ġaġi an niżiż

only like a *traneen* in Paudyeen's hand, and he said to himself, "My hand-stick is better than that contrivance." He began threshing with the hand-stick, and it was not long till he had all that was in the barn threshed. Then he went out into the garden and began threshing the stacks of oats and wheat, so that he sent showers of grain throughout the country.

The king came out and said, "Hold your hand, or you'll destroy me. Go and bring a couple of buckets of water to the servants out of that loch down there, and the stirabout will be sufficiently cool when you come back."

Paudyeen looked round, and he saw two great empty barrels beside the wall. He caught hold of them, one in each hand, went to the lake, and brought them filled to the back of the castle door. There was wonder on the king when he saw Paudyeen arriving, and he said to him, "Go in, the stirabout's ready for you."

Paudyeen went in, but the king went to a Dall Glic, or cunning blind man that he had, and told him the bargain that he made with Paudyeen, and asked him what he ought to give Paudyeen to do.

"Tell him to go down and teem [bail out] that lake, and him to have it done before the sun goes under this evening."

The king called Paudyeen, and said to him, "Teem that lake down there, and let you have it done before the sun goes under this evening."

"Very well," says Paudyeen, "but where shall I put the water."

"Put it into the great glen that is near the lake," says the king.

There was nothing but a scunce [ditch-bank] between the glen and the lake, and the people used to make a foot-road of it.

Paudyeen got a bucket, a pickaxe, and a loy [narrow spade], and he went to the lake. The bottom of the glen was even with the bottom of the lake. Paudyeen went into the glen and made a hole in the bottom of the lake. Then he put his mouth to the hole, drew a long breath, and never left boat, fish, or drop of water in the lake that he did not draw out through his body, and cast into the glen. Then he closed up the hole.

When the king looked down he saw the lake as dry as the palm of your hand, and it was not long till Paudyeen came to him and said, "That work is finished, what shall I do now?"

"You have nothing else to do to-day, but you shall have plenty to do to-morrow."

pairín, agur tús an ríspíbinn do, agur dubairt leir, "Fág an láir agur an cárpt agur téid go Saillim. Tabairt an ríspíbinn seo dom' ñealpóráití, agur abairt leir do fiúr tonna cnuit-neacá do tabairt duit, agur bí aip aip ann ro faoi ceann ceitíne uaire aip fiúr."

Fuaireadh Páidín an Láir agus an Cáirí, agus é cuaidh ari an mbóthar. Ni raibh an Láir ionannach níos mó ná ceitíthe mile rian uairi do fhuilbeal. Ceangail Páidín an Láir ari an gcairí, cuití ari a ghuailain é, agus ari go bráid leir, tar éis enocairí agus Gleannntaibh, go ndeacairidh ré go Gaillimh. Tug ré an litir do Dearbhárlaí an rí, fuaireadh an chuitneacht agus cuití ari an gcairí é. Nuair é cuití ré an Láir faoi an gcairí, minneadh tá leit d'á dhruim. Cuití Páidín an chuitneacht ari rian fhiobróil. Nuair é cuaidh muinntirí an Cairealán ná gcuailteadh, cuaidh Páidín cum an cuaidin, agus níos mó fág ré flabhra ari an loingeas náir tús ré leir. Ann rín róthair ré faoi an fhiobróil, ceangail na flabhracha timéíoll airi, agus ari go bráid leir, agus an fhiobróil agus gáe a raibh ann ari a dhruim. Cuaidh ré tar éis enocairí agus Gleannntaibh, agus níos mó ríctór guth fág ré an fhiobróil i láthair Cairealán an rí. Ói lacaí, ceairca, agus gérdeacha ann rian fhiobróil. Ar mairdin go moé, d'fheictear an ríos amach ari a feomra agus cipeadh d'fheictearadh ré acht fhiobróil a dearbhúntan.

"m' anam ó'n diaibéal," ar ran níos "ré rín an feoir is iongantairge 'ran doíman." Táinig ré anuas agus fuaip páirín le na mairde ann a láimh, 'na feairam le cois an rísiobóil.

"An dtug tu an chuidneacht cùgam?" aip ran riù.

“Τυράρ,” οἱ πάροι, “αὐτ τὰ ἀν τρεαν-λάρι μαρβ.” Ανν
τιν δ’ οὐνιρ τέ δον πισ δαε πιο δ’ αὐτεαριναρ τέ ο δ’ ιμτισ τέ
σο ωτάνισ τέ οἱ αἱρ.

“Ni phair fior ag an tis cneudo do ñeunfaradh re, agur o’imreis re cum an Òaill Íslie, agur duibhaint leir, “muri (muna) n-innri ñeann tu ñam niod naid mbeidh an feair ñin ionnran a ñeunam, ñainfiod me an ceann d’iòt.”

Σμωαν αν Ταλ Σικ ταμαλ άγυρ τυθαιρτ, “ αβαιρ λειρ δο
θρυλ το θεαρθράταιρ 1 η-ιρμιονη, άγυρ δο τηνιδ τατι λεατ
αμάρις το θειτ άγαρ αιρ, άγυρ αβαιρ λειρ ε το ταθαιρτ άγαρ,
δο τηνιδ αμάρις άγαρ αιρ; πιαρι α ζεοθαρ γιαν ιη η-ιρμιονη
ε, ηι λεισφιο γιαν ιη τεαέτ αιρ αιρ.”

Σάρι αν τις πάροιν αγυρ τυθαιτ λειρ, “τα θεαρθράταιρ θα
1 πιπριονν αγυρ ταθαιρ ευγαν ε, ζο τθειό απαρις αγαν αιρ.”
“Cia αν Σαοι αιτνεόσαιρ με το θεαρθράταιρ ο ηα θαοινιθ ειτε
ατα 'ραν αιτ ριν ?” αν πάροιν.

That night the king sent for the Dall Glic, and told him the way that Paudyeen teemed out the lake, and [said] that he did not know what to give him to do.

"I know the thing that he won't be able to do. To-morrow morning give him a writing to your brother in Galway, and tell him to bring you forty tons of wheat, and to be back here in twenty-four hours. Give him the old mare and the cart, and you may be sure he won't come back."

On the morning of the next day the king called Paudyeen and gave him the writing and said to him, "Get the mare and the cart, and go to Galway. Give the writing to my brother, and tell him to give you twenty tons of wheat, and be back here in twenty-four hours."

Paudyeen got the mare and the cart, and went on the road. The mare was not able to travel more than four miles in the hour. Paudyeen tied the mare to the cart, put it on his shoulder, and off and away with him over hills and hollows, till he came to Galway. He gave the letter to the king's brother, got the wheat, and put it on the cart. When he put the mare under the cart, there were two halves made of its back [the load was so heavy]. Then Paudyeen put the wheat back into the barn. When the people of the castle went to sleep, Paudyeen went to the harbor, and he never left a chain on the shipping that he did not take with him. Then he dug under the barn [slipped the chains under] and tied them round it, and off and away with him, and the barn with all that was in it on his back. He went over hills and glens, and never stopped till he left the barn in front of the king's castle. There were ducks, hens, and geese in the barn. Early in the morning the king looked out of his room, and what should he see but his brother's barn.

"My soul from the devil," said the king, "but that's the most wonderful man in the world." He came down and found Paudyeen with his stick in his hand standing beside the barn.

"Did you bring me the wheat?" says the king.

"I brought it," says Paudyeen, "but the old mare is dead." Then he told the king everything he had done from the time he went away till he came back.

The king did not know what he should do, and he went to the Dall Glic, and said to him, "Unless you tell me a thing which that man will not be able to do, I will strike the head off you."

The Dall Glic thought for a while and said, "Tell him that your brother is in hell, and that you would like to have a sight of him; and to bring him to you, until you have a

“ Tá piacaíl fada i gceart-láir a scríobairt uaistíarais,” ari ran níos:

Cuir pártoin rímsaíre ari a máithe, buail an bóthar, agur níos bhrad go dtáinig ré go geata iarráinn. Buail ré buille ari an geata do chuir arteas ameacs na ndiaibéal é, agur riúbail ré fém arteas ’na tháinig. Nuair connairc béalribéib é ag teast, táinig fáitcior airi, agur do piacaíl ré thé cíneadh do b' i a' teaptáil uair:

“ Dearbháiltear níos Láigean atá a' teaptáil uaim,” ari pártoin.

“ Ríoc amach é,” ari béalribéib.

Oífeadh pártoin táirt, acht fuair ré níos mó ná tá fiúró feair a piabí piacaíl fada i gceart-láir a scríobairt uaistíarais aca.

“ Aír fáitcior náic mbeirthead an feair ceart agam,” ari pártoin, “ tiomáinfaid mé an t-iomlán aca liom, agur tig leir an níos a dearbháiltear ríocad airta.”

Tiomáin ré tá fiúró aca amach riomh, agur níos rítop go dtáinig ré i látaír cairleáin an níos. Ann rín gáil ré ari an níos agur duibhaint leir, “ ríoc amach do dearbháiltear ari na fir (feairfaid) reo.”

Nuair do ríocad an níos agur connairc ré na ndiaibéal le h-aithriscais oifig, b' i fáitcior airi, ríspéad ré ari pártoin agur duibhaint, “ tábair ari airi iadu.”

Torúig pártoin ’sá mbuaalaí le na máithe, suír chuir ré ari airi go h-ímpíonn iadu.

Cuairt an níos cum an Dáill glic, agur do innír do an níos do pinne pártoin, agur duibhaint leir, “ ní tig leat innírint dám aon níos náic bhrúil ré ionáinn a deunaí, agur caillírí tu do ceann ari maidin amáigas.”

“ Tábair iarráid eile dám,” ari ran Dáll glic, “ agur ní bérí an Connachtas a bhrad beo. Aír maidin amáigas, abair leir, an tobar atá i látaír an cairleáin do taoimh; biond fir bérí agad, agur nuair a gheobhar tu fir ann ran tobar é, abair leir na fir (feairfaid), an cloc mairlinn atá le coir an Dáll do caiteamh fir ’na mullac, agur marbháiltear rín e.”

Aír maidin, lá aír na máigas, gáil an níos pártoin agur duibhaint leir: “ téid agur taoimh an tobar rín tá i látaír an cairleáin, agur nuair a bérídear ré deunta agad, bheurfaid mé hata nuas duit, iir ghuairas an cairleáin é rín atá oírt.”

B' i na fir bérí ag an níos le pártoin bocht do máigas, tá bheudhrád riad é.

Cuairt pártoin go bhrúas an tobar, luirid fir ari a bheul faoi;

look at him. But when they get him in hell, they won't let him come back."

The king called Paudyeen and said to him, "I have a brother in hell, and bring him to me until I have a look at him."

"How shall I know your brother from the other people that are in that place?" said Paudyeen.

"He had a long tooth in the very middle of his upper gum," says the king.

Paudyeen spat on his stick, struck the road, and it was not long till he came to the gate of hell. He struck a blow upon the gate which drove it in amongst the devils, and he himself walked in after it. When Belzibub saw him coming there came a fear on him, and he asked him what he was wanting.

"A brother of the King of Leinster is what I am wanting," says he.

"Well, pick him out," says Belzibub.

Paudyeen looked round him, but he found more than forty men who had a long tooth in the very middle of their upper gums.

"For fear I shouldn't have the right man," said Paudyeen, "I'll drive the whole lot of them with me, and the king can pick his brother out from among them."

He drove forty of them out before him, and never stopped till he came to the king's castle. Then he called the king and said to him, "Pick out your brother from these men."

When the king looked and saw the devils with horns on them, there was fear on him. He screamed to Paudyeen, and said, "Bring them back."

Paudyeen began beating them with his stick, till he sent them back to hell.

The king went to the Dall Glic and told him the thing Paudyeen did, and said to him, "You cannot tell me anything that he is not able to do, and you shall lose your head to-morrow morning."

"Give me another trial," says the Dall Glic, "and the Connachtman won't be long alive. Tell him to-morrow morning to teem the well that is before the castle. Let you have men ready, and when you get him down in the well, tell the men to throw down the millstone that is beside the wall on top of him, and that will kill him."

On the morning of the next day the king called Paudyeen, and said to him, "Go and teem that well in front of the castle, and as soon as you have that done I'll give you a new hat; that's a miserable old caubeen that's on you."

agus tóiruis ag tairisint an uirge arteas ann a bheul, agus 'ná
rásártas aonad uaidh aipir go raibh an tobar ionnann agus tíom aige.
Bí roinnt beas i mbun an tobari nac raibh taoisíonta, agus cuairt
phárorais riorth le na típmiúis. Táinig na fir leir an gcloic móir
muilinn agus caitteadair riorth ari thullaic páiríon é. Bí an poill
do bhi i láí na cloiche go díreach comh móir le ceann páiríon, agus
faoil ré guri b' é an hata nuad do caid an rígs riorth cuige, agus
fílaodh ré ruar: "táim buitheac d'iot, a máigírtí, ari ton an
hata nuair." Ann rín táinig ré ruar leir an gcloic muilinn ari
a ceann. Bí bhróid móir aige ari an hata nuad. Bí iongantair ari
an rígs agus ari h-uile òuine eile, nuairí connairic riad páiríon
leir an gcloic muilinn ari a ceann.

“Bí fíor ag an rí is nád phairb aon maitiú aon níod eile do tadhairt do pháidin le deunaí, agusur tadhairt rí leir, “ír tu an reabhróghanta ír fearr do bí agham ariam; níl aon níod eile agham duit le deunaí, agusur tairis iom-ra, go dtugaird mé do tuarapartal duit. Níl m’ inéan rean go leor le pórtaí, aict nuair a bhírdear fí bhuiléadair agusur físe d’aois, tig leat i do bheit aghad.”

"Níl d'ingean a' teaptáil uaim," an páirín.

Τυς αν πήσ ε συμ αν ειρτε, αν αιτ α παιδ σο λεόρ διη, αγυρ
υδυαιπτ λειρ: "bain viot vo hata πυαδ, αγυρ τειρ αρτεας
'ρα' πεδα."

“ Ήσοντιν, η διανοία μέ μο ήτα διοι, θρονον τυρα ορμ ε, ”
άρι βάσιον, “ θεοεαστ ρέ σον ματ δυιτ μο θρίτε νο διοι.

Ni raibh an oiread óir agus a meadóiscadh nata páirtein, ach
focairiú an tig leir as tabhairt do dha mala óir. Cuir páirtein
ceann aca faoi gac aicill, fuaireann sí a mairde, an nata
nuad air a ceann, agus air go bráid leir, tar éis cnucaibh agus
gleanntaibh, go dtáinig rí a-baile.

Nuaip connairc daoine an báile páidin ag teacáit leir an gcloisí muilinn aip a ceann, bí iongantair mór oppa; aict nuairí connairc an mátaip an dá mala óir, buidh beag náip tuit rí mairb le lúctáipe. Táriúis páidin, agus cuip ré teac bheagd aip bun oibhreán, agus r' d'a mátaip. Rinne ré ceitíre leit (leatanna) de 'n hata nuaibh, agus júnne cloca cúnne thioibh do 'n teac. Congbhuig ré a mátaip mair mhaorí uafail go bhuairí rí bár le pean-soir, agus eait ré fein beata mairt i ngrád. De agus na g-cómáppar.

The king had the men ready to kill poor Paudyeen if they were able.

Paudyeen came to the brink of the well, and lay down with his mouth under, and began drawing the water into his mouth and spouting it out behind him until he had the well all as one as dry. There was a little quantity of water on the bottom of the well that was not teemed, and Paudyeen went down to dry it. The men came then with the great millstone, and threw it down on the top of Paudyeen. The hole that was in the middle of the stone was just as big as Paudyeen's head, and he thought it was the new hat the king had thrown down to him, and called up and said, "I'm thankful to you, master, for the new hat." Then he came up with the millstone on his head. He had great pride out of the new hat. There was wonder on the king and on every one else when they saw the millstone on his head.

The king knew that it was no use for him to give Paudyeen anything else to do, so he said to him, "You're the best servant that ever I had. I've nothing else for you to do, but come with me till I give you your wages. My daughter is not old enough to marry, but when she is one and twenty years of age you can have her."

"I do not want your daughter," said Paudyeen.

The king brought him then to the treasury, where there was plenty of gold, and said, "Take off your new hat and get into the scales."

"Indeed I won't take off my new hat; you gave it to me," said Paudyeen; "you might as well take off my breeches."

There was not as much gold as would weigh Paudyeen's hat, but the king settled with him by giving him two bags of gold. Paudyeen put one of them under each oxter [arm-pit], got hold of his stick—his new hat on his head—and off and away with him over hills and hollows till he came home.

When the people of the village saw Paudyeen coming with the millstone on his head, there was great wonder on them; but when the mother saw the two bags of gold, it was little but she fell dead with joy.

Paudyeen began working, and set up a fine house for himself and his mother. He made four parts of the new hat, and made corner-stones of them for the house. He kept his mother like a lady, until she died of old age; and he spent a good life himself, in the love of God and of the neighbors.

mala néisfin:

Óá mbéirðinn-re aír mala néisfin
 'S mo céuð-þrásd le mo čaoib;
 1r lásac coideðlamaoir i n-éinfeadur
 Mair an t-éinin aír an 5-erlaorib;
 'Sé do béalín binn briatras
 Do meuðaig aír mo þian,
 Ásúr coðlað ciúin ní fœuðaím;
 So n-éusgras, fárlaor!

Óá mbéirðinn-re aír na cuantais
 Mair buð tuail vam, geobainn rrórta
 Mo cártoe uile faoi bualópreas
 Ásúr griaaim orra gac 10.
 Fion-rgait na ngruaðas
 Fuaigí bualoð a'f clú annr gac gleð,
 'S gur b'é mo énorðe-rtig tā 'nna gual tuð;
 Ásúr bean mo tluaise ni'l beo.

Naé aoiðinn do na h-éininib
 A ériúsear gac h-áro,
 'S a cowluisgear i n-éinfeadur
 Aír aon érlaoribin amláin;
 Ni mair fín vam fén
 A'f do m' céuð mísle 5rásd;
 1r fada ó na céile oppainn
 Ériúsear gac 1a.

Cao é do breaðnuðas aír na rréarcaid
 Tírat tig tearf aír an lā,
 Na aír an lán-mara ag ériúse
 Le h-euðan an clorðe aíro ?
 Mair fín bior an té aú
 A bair an-toil do 'n 5rásd
 Mair érlann aír mala pléibe
 Do tluigfead a bláit.

THE BROW OF NEFIN.

(TRANSLATED BY DOUGLAS HYDE.)

["Love Songs of Connacht."]

Did I stand on the bald top of Néfin
 And my hundred-times loved one with me,
 We should nestle together as safe in
 Its shade as the birds on a tree.
 From your lips such a music is shaken,
 When you speak it awakens my pain,
 And my eyelids by sleep are forsaken,
 And I seek for my slumber in vain.

But were I on the fields of the ocean
 I should sport on its infinite room,
 I should plow through the billows' commotion
 Though my friends should look dark at my doom.
 For the flower of all maidens of magic
 Is beside me where'er I may be,
 And my heart like a coal is extinguished,
 Not a woman takes pity on me.

How well for the birds in all weather,
 They rise up on high in the air,
 And then sleep upon one bough together
 Without sorrow or trouble or care;
 But so it is not in this world
 For myself and my thousand-times fair,
 For, away, far apart from each other,
 Each day rises barren and bare.

Say, what dost thou think of the heavens
 When the heat overmasters the day,
 Or what when the steam of the tide
 Rises up in the face of the bay?
 Even so is the man who has given
 An inordinate love-gift away,
 Like a tree on a mountain all riven
 Without blossom or leaflet or spray.

AN LACHA DHEARG.

Sgríobh mé an sgeul so, focal ar fhocal, o bheul sean-mhná de mhuinntir Bhriain ag Cill-Aodáin, anaice le Coillte-mach i gcondáé Mhuigh-Eó.

An Cúaoibhín.

Bhí righ i n-Eirinn, fad ó shoin, agus bhí dá 'r 'éag mac aige; Agus ghabh sé amach lá ag siúbal anaice le loch, agus chonnaire sé lacha agus dhá cheann déag d' éanachaibh léithe. Bhí sí [ag] bualadh an dómhadh ceann déag uaithi, agus ag congbháil aoin cheann déag léithe féin.

Agus tháinig an righ a-bhaile chuig a bhean féin, agus dubháirt sé léithe go bhfacaidh sé iongnadh mór andhiú, go bhfacaidh sé lacha agus dhá cheann déag d' éanachaibh léithe, agus go raibh sí ag díbirt an dómhadh ceann déag uaithi. Agus dubháirt an bhean leis, "ní de thír ná de thalamh thú, nach bhfuil fhios agad gur gheall sí ceann do'n Deachmhaidh agus go raibh sí chomh cineálta agus go dtug sí amach an dá cheann déag."

"Ní de thír ná de thalamh thú," ar seisean, "tá dhá cheann déag de mhacaibh agam-sa, agus caithfidh ceann dul chuig an Deachmhaidh."

"Ní h-ionnann na daoine agus eánacha na genoc le chéile," [ar sise].

Ghabh sé síos ann sin chuig an Sean-Dall Glic, agus dubháirt an Sean-Dall Glic nach ionnann daoine agus éanacha na genoc le chéile. Dubháirt an righ go gcaithfidh ceann aca dul chuig an Deachmhaidh, "agus cad é an ceann," ar seisean, "bhéarfas mé chuig an Deachmhaidh ? "

"Tá do dhá-déag cloinne ag dul chum sgoile, agus abair leó lámh thabhairt i láimh a-chéile, dul chum sgoile, agus an chéad fhear aca bhéidheas 'san mbaile agad go dtiúbhraidih tú dinéar maith dhó, agus cuir an fear deiridh chum bealaigh ann sin."

Rinne sé sin. An t-oidhre do bhí ar deireadh, agus níor fhéad sé an t-oidhre chur chum bealaigh.

Chuir sé amach ag tiomáint ann sin iad, seisear ar gach taoibh agus an taobh de bhí ag gnóthughadh, bhí sé ag tarraing fear [fir] uaithi, agus d'á thabhairt do'n taoibh do bhi ag cailleamhain. Faoi dheireadh bhain aon fhear amháin an liathróid de'n aon fhear déag. Dubháirt an t-athair leis, ann sin, "a mhic," ar seisean, "caithfidh tú dul chuig an Deachmhaidh."

"Ní rachaidh mise chuig an Deachmhaidh, a athair," ar seisean

THE RED DUCK.

[Written down in Irish by Douglas Hyde at the dictation of an old woman in County Mayo, and translated from the French of G. Dottin by Charles Welsh.]

ONCE upon a time in Ireland, and a long time ago at that, there was a king who had twelve sons. He went one day to walk by the borders of a lake, and there he saw a female duck with twelve little ones. Eleven of them she kept close by her side, but with the twelfth she would have nothing to do, and was always chasing it away.

The King went home and told his wife that he had seen a very wonderful thing that day; that he had seen a female duck with twelve little ones. Eleven she kept close by her side, but with the twelfth she would have nothing to do, and was always chasing it away.

His wife said, "You're neither of people or land. Do you know that she has promised one of her brood to the Deachmhaidh, and that the duck is of such a fine breed that she has hatched out twelve."

"*You're* neither of people or land," he replied. "I have twelve sons, and one of them must certainly go to the Deachmhaidh."

His wife answered him, "People and birds of the hillside are not the same thing."

Then he went to find the old blind diviner, and the old blind diviner told him that the people and the birds of the hillside were not the same.

The King told the old blind diviner that one out of his children must go to the Deachmhaidh. "And what I want to know," said he, "is which one shall I send to the Deachmhaidh."

"Your children are now going to school. Tell them to walk hand-in-hand as they go to school, and that you will give to him who shall be first in the house again a good dinner; and it will be the last one that you will be sending away."

He did so, but it was his son and heir who was the last one, and he couldn't think of sending his son and heir away. He then sent them to play a hurling match—six on one side and six on the other—and from the side which won he took one away and gave it to the side which lost. At last, a single one swept away the ball from the eleven others. Then he said to that one, "My son, it is you that will be going to the Deachmhaidh."

“tabhair dham costas, agus rachaidh mé ag féachain m’ fhortúin.”

D’imthigh sé ar maidin, agus bhi sé ag siúbhal go dtáinig an oidhche, agus casadh asteach i dteach beag é nach raibh ann acht sean-fhear, agus chuir sé failte roimh Réalandar mac righ Eireann. “Ni’l mall ort” [ar seisean leis an mac righ] “do shaidhbhreas do dheunamh amárach má tá aon mhaith ionnat id’ *fowl*-éiridh, [seilgire]. Ta inghean righ an Domhain-Shoir ag tigheacht chuig an loch beag sin shíos, amárach, agus níor tháinig si le seacht m bliadhnaibh roimhe; agus béisidh da cheann déag de mhnáibh-coimhdeacht léithe. Teirigh i bhfolach ann san tseisig go gcaithfidh siad a dá cheann déag de cochaill díobh. Leagfaidh sise a cochall féin leith-thaobh, mar tá [an oiread sin] d’ onóir innti, agus nuair gheobhas tusa amuigh ann san tsnámh iad, éirigh agus beir ar an gcochall; Fillfidh sise, asteach ar ais, agus déarfaidh sí, “a mhic righ Eireann tabhair dham mo chochall.” Agus déarfaidh tusa nach dtiubhraidh [tú]. Agus déarfaidh sise leat, “muna dtugann tú ded’ dheón go dtiubhraidh tú ded’ aimhdheón é.” Abair léithe nach dtiubhraidh tú ded’ dheón, na de d’ aimhdheón dí é [muna ngeallann sí do phósadh]. Déarfaidh sí, ann sin, nach bhfuil sin le fághail agad mur [=muna] n-aithnígheann tú í aris. Geóbhaidh siad amach uait ann san tsnámh arís, agus déanfaidh siad trí easconna déag díobh féin. Béisidh sise ’na rubailín [ear, baillín] suarach ar uachtar; ní thig léithe bheith ar deireadh-mar tá onóir innti, agus béisidh si ag caint leat. Aithneóchaidh tú air sin í, agus abair go dtóigfaidh tú í féin i gcómhnuidhe, an ceann a bhéidheas ag caint leat. Déarfaidh sise ann sin, “Caillte an sgeul, an fear thug a athair do’n Deachmhaidh aréir, geallamhain pósta ag inghin Righ an Domhain-Shoir andhiú air’ !”

[Dubhairt an mac righ leis an sean-fhear go ndéanfadh sé gach rud mar dubhairt sé leis. Chuaidh sé amach ar maidin chuig an loch agus thárla h-uile shórt go díreach mar dubhairt an sean-fhear.

Nuair bhí an bhean gnóthaighthe aige] d’imthigh an dá-r’eug cailín a-bhaile. Tharraing sise amach slaitín draoidheachta, agus bhuail sí ar dhá bhuachallán buidhe i, agus rinne sí dá chapall marcúigheachta dhíobh.

Bhí siad ag siúbhal ann sin, go dtainig an oidhche, agus bhi sí ag teach *oncal* dí, ar dtuitim na h-oidhche. Agus dubhairt sí le mac righ Eireann eochair rúma na séad d’ iarraidh ar an *oncal*, agus go bhfuighfeadh sé í féin astigh ann san rúma roimhe. [Ní raibh fhios ag an oncal, go raibh sise ann, chor ar bith, agus shaoil sé gur ag iarraidh a inghine féin tháinig mac righ Eireann chuige.]

"I will not be going to the Deachmhaidh," said he. "Give me some money and I will go and make my fortune." He started off the next morning, and walked until it was night, and came to a little house where there was nobody but an old man, who welcomed Réalander, the son of the King of Ireland.

"It will be no delay of you," said he, to the son of the King, "to make your fortune to-morrow morning, if you are any good as a hunter of birds. The daughter of the King of the Eastern World is coming to the little lake you see down there to-morrow morning. She will have twelve women attendants with her. Hide yourself in the rushes until they throw down their twelve hoods and cloaks. The daughter of the King will throw her hood and cloak in a separate place from the rest; and when you see them go in to swim, jump up and take her hood and cloak. The Princess will come to the edge of the lake, and she will say, 'Son of the King of Ireland, give me my hood and cloak.' And you will tell her then that you will not; and she will say to you, 'If you don't give it to me with a good will, you will give it to me with a bad will.' Tell her that you will neither give it to her with a good will or a bad will, unless she will promise to marry you. She will then say, that you shall not have her, unless you can recognise her again.

Then she and her attendants will swim away, and they will be changed into thirteen eels. She will be the smallest and the meanest one, but she will lead, because she is a person of honor, and could not follow her train, and she will speak to you. You will recognize her again by this, and you will say that you will marry the eel who has spoken to you. Then she will say, "Oh, unhappy story, he whose father sent him to the Deachmhaidh last night, has to-day received a promise of marriage from the daughter of the King of the Eastern World."

The King's son told the wise old man that he would do all that he told him to do. The next morning he went to the lake, and everything happened as the wise old man had said.

When he had gained the daughter of the King of the Eastern World, the twelve attendants started for home. The Princess drew a magic wand and struck two tufts of yellow ragwort with it, and they were at once turned into two saddle-horses. They travelled on until night was coming, and when night came, they found themselves at the home of an uncle of hers. She told the son of the King of Ireland to ask her uncle for the key of the treasure chamber, and that he would find her in that chamber. The uncle did not know that

Fuair sé an eochair ó'n oncal, agus chuaidh sé asteach, agus fuair sé mar bean bhreágh astigh ann san rúma í. Bhí siad ag caint go h-am suipéir. D'iarr sí air, a cheann do leagan ar a h-uchd. Rinne sé sin, agus chuir sí biorán suain ann a cheann go maidin. Nuair tharraing sí amach an biorán ar maidin, dhúisigh sé, agus dubhaint sí leis go raibh fathach mór le marbhadh aige ar son inghine a h-oncaill.

Ghabh sé amach chum na coille [ag iarraidh an fhathaigh]. “Fud, fad, féasog !” ar san fathach, “mothaighim boladh an Eireannaigh bhréagaigh bhradaigh.”

“Nár ba soirmid (?) bidh ná dígh ort, a fhathaigh bhróich !”

“Cad é [is] fearr leat-sa caraigheacht ar leacachaibh dearga no gabhail de sgeannaibh glasa i mbárr easnacha a-chéile ?”

“Is fearr liom-sa caraigheacht ar leacachaibh dearga, 'n áit a mbéidh mo chosa míne uaisle i n-uachtar, agus do spága míostuamacha ag dul i n-íochtar.”

Rug an dias gaisgidheach ar a chéile, agus dá dtéidhfidhe ag amharc ar ghaisge ar bith ná ar chruadh-chómhrac, is orra rachá d'amharc. Dhéanfadh siad cruadhán de 'n bhogán agus bogán den chruadhán, agus tharróngadh siad toibreacha fíor-uisge tre láir na geloch glas. [Bhí siad ag troid mar sin] gur chuimhnigh mac rígh Eireann nach raibh fear a chaointe ná a shínte aige. Leis sin thug sé fásgadh do'n fhathach do chuir go dtí na glúna é, agus an dara fásgadh go dtí an básta, agus an tríomhadh fásgadh go meall a bhrághaid go doimhín.

“Fód glas os do chionn a fhathaigh !”

“Is fíor sin ; seoide mac-rígh agus tighearna bhéarfas mé dhuit, acht spóráil m'anam dam.”

“Do sheóide i láthair a bhodaigh !” “Bhéarfaidh mé cloidh-eamh solais a bhfuil faobhar an ghearrtha agus faobhar an bhearrtha [air agus] treas faobhar, teine 'na chúl, agus ceol ann a mhaide.”

“Cia [chaoi] bhféachaidh mé mianach do chloidhimh ?”

“Sin thall sean-smotán maide [ata ann sin] le bliadhain agus seacht gcéad bliadhan.”

“Ni fheicim aon smota 'san gcoill is mó chuir gráin orm 'na do shean-cheann féin.” Bhuail sé i gcómhgar a chinn a bhinn agus a mhuinéill é. Bhain sé an ceann dé, gan meisge gan mearbhal. Chaith sé naoi n-iomaire agus naoi n-eitrighe uaidh é.

she was there at all, but he thought it was in search of his own daughter the son of the King of Ireland had come.

He got the key from the uncle; he went in and found her in the chamber in the form of a beautiful woman. They talked together until supper time. She asked him to rest his head on her bosom; he did so, and she trust the pin of sleep into his head, until morning.

When she took out the pin he woke up, and she told him that he had a giant to kill because of her uncle's daughter.

He went out into the woods to seek the giant. "Fud fod fesòg," said the giant, "I smell the smell of a lying Irish rascal."

"May you be without the food and without the drink, you dirty giant."

"Which do you prefer, to fight on the red-hot flagstones, or shall we fight to plunge the knives of gray steel in each other's sides?"

"I prefer to fight on the red-hot flagstones, where my small pretty feet shall be on top, and where your heavy, ill-built hoofs shall be going to the bottom."

The two warriors then attacked each other, and if you would go to see the brave and the fierce fighting, it is there that you would go to see it. They made a hard place of a soft place and a soft place of a hard place, and they made wells of fresh water run over the gray flagstones. And so they went on fighting until the son of the King of Ireland remembered that he had no one who would keene over him if he died, nor who would lay him out or wake him.

Thereupon he gave the giant a terrible grip, and buried him into the ground up to his knees, and then another which buried him up to his waist, and then another which buried him deep up as far as the lump of the throat. "Now for a green turf over your head, giant."

"It is true. The treasures of the sons of the kings and lords I will give them to you, but spare my life."

"The treasures on the spot, you rascal."

"I will give you the sword of life, which has an edge to cut and an edge to raze, and a third edge of fire in the back, and music in the handle."

"How shall I try the temper of your sword?"

"There is an old block of wood which has been there for seven hundred years."

"I see no block in the wood which is more frightful than your head." He smote it at the point where the head joins the

“ Is fíor sin,” ar san ceann, “ da dtéidhinn suas ar an gcolainn arís, a raibh i n-Eirinn ni bainfeadh siad anuas mé ! ”

“ Is dona an ghaisgidheacht do rinne tú nuair bhí tu shuas ! ”

Tháinig sé abhaile [agus ceann an fhathaigh ann a láimh] agus dubhaint an t-oncal go raibh trian d’á ingleann gnóthaighthe aige.

“ Ni buidheach díot-sa tá mé, a bhodaigh,” ar sé.

Ghabh sé asteach ann sin go dtí a chailin mná féin, agus chuir sí biorán suain ann a cheann arís go d’ éirigh an la. Bhí dólás mór air nuair nach raibh cead cainte aige leithe go maidin. [Nuair dhúisigh sé ar maidin dubhaint si leis] “ ta fathach eile le marbhadh agad, sin d’ obair andiu ar son ingleann m’ oncaill arís.”

Chuaidh sé chum na coille, agus thainig an fear mór roimhe. “ Fud, fad, féasóg ! mothaighim boladh an Eireannaigh bhradaigh bhréagaigh ar fud m’ fhóidín dúthraighe ! ”

“ Ni Eireannach bradach ná bréagach mé, acht fear le ceart agus le cóir do bhaint asad-sa.”

“ Cia fearr leat, caraigheacht ar leacachaibh dearga na gabhail de sgeannaibh glasa i mbárr easnacha a-chéile ? ”

“ Is fearr liom-sa caraigheacht ar leacachaibh dearga, ’n áit a mbéidh mo chosa míne uaisle i n-uachtar, agus do spágá míos-tuamacha ag dul i n-iochtair.”

Bhi siad ag troid ann sin gur chuimhnigh mac rígh Eireann nach raibh fear a chaointe ná a shínte aige. Leis sin thug sé fásgadh do’n fhathach go dtí na glúna, agus an dara fásgadh go dtí an basta, agus an triomhadh fásgadh go dtí meall a bhrághaid ‘san talamh.

“ Fód glas os do chionn a fhathaigh ! ”

“ Is fíor sin, is tu an gaisgidheach is fearr d’á bhfacaidh mé riabh no d’á bhfeicfidh mé choidhche. Agus bhéarfaidh mé seóide mac-rígh agus tighearna dhuit, acht spóráil m’ anam.”

“ Do sheóide i láthair a bhodaigh ! ”

“ Bhéarfaidh mé each caol donn duit, bhéarfas naoi n-uaire ar an ngaoith roimpi, sul mbeiridh [sul do bheir] an ghaoth ’na diaigh aon uair amháin uirri.”

Thóig sé an cloidheamh agus chaith sé an ceann dé, agus chuir sé naoi n-iomaire agus naoi n-eitrighe uaidh é le neart na buille sin.

“ Ochón go déo ? ” ar san ceann, “ dá bhfághainn dul suas ar an gcolainn arís, agus a bhfuil i n-Eírinn ni bhéarfadh siad anuas mé.”

neck. He cut off his head without error or mishap; he threw it nine ridges and nine furrows away from him.

"It is true," said the head, "if I could only join my body again, all that is in Ireland could never cut it off."

"It is a wretched business the feat you did perform when you were there." He went to the house with the head of the giant in his hand, and the uncle told him he had gained the third part of his daughter.

"I am in no way grateful to you for that, you churl."

He went into the house and sat by the young girl, who again put the pin of sleep into his head until the dawn of day. He had great sorrow because he was not allowed to speak to her until the morning. When he woke up in the morning, she said to him, "You have another giant to kill; that is your task again for the daughter of my uncle."

He went to the wood to seek the giant. "Fud fod fèsòg," said the giant, "I smell the blood of a lying Irish rascal."

"I am neither lying nor a rascally Irishman, but a man who will make you do right and justice."

"Which do you prefer, to fight on the red-hot flagstones, or shall we fight to plunge the knives of gray steel in each other's sides?"

"I prefer to fight on the red-hot flagstones, where my small pretty feet shall be on top, where your heavy ill-built hoofs shall be going down."

They fought until the son of the King of Ireland remembered that there was no man to weep for his loss or to lay him out when he was dead. Thereupon he caught the giant in a grip, and forced him up to his knees into the earth; a second sent him in up to his waist, and a third up to the lump of his throat.

"A green turf over your head, giant!"

"It is true that you are the best fighter than I ever saw, or ever shall see, and I will give you the treasures of the sons of kings and lords, but spare my life."

"Give me the treasures on the spot, you rascal."

"I will give you my light-brown horse, which will beat the wind in swiftness nine times before the wind can beat him once."

He lifted the sword, cut off the giant's head, and by the force of the blow sent it nine ridges and nine furrows away.

"Alas, what luck," said the head; "if only I got on my body again, all that is in Ireland could never take me down again."

“Budh bheag an ghaisgidheacht do rinne tú, nuair bhí tú shuas uirri cheana !”

Tháinig sé a-bhaile ann sin, agus tháinig an t-oncal amach roimhe arís : “Ta dá dtírián de m’ ingle gnóthuighthe agad anocht.”

“Ní buidheach díot-sa tá mé, a bhodaigh.”

Ghabh sé asteach ann sin ann san rúma, agus fuair sé a chailín mná féin roimhe, agus ní raibh bean ’san domhan budh bhreágh-dha ’ná i. Bhí siad ag caint go h-am suipéir, agus dubhaint sí leis tar éis an t-suipéir a cheann do leagan ar a h-uachd, agus nuair rinne sé sin chuir sí biorán suain ann go maidin. Bhí sé trioblóideach nuair nach raibh cead cainte aige léithe go maidin. [Nuair dhúisigh sé dubhaint sí leis.] “Tá fathach eile le marbh-adh agad ar son ingle m’ oncaill arís andiú, agus tá faitchios orm go bhfúighfidh tú cruaidh é seo. Acht seo coileáinín beag madaidh dhuit, agus leig amach faoi n-a chosaibh é, agus b’ éidir go dtiubhraidh sé congnamh beag duit. Agus amharc ar an meadhon-laé de’n lá, ar do ghualainn dheis, agus geobhaidh tú mise mo cholum geal, agus bhéarfaidh mé congnamh dhuit.”

Chuaidh sé chum na coille agus tháinig an fathach mór chuige. “Ní mharbhóchaidh tú mise le do choinín gráonna mar mharbh tú mo bheirt dhearbháthar, a raibh fear aca cúig bliadhna agus fear aca seacht mbliadhna go leith.”

“Fuair mé garbh go leór iad sin féin,” ar sa mac righ Eireann.

Ghabh siad de na sgeannaibh glasa i mbárr easnacha a-chéile, chuirfeadh siad cith teineadh d’á geroicíonn arm agus éadaigh. Nuair tháinig an meadhon-laé, d’amharc sé ar a ghualainn dheis agus chonnaire sé an colum geal. Nuair chonnaire an fathach mór an colum, rinne sé seabhac dé féin, acht rinne sise trí meirliúin dí féin, de’n choileán, agus de mhac righ Eireann, agus throid siad leis an seabhac ann san aér, agus thuirling siad ar an talamh arís. Dubhaint an fathach mór ann sin, “is tú an fear gan chéill, cad é ’n sórt *act-ál* atá agad, thú féin agus an dá ruidín gráonna sin ? Níl aon fhearr le fághail le mise do mharbhadh acht Réalandar mac righ Eireann.”

“Mise an fear sin.”

“Má’s tú é,” ar san fathach, “tarrnóchaidh [tarrongaíd] tú an cloidheamh so.” Sháith sé a chloidheamh asteach ’san gcarraig, agus dubhaint, “tarraing an cloidheamh so má ’s tú Réalandar.”

"It was a pretty small good you did when you were up there before."

He went to the house then, and the uncle came out to meet him, and said, "You have gained two-thirds of my daughter."

"I am in no way grateful to you for that, you churl."

He went indoors then, and in the room he found his young girl before him, and there was no woman in the whole world who was more beautiful than she. They talked until supper-time, and after supper she told him to lay his head upon her breast, and when he had done so, she put the pin of sleep into his head until morning. He was vexed because he was not allowed to speak to her until morning.

When he was awake again, she said to him, "You have yet another giant to kill for the daughter of my uncle to-day, but I fear that it will be hard for you; but here is a little dog for you, let him follow at your heels, and it is possible that he may be of some use to you; and in the middle of the day look over your right shoulder; you will find me there in the form of a white dove, and I will bring you help."

He went to the wood, and the great giant came to him. "You will not kill me with your horrible little dog, as you have killed my two other brothers, one of whom was five years old and the other seven and a half."

"I found them, nevertheless, fierce enough," said the son of the King of Ireland. Then each of them plunged their gray steel knives at each other's sides, and they would send a rain of fire out of their skins, their arms and their clothes.

When the middle of the day came, he looked upon his right shoulder, and he saw the white dove. When the giant saw the dove he changed himself into a falcon; but she made three hawks, one of herself, one of the little dog, and one of the son of the King of Ireland, and they fought with the falcon in the air, until they came down to earth again.

"You are a fool," the great giant said then. "What joke are you playing me, you and those two wretched little things? The man that could kill me is not to be found, except Réalander, the son of the King of Ireland."

"I am that man!"

"If you are," said the giant, "you will pull out this sword."

He plunged his sword into a rock, and said, "Pull out the sword if you are Réalander."

Tharraing sé an cloidheamh, agus bhual sé an fathach mórlais, agus chaith sé an ceann dé. Bhí sé féin loite. Bhí gearradh mórlaoi faoi bhonn a chích' deas [deise]. Tharraing sí amach buideull beag iocshláinte, agus chneasaigh sí é. Chuaidh sé a-bhaile ann sin, agus tháinig an t-oncal roimhe.

“ Tá m'inghean gnóthuighthe agad anocht.”

“ Ní buidheach díot-sa atá mise a bhodaigh.”

Ghabh sé asteach ann a rúma féin, agus fuair sé a bhean astigh ann roimhe.

CAOINEADÓ NÁ TRÍ MUIRE.

[From Douglas Hyde's “Religious Sons of Connacht.”]

Ραέμαοιο ἐν τῷ πλεῖστῳ
 Σο μὲν ἀρι μαρτίνι αμάρτιας;
(Οέον ἀγυρ οέ δη δ.)

“ Διά βραταιρι να η-αβρται
 Διν θρασατο το μο σηλάδο γελ ? ”
(Οέον ἀγυρ οέ δη δ.)

“ Μαριεαδ ! α μαριεαν,
 Κονναης μέ αρι βατι ε,
(Οέον ἀγυρ οέ δη δ.)
Αγυρ δι ρέ γαβτα δο εμιατο
 Ι λάρι α νάμιαο,”
(Οέον ἀγυρ οέ δη δ.)

“ Βι λυνάρ 'να αισε
 Αγυρ μις ρέ γρειμ λατι' αιρ,”
(Οέον ἀγυρ οέ δη δ.)

“ Μαριεαδ α λυνάρι θραταις
 Γρειο οο μινε μο σηλάδο ορτ ? ”
(Οέον ἀγυρ οέ δη δ.)

Literally: We shall go to the mountains early in the morning tomorrow, ochone and ochone, O! Peter of the apostles, did you see my white Love. Ochone and ochone, O!

Musha, O Mother, I did see him just now, ochone and ochone, O! And he was caught firmly in the midst of his enemies, ochone and ochone, O!

Judas was near him, and he took a hold of his hand, ochone, etc. “Musha, O vile Judas, what did my love do to you, ochone,” etc.

He never did anything to child or infant, ochone, etc. And he put anger on his mother never, ochone, etc

He pulled out the sword and smote the great giant, and cut off his head. He was wounded himself; he had a great cut above his right breast; she drew out a little bottle of balsam and cured him.

He went into the house then and the uncle said to him, "You have gained my daughter this evening."

"I am not at all grateful to you for it, you churl."

He went into his room and there found his wife before him.

THE KEENING OF THE THREE MARYS.

A Traditional Folk Ballad.

Taken down from O'Kearney, a schoolmaster near Belmullet, Co. Mayo.

[From the "Religious Songs of Connacht," by Douglas Hyde.]

Let us go to the mountain
All early on the morrow.
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
"Hast thou seen my bright darling,
O Peter, good apostle?"
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)*

"Aye ! truly, O Mother,
Have I seen him lately,
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
Caught by his foemen,
They had bound him straitly."
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

"Judas, as in friendship
Shook hands, to disarm him."
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
O Judas ! vile Judas !
My love did never harm him,
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

* This is nearly in the curious wild metre of the original. "A^{gas}," = "and," is pronounced "oggus." In another version of this piece, which I heard from my friend Michael MacRuaidhrigh, the *cur-fé* ran most curiously, *óch óch agus óch úch áin*, after the first two lines, and *óch óch, agus, óch ón ó* after the next two. Thus:—

Leagadó agus i n-úcto a máthair é
(Óc, óc, agus oé úc án)
Séairidó a leis. a ná muriú agus eamhigráde.
(Óc oé, agus óc ón ó.)

“ Ήι θεαμπαρό ρέ αριανή¹
 Ταδα αρι λεανδό ηα πάιρτε,
 (Οέον αγυρ οέ ον δ.)
 Αγυρ ηιοη ευηρ ρέ φεαρς
 Αριανή αρι α μάταιη,²
 (Οέον αγυρ οέ ον δ.)

Πυαιη ρυαιη ηα θεαμπαιη αμας
 Σο πμυδό ί φειη α μάταιη,
 (Οέον αγυρ οέ ον δ.)
 Τογαναρ ρυαρ
 Αρι α ηγυαληνηδ σο η-άριο ί,
 (Οέον αγυρ οέ ον δ !)

Αγυρ θυαιτεαναρ ριοη
 Αρι ελοκαιη ηα γράινε ¹
 (Οέον αγυρ οέ ον δ !)
 Κυαιρό ηι ι λαζε
 Αγυρ θι α γλύνα γεάρητα
 (Οέον αγυρ οέ ον δ !)

“ Θυαιτιδ μέ φειη
 Αγυρ ηα βαιη λε μο μάταιη,²
 (Οέον αγυρ οέ ον δ !)
 “ Θυαιτιμιδ ηη φειη.
 Α' τη μαρθόδεαμαοι ηο μάταιη,²
 (Οέον αγυρ οέ ον δ !)

Στροιτεαναρ αη θηάτις λεδ
 Αη λά ρην ο η-α λάταιη;
 (Οέον αγυρ οέ ον δ !)
 Αετ ηο λεαν αη μαγδεαν
 λαν αην ρην θηάρας
 (Οέον αγυρ οέ ον δ !)

“ Κια αη θεαν ι ρην
 'Ηηρ ηνιατις αην ρην θηάρας ? ”
 (Οέον αγυρ οέ ον δ !)
 “ Σο θειμην μά τα θεαν αρι διτ αην
 'Σι μο μάταιη,”
 (Οέον αγυρ οέ ον δ !)

They tore with them the captive, that day from her presence, ochone, etc. But the Virgin followed them, into the wilderness, ochone, etc.

What woman is that after us in the wilderness, ochone, etc. Indeed, if there is any woman in it, it is my mother, ochone, etc.

No child has he injured,
Not the babe in the cradle,
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
Nor angered his mother
Since his birth in the stable.
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

When the demons discovered
That she was his mother,
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
They raised her on their shoulders,
The one with the other ;
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

And they cast her down fiercely
On the stones all forlorn,
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
And she lay and she fainted
With her knees cut and torn.
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

“ For myself, ye may beat me,
But, oh, touch not my mother.”
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
“ Yourself—we shall beat you,
But we’ll slaughter your mother.”
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

They dragged him off captive,
And they left her tears flowing,
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
But the Virgin pursued them,
Through the wilderness going.
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

“ Oh, who is yon woman ?
Through the waste comes another.”
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
“ If there comes any woman
It is surely my mother.”
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

When the demons found out that she herself was his mother, ochone, etc., they lifted her up upon their shoulders on high, ochone, etc.

And they smote her down upon the stones of the street, ochone, etc. She went into a faint, and her knees were cut, ochone, etc.

Beat myself, but do not touch my mother, ochone, etc. We shall beat yourself, and we shall kill your mother, ochone, etc.

“ Α Εδοιν, ρευσ, ράγδαιν οὔτ
Σύραμ το μάταιρ,
(Οὐ όν αγυρ οὐ όν δ.)
Congubat̄ οὐατ̄ ί
Σο γερίονέσαιδ̄ μέ αν ράιρ γεο,”
(Οέον αγυρ οὐ όν δ !)

Πυαιρ ουαλαιδ̄ αν μαιγδεαν
Αν κειλεαθριαδ̄ εράιστε,
(Οέον αγυρ οὐ όν δ !)
Τυς τι λειμ̄ ταρ αν ησάρνα
Αγυρ λειμ̄* Σο ερανν να ράιρε
(Οέον αγυρ οὐ όν δ !)

Σια ή-έ αν ρεαρ οηράδ̄ την
Αρ ερανν να ράιρε
(Οέον αγυρ οὐ όν δ !)
Αν έ ναέ η-αιτηγεανν τυ
‘Ου μας α μάταιρ ?
(Οέον αγυρ οὐ όν δ !)

Αν έ την μο λεανδ̄
Α τ' ιομέαρ μέ την πάτε;
(Οέον αγυρ οὐ όν δ !)
Νο αν έ την αν λεανδ̄
Το ή-οιλεαδ̄ ι η-υέτ μάτιρ ?
(Οέον αγυρ οὐ όν δ !)

* * * * *

Κατεαναρ̄ ουαρ̄ έ
‘Να γρόλαιδ̄ γεάρητα
(Οέον αγυρ οὐ όν δ !)
“ Σιν έυσατ̄ ανοιρ̄ έ
Αγυρ εαοινισιδ̄ θυρ̄ γάιτ̄ αηρ̄,”
(Οέον, αγυρ οὐ όν δ !)

Σιαοδ̄ αη να την μυριε
Σο γεαοινριμιδ̄ αη ηγηάδ̄ γεατ̄
(Οέον, αγυρ οὐ όν δ !)
Τα νο έυτο μηά-εαοιντε
Λε οηρειτ̄ ρόρ α μάταιρ
(Οέον, αγυρ οὐ όν δ !)

Is that my child that I carried for three-quarters of a year, ochein, etc. Or is that the child that was reared in the bosom of Mary, ochein, etc.

O Owen (i.e., John) see, I leave to thee the care of my mother, ochein, etc. Keep her from me until I finish this passion, ochein, etc.

When the Virgin heard the sorrowful notes, ochein, etc. She gave a leap past the guard, and the second leap to the tree of the passion, ochein, etc.

“O John, care her, keep her,
Who comes in this fashion,”
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)
But oh, hold her from me
Till I finish this passion.”
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

When the Virgin had heard him
And his sorrowful saying,
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)
She sprang past his keepers
To the tree of his slaying.
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

“What fine man hangs there
In the dust and the smother?”
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

“And do you not know him?
He is your son, O Mother.”
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

“Oh, is that the child whom
I bore in this bosom,
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)
Or is that the child who
Was Mary’s fresh blossom?”
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

They cast him down from them,
A mass of limbs bleeding.
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)
“There now he is for you,
Now go and be keening.”
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

Go call the three Marys
Till we keene him forlorn,
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)
O mother, thy keeners
Are yet to be born,
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

Who is that fine man on the tree of the passion, ochone, etc. Is it that you do not recognise your son. O mother, ochone, etc.

They threw him down [a mass of] cut limbs, ochone, etc. There he is for you now, and keene your enough over him, ochone, etc.

Call the three Marys until we keene our bright love, ochone, etc. Thy share of woman-keeners are yet to be born, ochone, etc.

Thou shalt be with me yet in the garden of Paradise, ochone, etc. Until thou be a . . . (?) woman in the bright city of the graces, ochone, and ochone, etc.

Béir tu liom-ra
 So feil i ngáirtain pánntair;
 (Ocón agur oé ón ó !)
 So riab tu do bhean iomrád (?)
 I gceártair sil na ngrára
 (Ocón agur oé ón ó !)

TOBAR MUIRE:

A bhrat ó foin do b'í tobair beannaisce i mBaile an tobair,* i gcomháde Muig Eo. B'í mainistír ann ran áit a bhrui an tobair anoir, agur i'f ari lóisg altóra na mainistíre do bhrí an tobair amach. B'í an mainistír ari taois énuic, acht nuair táinig Cromail agur a cura rísmiotaodh é cum na tíre feid, leagadair an mainistír, agur níor fágadair cloch of ciann cloiche de'n altóir nár éacanadair riор.

Bliathain ó'n lá do leagadair an altóir, 'ré rin lá feil Muire 'ran earragá, 'réad bhrí an tobair amach ari lóisg na h-altóra, agur i'f iongantac an rúd le rúd nae' riab bhróna uirge ann ran ríut do b'í ag bun an énuic ó'n lá do bhrí an tobair amach.

B'í bhrácair docht ag dul na rúige an lá ceudna, agur éuaird ré ari a bhealaic le páidír do rúd ari lóisg na h-altóra beannaisce, agur b'í iongantair móir ari nuair éonnaithe re tobair bheag ann a h-áit. Éuaird ré ari a ghlúinair agur tórais ré ag rúd a páidíre nuair éuaird ré guth ag rúd, "cúir Óiot do bhróga, tá tu ari talam beannaisce, tá tu ari bhrúas Tobair Muire, agur tá leigear na milte caoic ann. Béir duine leigeartha le uirge an tobair rin anaighaird gáe uile duine d'éirt aifriuinn i láthair na h-altóra do b'í ann ran áit ann a bhrui an tobair anoir, m'a bionn ríad cumha trí h-uairfe ann, i n-ainm an Acair an Muic agur an Spioradó Naoimh."

Nuair b'í a páidíreacá riáidte ag an mbhrácair d'fheic ré rúar

* This is not the Roscommon Ballintubber, celebrated for the ancient castle of the O'Conors, which is called in Irish "Baile-an-tobair Uí Chonchubhair," or "O'Conor's Ballintubber," but a place near the middle of the County Mayo, celebrated for its splendid abbey, founded by one of the Mac a' Mháilidhs, a name taken by the Stauntons [Mac-a-Veely, *i.e.*, "son of the warrior," now pronounced so that no remains of any vulgar Irish sound may cling to it, as "Mac Eevily!"]. The prophecy is current in Mayo that when the abbey is re-roofed Ireland shall be free. My

Thyself shall come with me
 Into Paradise garden.
 (Ochone agus ochone, O !)
To a fair place in heaven
 At the side of thy darling.
 (Ochone agus ochone, O !)

MARY'S WELL.

A Religious Folk Tale.

[From the "Religious Songs of Connacht," by Douglas Hyde.]
[Taken down from Próinsias O'Conchubhair.]

LONG ago there was a blessed well in Balfintubber (*i.e.*, town of the well),* in the County Mayo. There was once a monastery in the place where the well is now, and it was on the spot where stood the altar of the monastery that the well broke out. The monastery was on the side of a hill, but when Cromwell and his band of destroyers came to this county, they overthrew the monastery, and never left stone on top of stone in the altar that they did not throw down.

A year from the day that they threw down the altar—that was Lady Day in spring—the well broke out on the site of the altar, and it is a wonderful thing to say, but there was not one drop of water in the stream that was at the foot of the hill from the day that the well broke out.

There was a poor friar going the road the same day, and he went out of his way to say a prayer upon the site of the blessed altar, and there was great wonder on him when he saw a fine well in its place. He fell on his knees and began to say his paternoster, when he heard a voice saying: "Put off your brogues, you are upon blessed ground, you are on the brink of Mary's Well, and there is the curing of thousands of blind in it; there shall be a person cured by the water of that well for every person who heard Mass in front of the altar that was in the place where the well is now, if they be dipped three times in it, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit."

When the friar had his prayers said, he looked up and

friend, Colonel Maurice Moore, told me that when he was a young boy he often wondered why the people did not roof the abbey and so free Ireland without any more trouble. The tomb of the notorious Shaun-na-Sagart, the priest hunter, which is not far from it, is still pointed out by the people. It is probably he who is the "spy" in this story, though his name is not mentioned.

Agur connairic colum mór ghléasait ar chéann ghníobhair i ngearr thó: Buidh ní an colum do bhrí ag caint. Bhrí an bhrácairi gleurta i n-euordaisibh-bhréighe, marbh bhrí iuaic ar a ceann, comh mór agur do bhrí ag ceann maothair-alla.

Ar chaoi ar bhrí o'fhuasgairi ré an tseul do òdairiúibh an bhaile bhrí, agur níor bhfuada go n-eacairíodh ré tairis an tí. Buidh bhocht an áit is, agur ní raiibh acht bocáin ag na òdairiúibh, agur iad lionta le buatac. Ar an áthúar fín bhrí curio maithe de òdairiúibh caoche ann. Le cláirphórlar, lá ar na mórach, bhrí oif cionn d'áth fícheáidh daonan ann, ag tobair Muire, agur ní raiibh feair ná bean áca násc dtáinig ar ait le maothair maithe.

Cuairt clú tobair Muire tairis an tí, agur níor bhfuada go raiibh oileacháda ó gáe uile condáe ag teacht go Tobair Muire, agur ní òeacairíodh aon neac aca ar ait gán bheit leigeartha; agur faoi ceann tamall do bhrídeal òdaonan ar tiochtair eile fírin, ag teacht go dtí Tobair Muire.

Bhrí feair mi-éireannach 'na cónaiuise de i ngearr do Bhaile-an-tobair. Duine uafar do bhrí ann, agur níor chreid ré i leigearth an tobair beannaisce. Buidhairt ré násc raiibh ann acht riorthreoidh, agur le magaird do òeunannan ar na òdairiúibh tuig ré arall dall do bhrí aige cum an tobair agur cum a ceann faoi an uirge: Buaír an t-árlaí maothair, acht tuigaird an magairdibh a-bhaile comh dall le bun do bhróisge.

Faoi ceann bhuailteach tuit ré amac go raiibh ragairt ag obair mar gárrúadairibh ag an duine-uafar do bhrí dall. Bhrí an ragairt gleurta mar feair-óibhre, agur ní raiibh fíor ag duine ari bhrí go mbuile ragairt do bhrí ann: Aon lá amáin bhrí an duine uafar bhréidíorte agur d'íarbh ré ari a feairbhróisanta é do tábhairt amac 'ran ngeallair. Nuair tainig ré cum na h-áite a raiibh an ragairt ag obair, fuithe ré fíor: "Nac mór an truaig é," ari reifrean, "nac dtig liom mo gárrúad bhréag d'fheiceáil!"

Ghlac an gárrúadair truaig ó agur duibhairt, "Tá fíor agam é a bhrí feair do leigheasáidh tú, acht tá iuaic ar a ceann mar gheall ar a chreideamh."

"Bheirim-re m'focal násc n-eacairíodh mire ríordáinbheacáit ariú agur iocfaidh mé go maithe é ari fionn a chluiblóide," ari ran duine uafar:

"Acht b'fheirim náibh maithe leat dui tráid an truaighe-rlánaisce aca aige," ari ran gárrúadair:

"Tá cuma liom cia an truaighe aca aige má é uigann ré mo maothair d'am," ari ran duine uafar:

Anoir, bhrí oifche-clú ari an duine-uafar, mar bhráit ré a láin de

saw a large white dove upon a fir tree near him. It was the dove who was speaking. The friar was dressed in false clothes, because there was a price on his head, as great as on the head of a wild-dog.

At any rate he proclaimed the story to the people of the little village, and it was not long till it went out through the country. It was a poor place, and the people in it had nothing [to live in] but huts, and these filled with smoke. On that account there were a great many weak-eyed people amongst them. With the dawn, on the next day, there were about forty people at Mary's Well, and there was never man nor woman of them but came back with good sight.

The fame of Mary's Well went through the country, and it was not long till there were pilgrims from every county coming to it, and nobody went back without being cured; and at the end of a little time even people from other countries used to be coming to it.

There was an unbeliever living near Mary's Well. It was a gentleman he was, and he did not believe in the cure. He said there was nothing in it but pishtrogues (charms), and to make a mock of the people he brought a blind ass, that he had, to the well, and he dipped its head under the water. The ass got its sight, but the scoffer was brought home as blind as the sole of your shoe.

At the end of a year it so happened that there was a priest working as a gardener with the gentleman who was blind. The priest was dressed like a workman, and nobody at all knew that it was a priest who was in it. One day the gentleman was sickly, and he asked his servant to take him out into the garden. When he came to the place where the priest was working he sat down. "Isn't it a great pity," says he, "that I cannot see my fine garden?"

The gardener took compassion on him, and said, "I know where there is a man who would cure you, but there is a price on his head on account of his religion."

"I give my word that I'll do no spying on him, and I'll pay him well for his trouble," said the gentleman.

"But perhaps you would not like to go through the mode-of-curing that he has," says the gardener.

"I don't care what mode he has, if he gives me my sight," said the gentleman.

Now, the gentleman had an evil character, because he

ragairtaith riomhe rin; Bingsam an t-aithn do b'i aif. Ar éaoi ar b'ic glac an ragairt meirneac agus tuibhait, "Biodh do cónirte péire ari maroim amáras, agus tiomáinfidh mire tu go dti áit do leisgír, ní tig le cónirteoir ná le aon duine eile beit i láthair aet mire, agus ná h-inniú d'aon duine ari b'ic cá b'fuis tu ag dul, no fios cao é do gnaite (gno)."

Ari maroim, lá ari na máras, b'i cónirte Bingsam péire, agus éanach ré fein arteas, leir an ngráidháidír d'a tiomáint. "Fán, turas, ann ran mbaile an t-am ro," ari ré leir an g-cónirteoir, "agus tiomáinfidh an gárráidháidír m'e." B'i an cónirteoir 'na bheanannas, agus b'i éuro aif, agus glac ré rún go mbeirdeadh ré ag fairsé na cónirte, le fágair amach cia an áit riabhadh le dul. B'i a gleúr beannaiscte ag an ragairt, taobh-ártig de'n euadh eile. Nuairi tángadair go Tobair Muirfe tuibhait an ragairt leir, "Iar ragairt mire, tá mé dul le do phadairc d'fágairt duit 'ran áit ari éanach tu é." Ann rin túm ré tuisi uaire an ran tobair é, i n-aithn an Aitar an t-áile agus an Spioraidh Naoimh, agus táinig a phadairc chuirge comh maist agus b'i ré ariamh.

"Béarfaradh mé ceud punt duit," ari fa Bingsam, "comh luat agus rásfáil mé a-baile."

B'i an cónirteoir ag fairsé, agus comh luat agus éonnaic ré an ragairt ann a gleúr beannaiscte, éanach ré go luéit an tuisce agus b'raic ré an ragairt. Do gábadh agus do chrocaidh é gan b'riúiseamh gan b'riúiseamhnaí. D'fheudaradh an feair do b'i tar éir a phadairc d'fágairt ari aif, an ragairt do fáoradh, aet níor labhair ré focal ari a fion.

Timéioll miora 'na díais gaoth, táinig ragairt eile go Bingsam agus é gleúrta mar gárráidháidír, agus d'íarbh ré obair ari Bingsam agus fuaire uairí i. Aet ní riabhadh ré a b'faoi ann a feirbír go dtábla ophoibhudo do Bingsam. Cuaidh ré amach aon lá amáin ag riúbal trír na páirceannaith, agus do capadh cailín marfearas, ingean fíri b'oidh, aif, agus minne ré marluigíodh uirinn, agus d'fág leat-pháid i. B'i tríubh deaibhreáil ag an scailín, agus tángadair mionna go marbhóideadh riabhadh é comh luat agus gheobairdhe spéim aif. Ní riabhadh le fanaíontas aca. Gábadair é ran áit ceudana ari marlaidh ré an cailín, agus ériúcadair é ari chéann, agus d'fágadair ann rin é 'na chrocaidh.

Ari maroim, an lá ari na máras, b'i milliúinidh de mholtsaith chruinniscte, mar chnoc móir, timéioll an chrainn, agus níor feudh duine ari b'ic dul anaice leir, mar gheall ari an mboladh bhean. Do b'i timéioll na h-áite, agus duine ari b'ic do pháidh anaice leir, do dallfaidh na mholtsa.

betrayed a number of priests before that. Bingham was the name that was on him. However, the priest took courage, and said, "Let your coach be ready on to-morrow morning, and I will drive you to the place of the cure; neither coachman nor anyone else may be present but myself, and do not tell to anyone at all where you are going, or give anyone a knowledge of what is your business."

On the morning of the next day Bingham's coach was ready, and he himself got into it, with the gardener driving him. "Do you remain at home this time," says he to the coachman, "and the gardener will drive me." The coachman was a villain, and there was jealousy on him. He conceived the idea of watching the coach to see what way they were to go. His blessed vestments were on the priest, inside of his other clothes. When they came to Mary's Well the priest said to him, "I am going to get back your sight for you in the place where you lost it." Then he dipped him three times in the well, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, and his sight came to him as well as ever it was.

"I'll give you a hundred pounds," said Bingham, "as soon as I go home."

The coachman was watching, and as soon as he saw the priest in his blessed vestments, he went to the people of the law, and betrayed the priest. He was taken and hanged, without judge, without judgment. The man who was after getting back his sight could have saved the priest, but he did not speak a word in his behalf.

About a month after this, another priest came to Bingham, and he dressed like a gardener, and he asked work of Bingham, and got it from him; but he was not long in his service until an evil thing happened to Bingham. He went out one day walking through his fields, and there met him a good-looking girl, the daughter of a poor man, and he assaulted her, and left her half dead. The girl had three brothers, and they took an oath that they would kill him as soon as they could get hold of him. They had not long to wait. They caught him in the same place where he assaulted the girl, and hanged him on a tree, and left him there hanging.

On the morning of the next day millions of flies were gathered like a great hill round about the tree, and nobody could go near it on account of the foul smell that was round the place, and, anyone who would go near it, the midges would blind him.

Taigh bean agus mac Æingam ceud púnt o' aon duine do bhearrfaidh an coip amach. Rinne cuid mhaic daonine iarrfaidh aig riu do cheannamh, aet níor feudaradh. Bhuaigh riad púnta le críathair ari na mioltógaibh, agus geusda críann le na mbuaileadh, aet níor feudaradh a ghabhadh, ná duil eomh fada leir an ghearrann. Ói an bheuntertar an éiríse níor meara, agus ói easla ari na cónarbhannaibh go dtiúthraid na mioltóga agus an coip bheun pláis oifig.

Ói an daíri fágairt 'na gárraonáin' ag Æingam 'fan am ro, aet ní riabh fiúr ag luéit an tigé gur fágairt do ói ann, bír da mbeirdeadh fiúr ag luéit an tigé no ag na ghrídeanáinibh, do gheobadh riad agus do críochairt riad e. Cuanadh na Catoilcise go bean Æingam agus duibhriadháir leí go riabh eolair aca ari duine do thíbordáidh na mioltóga. "Tábhair cùgam é," ari ríre, "agus mór fíordíri leir na mioltóga do thíbirti ní h-é an duairi riu gheobair re aet a geast n-oibreadh.

"Aet," ari riad-fan, "da mbeir' fiúr ag luéit-an-tigé agus da ngabhadhaoir é, do críochairdhaoir é, maraí críoch riad an feair do bhuaigh fadairc a fhl ari aig do." "Aet," ari ríre, "nac bfeudraidh re na mioltóga do thíbirti gan fiúr ag luéit-an-tigé?"

"Níl fiúr agaínn," ari riad-fan, "so nglacfhamaois cónairple leir."

An oirdé riu ghlacadháir cónairple leir an fágairt, agus o'inniu riad do ead duibhriath bean Æingam.

"Níl agam aet beata faoighalta le cailleamaint," ari fan fágairt, "agus bhearrfaidh mé i aig ron na ndaoine bocht, bír bérth pláis ann riad tigé tusa gcuimhriodh mé thíbirti ari na mioltógaibh. Ari marain amáras, bérth iarrfaidh agam i n-ainm Dé riad do thíbirti, agus tá muinigín agam agus dothcair i n'Dia go rábárlairidh ré mé ó mo chuir náimh. Téid cùig an bhean-uairail aonair, agus abairi leí go mbérth mé i ngair do'n críann le h-éiríse na ghréine ari marain amáras, agus abairi leí fír do bheit píodh aici leir an gcoip do cùir 'fan uairis'."

Cuanadh riad cùm na mná-uairple, agus o'inniu riad ói an méadu duibhriath an fágairt.

"Má éiríseann leir," ari ríre, "bérth an duairi píodh agam do, agus oíordóidh mé móirí-féirfeadh feair do bheit i láthair."

Cait an fágairt an oirdé riu i n-úrlainisibh, agus leat-uairi poimh éiríse na ghréine cuaird ré cùm na h-áite a riabh a gheur beannaisghe i bpolac. Cuiridh ré riu aig, agus le críorí ann a leat-láim agus le uirge coirfeastá ann riad láim eile, cuaird ré cùm na h-áite a riabh na mioltóga. Tóraigd ré ann riu ag leigheas ari a leabhar agus ag críathair uirge coirfeastá ari na mioltógaibh, i n-

Bingham's wife and son offered a hundred pounds to anyone who would bring out the body. A good many people made an effort to do that, but they were not able. They got dust to shake on the flies, and boughs of trees to beat them with, but they were not able to scatter them, nor to go as far as the tree. The foul smell was getting worse, and the neighbours were afraid that the flies and noisome corpse would bring a plague upon them.

The second priest was at this time a gardener with Bingham, but the people of the house did not know that it was a priest who was in it, for if the people of the law or the spies knew they would take and hang him. The Catholics went to Bingham's wife and told her that they knew a man who would banish the flies. "Bring him to me," said she, "and if he is able to banish the flies, that is not the reward he'll get, but seven times as much."

"But," said they, "if the people of the law knew, they would take him and hang him, as they hung the man who got back the sight of his eyes for him before." "But," said she, "could not he banish the flies without the knowledge of the people of the law?"

"We don't know," said they, "until we take counsel with him."

That night they took counsel with the priest and told him what Bingham's wife said.

"I have only an earthly life to lose," said the priest, "and I shall give it up for the sake of the poor people, for there will be a plague in the country unless I banish the flies. On to-morrow morning I shall make an attempt to banish them in the name of God, and I have hope and confidence in God that he will save me from my enemies. Go to the lady now, and tell her that I shall be near the tree at sunrise to-morrow morning, and tell her to have men ready to put the corpse in the grave."

They went to the lady and told her all the priest said.

"If it succeeds with him," said she, "I shall have the reward ready for him, and I shall order seven men to be present."

The priest spent that night in prayer, and half an hour before sunrise he went to the place where his blessed vestments were hidden: he put these on, and with a cross in one hand, and with holy water in the other, he went to the place where were the flies. He then began reading out of his book and

ainm an Achar an Mic agus an Spiorlaid Naoimh. O'Éiginn an chnoic mioltóig, agus d'eitill riad ruar 'fan aér, agus minneadar an tréipéir comh dojmá leir an oide. Ni raibh fíor ag na daoineis cia an áit a ndeacladar, acht faoi ceann leat-uaire ní raibh ceann díobh le feiceál (feicfint).

Bí lútgáire mór ari na daoineis, acht níor bhfuada go bhracadar an tréipéire doibh ag teast, agus glaoth riad ari an ragartuit leir comh tara a'ir b'ain. Tug an ragart do na boinn agus lean an tréipéadair é, agus rísean ann gac láimh aige. Nuair nár feud ré teast ruar leir, cait ré an rísean 'na thialú. Nuair b'ain an rísean ag dul éar fuaillain an trágaírt, cuir ré a láimh clé ruar, agus gáibh ré an rísean, agus cait ré an rísean ari air gian feascaint taobh riap de. Nuair ri an feair, agus cuairt ri tríod a chroíde, gur éuit ré maribh, agus d'ímtíos an ragart raoir.

Nuair na fir coppa Óingism, agus cuirteadar ainn r'fan uairg é, acht nuair cuairt coppa an tréipéadair do éir, fuairteadar na mílte de lúctheasáibh mórta timcíoll ari, agus ní raibh ghearr feobla ari a chnámaibh náidh raoir itte aca. Ni cónraíodh riad de'n coppa agus níor feud na daoine iad do ghuagadh, agus b'éisgin uairn na chnáma bhágsbáil of cionn talman.

Cuir an ragart a ghearr beannaisce i bhrócaí, agus do b'ain ag obair 'fan ngearrtha nuair cuir bean Óingism fíor ari, agus d'íarr ari an duair do ghearr ari ron na mioltóga do b'íbirt, agus i do tabhairt do'n feair do b'íbirt iad má b'ain eolair aige ari.

“Tá eolair agam ari, agus duibhairt ré liom an duair do tabhairt cuigé anocht, mar tá rún aige an tír d'fágáil rul má gcuiochfaidh lúct an duighe é.”

“Seo b'ait i,” ari ríre, agus feascaint ri gprográn diri do.

Ari mairdin, lá ari na mairc, d'ímtíos an ragart go coir na fairsingse; nuair ré long do b'ain ag dul cum na Fraince, cuairt ré ari do roin, agus comh luat agus d'fág ré an cuan cuir ré ari a euidhí ragairt, agus tús bhréasáir do Óia faoi n-a tabhairt raoir. Ní'l fíor agairinn ead éarla ód 'na thialú rín.

Tar éir rín do bhréasáid daoine dalla agus caoche ag tisealct go Tobair Mhuire, agus níor fill aon duine aca ariamh ari air gian a bheit leigheasarta. Acht ní raibh guto mait ari b'íte ariamh ainn ron tír leo, nár milleadh le duine éisgin, agus milleadh an tobair, mar ro.

scattering holy-water on the flies, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. The hill of flies rose, and flew up into the air, and made the heaven as dark as night. The people did not know where they went, but at the end of half an hour there was not one of them to be seen.

There was great joy on the people, but it was not long till they saw the spy coming, and they called to the priest to run away as quick as it was in him to run. The priest gave to the butts* (took to his heels), and the spy followed him, and a knife in each hand with him. When he was not able to come up with the priest he flung the knife after him. As the knife was flying out past the priest's shoulder he put up his left hand and caught it, and without ever looking behind him he flung it back. It struck the man and went through his heart, so that he fell dead and the priest went free.

The people got the body of Bingham and buried it in the grave, but when they went to bury the body of the spy they found thousands of rats round about it, and there was not a morsel of flesh on his bones that they had not eaten. The rats would not stir from the body, and the people were not able to hunt them away, so that they had to leave the bones overground.

The priest hid away his blessed vestments and was working in the garden when Bingham's wife sent for him, and told him to take the reward that was for banishing the flies, and to give it to the man who banished them, if he knew him.

"I do know him, and he told me to bring him the reward to-night, because he has the intention of leaving the country before the law-people hang him."

"Here it is for you," said she, and she handed him a purse of gold.

On the morning of the next day the priest went to the brink of the sea, and found a ship that was going to France. He went on board, and as soon as he had left the harbor he put his priest's clothes on him, and gave thanks to God for bringing him safe. We do not know what happened to him from that out.

After that, blind and sore-eyed people used to be coming to Mary's Well, and not a person of them ever returned without being cured. But there never yet was anything good in this country that was not spoilt by somebody, and the well was spoilt in this way.

* This is the absurd way the people of Connacht translate it when talking English. "Bonn" means both "sole" (of foot) and "butt."

“Bí cailín i mBaile-an-tobair, agusur bí rí ari tì ùrach ròrta, nuair támhig fean-bean édoch éinici ag iarradh o dèirice i n-onóirí do Óis agusur do Muire:

“Ní'l aon riad agam le tabhairt do fean-édochán caillige, tā me bòdairisghe aca,” ari ràn cailín.

“Ná riab fáinne an ròrta oifit a-éoròise go mbéid tu com édoch a' r tā mire,” ari ràn trean-bean.

Ari maidin, là ari na mèarach, bí rùile an cailín óig níomhaid, agusur ari maidin 'na òighean rìn bí rí beag-naidh soll, agusur duibh airt na còmharranna go mbuadh còir bí dul go Tobair Muire.

Ari maidin go moch, d'èirigh rí, agusur éuairidh rí cum an tobar, a'ct creibh d'feicfeadh rí ann a'ct an trean-bean d'iarbh an dèiric uirbh 'na riabde ag bhruid an tobar, ag ciaradh a cinn oif cionn an tobar ùrannaisghe.

“Léir-rèsmiòr oifit, a cailleach Shìanna, an ag ralachadh Tobair Muire atá tu ?” ari ràn cailín; “imteig leat no bhrifidh mé do muineul.”

“Ní'l aon onóirí ná meag agad ari Óis ná ari Muire, d'èitig tu dèiric do tabhairt i n-onóirí uibh, ari an àthair rìn ni tumpairt tu tu fèin 'ràn tobar.”

Fuair an cailín gheim ari an gcaillig, ag feuscaint i do rìseadairt b'n tobar, a'ct leir an rìseadairt do bí ealbhra do chuit an ùrach agusur báiteadh iad.

O'n là rìn go dtí an là ro ní riab aon léigear ann ràn tobar.

* * * * *

There was a girl in Ballintubber and she was about to be married, when there came a half-blind old woman to her asking alms in the honor of God and Mary.

"I've nothing to give to an old blind-thing of a hag, it's bothered with them I am," said the girl.

"That the wedding ring may never go on you until you are as blind as I am," said the old woman.

Next day, in the morning, the young girl's eyes were sore, and the morning after that she was nearly blind, and the neighbours said to her that she ought to go to Mary's Well.

In the morning, early, she rose up and went to the well, but what should she see at it but the old woman who asked the alms of her, sitting on the brink, combing her head over the blessed well.

"Destruction on you, you nasty hag, is it dirtying Mary's Well you are?" said the girl; "get out of that or I'll break your neck."

"You have no honor nor regard for God or Mary, you refused to give alms in honor of them, and for that reason you shall not dip yourself in the well."

The girl caught a hold of the hag, trying to pull her from the well, and with the dragging that was between them, the two of them fell into the well and were drowned.

From that day to this there has been no cure in the well.



muire agus naomh iosephh:

Na c' naomha do b' naomh 1000
 Muairi phor' re muire matair?
 Na c' e' do fuaire an t-athair
 Do b' fearr' ná an raoisal Áiðe [Ádam]?

Ónúiltairi ph' do'n óig buirde
 Agur do'n éiríom do b' ag Dáibh,
 Agur b' fearr' leir' beit ag treibhuisce
 Agur ag munaist an eolais do muire matair:

Lá amáin u'á raiib an cípla
 Ag riúbal ann gan ngairidin,
 Meairg na reilíní cíbairca,
 Bláth uibhla, agur áitriúde:

Do chuir muire dán iónnta
 Agur chnuig' ri leó, i láthair,
 O bholad bheag na n-úball
 Bhí sé cíbairca dear ó'n áitriú-ruis:

Ann rín do láthair an t-athairdean
 De'n cónáilteach b' fann,
 "Dáin dám na gaoth rín
 Tá ag fár ari an gceann:

* Now ill-called "Caldwell" in English.

† *Literally*: Is it not holy that St. Joseph was when he married Mary Mother; is it not that he got the gift that was better than Adam's world? He refused the yellow gold and the crown that David had had, and he preferred to be guiding and showing the way to Mary Mother. One day that the couple were walking in the garden among the fragrant cherries, apple-blossoms and sloes, Mary conceived a desire for them, and fancied them at once, [enticed] by the fine scent of the apples that were fragrant and nice from the High King [i.e., God]. Then spake the Virgin with utterance that was feeble, "Pluck for me yon jewels which are growing on the tree. Pluck me enough of them, for I am weak and faint, and the works of the King of the graces are growing beneath my bosom." Then spake St. Joseph with utterance that was stout, "I shall not pluck thee the jewels, and I like not thy child. Call upon his father, it is he you may be stiff with." Then stirred Jesus blessedly beneath her bosom. Then spake Jesus holily, "Bend low in her presence, O tree." The tree bowed down to her in their

MARY AND ST. JOSEPH.

From Michael Rogers and Martin O'Calally,* in Erris Co. Mayo.—
DOUGLAS HYDE.

Holy was good St. Joseph
When marrying Mary Mother,
Surely his lot was happy,
Happy beyond all other.†

Refusing red gold laid down,
And the crown by David worn,
With Mary to be abiding
And guiding her steps forlorn.

One day that the twain were talking,
And walking through gardens early,
Where cherries were redly growing,
And blossoms were growing rarely,

Mary the fruit desired,
For faint and tired she panted,
At the scent on the breezes' wing
Of the fruit that the King had planted.

Then spake to Joseph the Virgin,
All weary and faint and low,
"O pull me yon smiling cherries
That fair on the tree do grow,

presence, without delay, and she got the desire of her inner-heart quite directly off the tree. Then spake St. Joseph, and cast himself upon the ground, "Go home, O Mary, and lie upon thy couch, until I go to Jerusalem doing penance for my sin." Then spake the Virgin with utterance that was blessed. "I shall not go home, and I shall not lie upon my couch, but you have forgiveness to find from the King of the graces for your sins."

Three months from that day, the blessed child was born, there came three kings making adoration before the child. Three months from that night the blessed child was born in their cold bleak stable between a bullock and an ass.

Then spake the Virgin softly and sensibly, "O Son of the King of the friends, in what way shalt thou be on the world?"

"I shall be on Thursday, and I sold to my enemy, and I shall be on Friday a sieve [full] of holes with the nails. My head shall be on the top of a spike, and the blood of my heart on the middle of the street, and a spear of venom going through my heart with contempt upon that day."

“ Ó dain nám mo fáit aca
 Óiri tá me las fann,*
 Ár tu oibreáda mis na ngrártá
 Ag fár faoi mo bhoim.”

Ann rin do labhair Ó Naoimh Íorpha
 De'n cónáradh b'i teann,
 “ Ni bainfidh mé óuit na geadra
 Ár ni h-áill liom do clann.”

“ Slaoth ar aitair ó do leinb
 Ír aitir i'c eoirí óuit b'ait teann.”
 Ann rin do cormaig fóra
 So beannraighe faoi na bhoim.

Ann rin do labhair fóra
 So Ó Naoimh faoi na bhoim
 “ Írtis so h-írioll
 Ann a fiaothuighe a círann.”

O'úinlaig an earrann ríor dí
 Ann a briaóthuighe san mhaill;
 Agus fuaír rí mian a cíoride-írtis
 Slain-úireas ó'n gceann.

Ann rin do labhair Ó Naoimh Íorpha
 Agus cait é fein ar an talamh,
 “ Sab a-baile a tháinig
 Agus luiridh ari do leabhair.
 So dtéiridh mé go h-íarúfaleam
 Ag deunamh aitriúighe ann mo phreasair.”

Ann rin do labhair an tháinigdean
 De'n cónáradh b'i beannraighe,
 “ Ni phasair mé a-baile
 Ár ni luirfidh mé ari mo leabhair;
 Áct tá maiteamhna le fágair agas
 O mis na ngrártá ann do phreasair.”

* * * * *

* “Ann a g-cáill” suíbaitit mac ne Ruairí Í, áct suíbaitit an Callaoileac “las fann” Tá me ann a gcaill = “Teaghrúigheann uaim iat.”

“For feeble I am and weary,
And my steps are but faint and slow,
And the works of the King of the graces
I feel within me grow.”

Then out spake the good St. Joseph,
And stoutly indeed spake he,
“I shall not pluck thee one cherry.
Who art unfaithful to me.

“Let him come fetch you the cherries,
Who is dearer than I to thee.”
Then Jesus hearing St. Joseph,
Thus spake to the stately tree,

“Bend low in her gracious presence,
Stoop down to herself, O tree,
That my mother herself may pluck thee,
And take thy burden from thee.”

Then the great tree lowered her branches
At hearing the high command,
And she plucked the fruit that it offered,
Herself with her gentle hand.

Loud shouted the good St. Joseph,
He cast himself on the ground,
“Go home and forgive me, Mary,
To Jerusalem I am bound;
I must go to the holy city,
And confess my sin profound.”*

Then out spake the gentle Mary,
She spake with a gentle voice,
“I shall not go home, O Joseph,
But I bid thee at heart rejoice,
For the King of Heaven shall pardon
The sin that was not of choice.”

* * * * *

* These six-line verses are alien to the spirit of the Irish Language, and probably arise from the first half of the next quatrain being forgotten.

Tír mi ó'n lá rín
 Rugadh an leanb beannuigte,
 Thainig na tír iugtē
 Ag deunaam aithrigte do'n leanb.

Tír mi ó'n oróde rín
 Rugadh an leanb beannuigte,
 Ann a rtábla fuair feannan
 Eitriúr builín agus ariai:

Ann rín do labhair an tairgthean
 So ciún agus go céilliuise,
 "A mic iubh na gcapraid
 Cia 'n nór mbéirid tu ari an tgraosail ?"

"Béirid mé Diaírlíadaoin
 Agus mé ríolta ag mo náimhaois,
 Agus béirid me Dia hAoine
 Mo chriatáir poll ag na tairgthean:

Béirid mo céann i mbárrí rpíce
 'S fuil mo chroíde i láir na rpáirte,
 'S an t-rialtas níme dul tipe mo chroíde
 Le rpídealaic an lá rín.

Three months from that self-same morning,
The blessed child was born,
Three kings did journey to worship
That babe from the land of the morn.

Three months from that very evening,
He was born there in a manger,
With asses, and kine and bullocks,
In the strange, cold place of a stranger.

To her child said the Virgin softly,
Softly she spake and wisely,
"Dear Son of the King of Heaven,
Say what may in life betide Thee."

[THE BABE.]

"I shall be upon Thursday, Mother,
Betrayed and sold to the foeman,
And pierced like a sieve on Friday,
With nails by the Jew and Roman.

On the streets shall my heart's blood flow,
And my head on a spike be planted,
And a spear through my side shall go,
Till death at the last be granted.

Then thunders shall roar with lightnings,
And a storm over earth come sweeping,
The lights shall be quenched in the heavens
And the sun and the moon be weeping.
While angels shall stand around me,
With music and joy and gladness,
As I open the road to Heaven,
That was lost by the first man's madness."

* * * * *

Christ built that road into heaven,
In spite of the Death and Devil,
Let us when we leave the world
Be ready by it to travel.

NAOIMH PEADAR:

Chualairi Úmhóinriar O Conchubair, i m'bh'ád-Luain, an rgeul ro é fean-mhaoi daír b' ainnm dhírigte ní Chathairraig ó Bhaile-Úa-Úbair i gContae Shligigh, agus fuaile mhe uairéan é.

Ann ranam a phair Naoimh Peadar agus ár Slánuigteoirí ag riubal na tíre, i gcomhdáil iongantair do chairbeán a Mháigírtír ó, agus dá mbuadh Óuirne eile do b' ann, d'feiceadh leat an oíriú, i gceannas d'óig go mbeidéad a Óircear ar a Mháigírtír níos láidre 'ná b' Óircear Pheadar.

Aon lá amháin do bhoíodar ag teastéar go baile-mór agus do b' feair-céibí leat ár meirge 'ná fuide ar taoibh an b'óidair agus é ag iarráidh déiríre. Thus ár Slánuigteoirí píora ainsíodh ó, ár ngeabáil tairisí. Óiriongantair ár Pheadar faoi rím, b'ír Óubhairt ré leir fénim "Ig comhdáil Óuirne docht do b' i n-earfhuinidh tóir, d'eoitig mo mhaigírtír, acht aonair tuisc ré déiríre do'n feair-céibí gaothaithe ari meirge. Acht b' ériúil," ár ré leir fénim, "b' ériúil go bfuil d'áil aige ran scéol."

Do b' fíor ag ár Slánuigteoirí creibh do b' i n-inntinn Pheadar, acht níos lábhair fé focal d'á taoibh:

Aon lá ár n-a mairas do bhoíodar ag riúbal ariú, agus do capaí bhrácaír docht oírra, agus é crom leir an doir, agus beag-nas nochtá. D'íarrí ré déiríre ár ár Slánuigteoirí, acht ní tuisc Seircean aon áit ariú, agus níos fheagairt sé a imprise.

"Sín níod eile ná go bfuil ceart," ár ra Naoimh Peadar ann a inntinn fénim; b' eagla ariú lábhairt leir an Mháigírtír d'á taoibh, acht b' ré ag cailleamhaint a thóircear gáe uile lá.

An tráthnóna ceudana bhoíodar ag teastéar go baile eile nuair capaí feair dall oírra, agus é ag iarráidh déiríre. Chuirí ár Slánuigteoirí caint ariú agus Óubhairt "craeo tá uait?"

"Luac lóirtín oírde, luac riuit le n'íte, agus an oíreád agus b' éirdear ag teastéar uaim amáras; má tig leat-ra a tábhairt d'am, geobáidh tu cíntiúsgaisth mór, agus cíntiúsgaisth ná go bfuil le fágair ari an tráosgal bhrónas ro."

"Ig maist i do éaint," ár ran Tísearpha, "acht níl tu acht ag iarráidh mo meallád, níl earfhuinidh luait-lóirtín ná riuit le n'íte oírt, tá b'ri agus ainsíodh ann do phóca, agus buadh édiri Óuirne do b'uítheadair do tábhairt do Dhuia faoi do thiol go lá do b'ait agad."

Ní phair fíor ag an Dall gur b' é ár Slánuigteoirí do b' ag caint leir, agus Óubhairt ré leir: "Ní feanmór acht déiríre acht mé iarráidh, i gceannas m'ebairdead fíor agad go phair b'ri ná

SAINT PETER.

A Folk Story.

An old woman named Biddy Casey, from near Riverstown, in the Co. Sligo, told this story to O'Conor in Athlone, from whom I got it.—
DOUGLAS HYDE [in *Religious Songs of Connacht*.]

At the time that Saint Peter and our Saviour were walking the country, many was the marvel that his Master showed him, and if it had been another person who was in it, and who had seen half as much, no doubt his confidence in his Master would have been stronger than that of Peter.

One day they were entering a town, and there was a musician sitting half drunk on the side of the road and he asking for alms. Our Saviour gave him a piece of money, going by of him. There came wonder on Peter at that, for he said to himself, "Many's the poor man in great want that my Master refused, but now He has given alms to this drunken musician; but perhaps," says he to himself, "perhaps He likes music."

Our Saviour knew what was in Peter's mind, but He did not speak a word about it.

On the next day they were journeying again and a poor friar (*sic*) met them, and he bowed down with age and almost naked. He asked our Saviour for alms, but He took no notice of him, and did not answer his request.

"There's another thing that's not right," said Peter in his own mind. He was afraid to speak to his Master about it, but he was losing his confidence in Him every day.

The same evening they were approaching another village when a blind man met them and he asking alms. Our Saviour talked with him and said, "What do you want?" "The price of a night's lodging, the price of something to eat, and as much as I shall want to-morrow; if you can give it to me you shall get great recompense, and recompense that is not to be found in this sorrowful world."

"Good is your talk," said the Lord, "but you are only seeking to deceive me? you are in no want of the price of a lodging or of anything to eat; you have gold and silver in your pocket; and you ought to give thanks to God for your having enough (to do you) till (next) day."

The blind man did not know that it was our Saviour who was talking to him, and he said to him, "It is not sermons,

airgíod agam go mbainfead óiom é, 'tusa' leat* aonair, ní teartuiseann do chaint uaim."

"Go deimhnír iŋ v-i-céillirde an feair tu," ari gan Tísearuna, "ní b'eoír ór ná airgíod agad i bfaid," agur leir rín o'fáid ré an dall.

Bhí Peadaid ag éirteacht leir an gcoimhrialáth, agur bí d'úil aige a innreacht do'n dall gur mhuil é ár Slánuigteoiri do bí ag caint leir, acht ní b'fhuairt ré aon fáill. Acht do bí feair eile ag éirteacht nuairi b'fhuairt ár Slánuigteoiri go raibh ór agur airgíod ag an dall. Buidh guthiogairdibh millteac do bí ann, acht do bí fios aige nár innír ár Slánuigteoiri aon b'fheusg ariamh. Chomh luath agur bí Seirfean agur Naomh Peadaid imteigte, tainig an guthiogairdibh óimh an dall agur b'fhuairt leir, "Tábhairt òam do éinid óir agur airgíod, no cuijfead g'fian tré do choinche."

"Ní'l ór ná airgíod agam" ari gan dall, "ná mbeirdeadh, ní b'eoíonn ag iarrfáidh déiríce."

Acht leir rín do fhuair an guthiogairdibh gheim aip, do éinig faoi é, agur do bain té an meád do bí aige. Do gáirí agur do guthiogaird an dall comh h-árho agur o'fheadh ré, agur évalaird ár Slánuigteoiri agur Peadaid é.

"Tá eugcórír o'á deunamh ari an dall," ari gan Peadaid.

"Fáid go fealctaí, agur imteobaird ré an chaoi cheanana, gan caint ari lá an bheirteamhnaír," ari ár Slánuigteoiri.

"Tuisim tu, ní'l aon juid i bpolas uait a Mháisírtír," ari gan Peadaid.

An lá 'na ndiaidh rín do b'fhealadair ag riúbal coir fáraig, agur tainig leómnáin ciosraí a mhaí. "Aonair a phheadair," ari ár Slánuigteoiri, "ír minic a'fhuairt tu go gcaillfead do beata ari mo fón, aonair teiríg agur tábhairt tu féin do'n leómnáin agur imteobaird mire raoir."

Do rímuáin Peadaid aige féin agur b'fhuairt, "b'fearr liom bár ari b'fearr eile o'fáidail 'na leigint do leómnáin m'ite; támáidh corp-luath agur tig linn jút uairí, agur m'a feicim é ag teasth fuaid linn fánfáid m' ari teirfead, agur tig leat-ra imteobairt raoir."

"B'fionn marí rín," ari ár Slánuigteoiri:

Do leis an leómnáin guthiogaird, agur ari go bhráid leir 'na ndiaidh, agur níor b'fada go raibh ré ag bheireadh oifha, agur i b'fogaird óibh.

"Pan riagh a phheadair," ari an Slánuigteoiri, acht leis Peadaid ari féin nád gcuailaird ré focal, agur o'ímeig ré a mhaí jomh a Mháisírtír. O'iomparais an Tísearuna ari a cír agur b'fhuairt ré leir an leómnáin, "Teiríg ari ari go dtí an fáraid," agur júnne g' é amlaird.

* "Tusa leat" = "imteig leat," "aonair leat," no juid de'n trópit rín. B'fearr gur "éinig leat" buidh cónair do bheit ann, 7 éinig an Deamhan!"

but alms, I am looking for. I am certain that if you did know that there was gold or silver about me, you would take it from me. Get off now; I don't want your talk.

"Indeed, you are a senseless man," said the Lord; "you will not have gold or silver long," and with that He left him.

Saint Peter was listening to the discourse, and he had a wish to tell the blind man that it was our Saviour who was talking to him, but he got no opportunity. But there was another man listening when our Saviour said that the blind man had gold and silver. It was a wicked robber who was in it; but he knew that our Saviour never told a lie. As soon as He and Saint Peter were gone, this robber came to the blind man, and said to him, "Give me your gold and silver, or I'll put a knife through your heart."

"I have no gold or silver," said the blind man; "if I had I wouldn't be looking for alms." But with that the robber caught hold of him, put him under him, and took from him all he had. The blind man shouted and screamed as loud as he was able, and our Saviour and Peter heard him.

"There's wrong being done to the blind man," said Peter.

"Get treacherously and it will go the same way," said our Saviour, "not to speak of the Day of Judgment."

"I understand you; there is nothing hid from you, Master," said Peter.

The day after that they were journeying by a desert, and a greedy lion came out. "Now, Peter," said our Saviour, "you often said that you would lose your life for Me; go now and give yourself to the lion, and I shall escape safe."

Peter thought to himself and said, "I would sooner meet any other death than let a lion eat me; we are swift-footed and we can run from him, and if I see him coming up with us I will remain behind, and you can escape safe."

"Let it be so," said our Saviour.

The lion gave a roar, and off and away with him after them, and it was not long till he was gaining on them, and close up to them.

"Remain behind, Peter," said our Saviour; but Peter let on that he never heard a word, and went running out before his Master. The Lord turned round and said to the lion, "Go back to the desert," and so he did.

Peter looked behind him, and when he saw the lion going back, he stood till our Saviour came up with him.

Ó'fheus Peardar taoibh-fíar d'é, agus nuaír conaítear ré an leóthán ag dul ariú do feirg ré go dtáinig éri Slánuigteoirí ríar leir. "A Peardar," ari Sé, "d'fág tu mé i mbaoish, agus —rúd buidh meadra 'ná rín, —d'innír tu bheusga."

"Rinne mé rín," ari Peardar, "mar b'fíor agam go bhfuil cùmhaet agad oír cionn gáe níod, ní h-é aithíon ari leóthán an fárais."

"Coirg do bheul, agus ná b'fíor ag innreacast bheusg, ní h-é ariúd fíor agad agus ná b'fíor agad oír cionn gáe níod, ní h-é aithíon ari leóthán an fárais."

"Níor gmuaintí mé ariamh go ndearainn tu aon níod nac h-é ariúd ceapt," ari-ja Peardar.

"Sín bheusg eile," ari éri Slánuigteoirí. "Nac cumhá leat an lá do chug mé déiirc do'n feair-céibil do b'fí leat ari meirge, b'fí iongantair oírt agus duibhaint tu leat férin gúr iomána duine docht do b'fí i n-earrbuiod móirí d'beitig mé, agus go dtug mé déiirc do feirg do b'fí ari meirge mar b'fí d'úil agam i gceoil. An lá 'na díais rín d'beitig mé an fean-úrátáir, agus duibhaint tu nac h-é ariúd an níod rín ceapt. An tráchtána ceudana i fír cumhá leat cneudo tábla i dtaoibh an daill. Mineáidíodh mé anois duit cad fáid minneas mar rín. Rinne an feair-céibil níor mó de mairt 'ná minne fíche úrátáir d'á fóirt ó rúgadh iad. Shábháil ré anam cailín ó phiantataibh ifrinn. Bhí earrbuiod boinn ariúd uíppí agus b'fí ag dul peascadh marbtae do cheanamh le na fágair, acht ériúimíodh an feair-céibil i, chug ré an bonn b'fí, ciúd go h-é ariúd earrbuiod díge ariú férin an t-am ceudana. Mairidí leir an mburátar, ní h-é ariúd aon earrbuiod ariú-fean, ciúd go bhuail ré aonuimh úrátáir buidh ball do'n diaibh é, agus rín é an fáid nac go dtug mé aon áiríodh ariú. Mairidí leir an daill, do b'fí a Dhuia ann a phóca, bír i fíor an fean-focal, "an ait a bhfuil do círte béríod do chroíde léi."

Seal gealpí 'na díais rín duibhaint Peardar, "A mhaigírtí, tá eolair agad ari na gmuaintibh i fír ariúdach i gceoíde an duine, agus ó'n níomhach ríodh amach géillim duit annaí gáe níod."

Timéidíoll feacáitíne 'na díais-rín do bhoíodar ag riubhal tré chnocháibh agus pléibhí, agus cailleadháir an bealaic. Le tuaitim na h-oiríde éainig teinnteach agus toirneach agus feairítear tréomh. Bhí an oiríde comh doiléa rín nári feudarán copán caorach d'feiceáil. Thuit Peardar anáisaití cairpaitse agus loit ré a cor comh dona rín nári feud ré coirceáim do riúbal.

Chonnmhíleann éri Slánuigteoirí roilur beag faoi bun cnuic, agus duibhaint Sé le Peardar, "fan mar tá tu agus nacáid mire ag tóirniseasct congnáim le d'iomáin."

"Peter," said He, "you left me in danger, and, what was worse than that, you told lies."

"I did that," said Peter, "because I knew that you have power over everything, not alone over the lion of the wilderness."

"Silence your mouth, and do not be telling lies; you did *not* know, and if you were to see Me in danger to-morrow you would forsake Me again. I know the thoughts of your heart."

"I never thought that you did anything that was not right," said Peter.

"That is another lie," said our Saviour; "do you not remember the day that I gave alms to the musician who was half drunk, there was wonder on you, and you said to yourself that many's the poor man in great want whom I refused, and that I gave alms to a drunken man because I liked music. The day after that I refused the old friar, and you said that that was not right; and the same evening you remember what happened about the blind man. I will explain to you now why I acted like that. That musician did more good than twenty friars of his sort since ever they were born. He saved a girl's soul from the pain of hell. She wanted a piece of money and was going to commit a deadly sin to get it, but the musician prevented her, and gave her the piece of money, though he himself was in want of a drink at the same time. As for the friar, he was not in want at all; although he had the name of friar, he was a limb of the devil, and that was why I paid him no heed. As for the blind man, his God was in his pocket, for the old word is true, "Where your store is, your heart will be with it."

A short time after that Peter said, "Master, you have a knowledge of the most lonesome thoughts in the heart of man, and from this moment out I submit to you in everything."

About a week after that they were traveling through hills and mountains, and they lost their way. With the fall of night there came lightning, thunder, and heavy rain. The night was so dark they could not see a sheep's path. Peter fell against a rock and hurt his foot so badly that he was not able to walk a step.

Our Saviour saw a little light under the foot of a hill, and He said to Peter, "Remain where you are, and I will go to seek help to carry you."

"There is no help to be found in this wild place," said Peter, "and don't leave me here in danger by myself."

"Be it so," said our Saviour, and with that He gave a whistle,

“Níl aon cónaí ann le páistí ann rán ait fiacháin ríod,” ari Peadarai, “agus ná leig ann ro mór i mbaoisgáil liom ríom”

“Bíodh mairiún,” ari ari Slánuigteoirí, agus leir rín do leig rí peadar, agus tainis ceathair feair, agus cia b'na cairptíne oifíla aict an feair do ríomh an dall real riomh rín. Oileáiní rí ari Slánuigteoirí agus Peadarai, agus duibhaint rí le n-a éindí feair Peadarai o'iomáin go círptamach go dtí an ait-cónaíneadh do b'na aca ameáras na gconoc. “Chuirí an bheirt ríod,” ari rí, “b'ri agus ari-síod ann mo bhealaic-rá real ghearrí ó fionn.”

O'iomáiní ríad Peadarai go dtí gaeampa faoi éalaí; b'í teine bhréaghs ann, agus círpeadarai an feair loitche 1 uigír b'í, agus tuis-ádhair doeoí d'ó. Thuit rí ann a cónlaíod agus do linne ari Slánuigteoirí loings na cionróige le n-a mheáin, or cionn na loiste, agus nuairi Óuirígs rí d'fheud rí riúbal éomh maic agus d'fheud rí riúbal. B'na iongantair airi, nuairi Óuirígs rí, agus d'friathairis rí círeoid do bain d'ó. O'inní ari Slánuigteoirí do gáé níod mair éapla.

“Shaoil mé,” ari ra Peadarai, “go raiéibh mór mairiú agus go raiéibh mór fuaireas ag doirí plaitír, aict níosí fheud mór doil airtseáil mairiú an doirí plaitír, agus ní raiéibh doirí plaitír le páistí.”

“Airiúnis do b'í agad” ari ari Slánuigteoirí, “aict i rí píor i; tá an plaitearaí d'fhuireann agus níl rí le bheirt fórgaileadh go bhréaghs mire bár ari rón peadarait an cíne daonna, do círfeair ari m'ádhair. Ní bár coitcíníontas aict bár náirfeáidh gheobhar mór, aict eiríreáidh mór ariú go sláinteáil agus fóirgeolaíodh mór an plaitear ari b'í d'fhuireann, agus b'riú tuigheas do bheirfeadair!”

“Óra, a Mháisírtír,” ari ra Peadarai, “ní féidir go bhrúigteadh bár náirfeáidh, náis leigfeadh Óamh-rá bár páistí ari do rón-rá, tá mór píor agus coitseannach.”

“Saoileann tú rín,” ari ari Slánuigteoirí.

Thainis an t-am a raiéibh ari Slánuigteoirí le bár páistí. An tráchtóna riomh rín b'í rí ríom agus an tá aibítear deus ag reipe, nuairi duibhaint rí, “tá feair agadibh ag doil mo bhrat.” B'na tríobháidh mór oifíla agus duibhaint gáé aon aca “an mire é?” Aict duibhaint Seiréan, “an té tú mar le n-a láimh ann rán mór liom, i'í é rín an feair bhráitfeáidh mór.”

Duibhaint Peadarai ann rín, “tá mbeirdeas an doirían ionmhlán i d'agaird,” ari reipean, “ní b'riú mire i d'agaird,” aict duibhaint ari Slánuigteoirí leir, “rul má gheobann an Coileáid aonach ceilíodh (reunfaráid) tu mór tui n-uaire.”

“Do gheobann bár rul má ceilíonn tú,” ari ra Peadarai, “go deimhní ní ceilífead tú.”

and there came four men; and who was captain of them but the person who robbed the blind man a while before that! He recognised our Saviour and Peter, and told his men to carry Peter carefully to the dwelling-place they had among the hills; "these two put gold and silver in my way a short time ago," said he.

They carried Peter into a chamber under the ground. There was a fine fire in it, and they put the wounded man near it, and gave him a drink. He fell asleep, and our Saviour made the sign of the cross with his finger above the wound, and when he awoke he was able to walk as well as ever. There was wonder on him when he awoke, and he asked "what happened to him." Our Saviour told him each thing, and how it occurred.

"I thought," said Peter, "that I was dead, and that I was up at the gate of heaven; but I could not get in, for the door was shut, and there was no doorkeeper to be found."

"It was a vision you had," said our Saviour, "but it is true. Heaven is shut, and is not to be opened until I die for the sin of the human race, who put anger on My Father. It is not a common, but a shameful, death I shall get; but I shall rise again gloriously, and open the heaven that was shut, and you shall be doorkeeper."

"Ora! Master," said Peter, "it cannot be that you would get a shameful death; would you not allow me to die for you; I am ready and willing."

"You think that," said our Saviour.

The time came when our Saviour was to get death. The evening before that He himself and His twelve disciples were at supper, when He said, "There is a man of you going to betray me." There was great trouble on them, and each of them said, "Am I he?" But He said, "He who dips with his hand in the dish with Me, he is the man who shall betray Me."

Peter then said, "If the whole world were against you, "I will not be against you." But our Saviour said to him, "Before the cock crows to-night you will reneague (deny) Me three times."

"I would die before I would reneague you," said Peter; "indeed I shall not reneague you."

When death-judgment was passed upon our Saviour, His enemies were beating Him and spitting on Him. Peter was

Nuair tuigeadh bheiteamhnaír báir aír aír Slánuigteoirí, bhí a chuid náimhíodh do d'á bhuailadh agur aír eataíodh rímisí aír. Bhí Peadar amháin ann fán gcuimhne, nuair táinig carlin-amhríre cuimhne agur duibhaint leir “Bí tufa le hÉirinn.” “Níl fios agam,” aír fán Peadar, “caidé tá tu fád.”

Nuair bhí ré aír aír dul amach an gheata, ann fín, duibhaint carlin éile, “fín feair do bhi le hÉirinn,” aír tuigfean a mionna náé raié eoblaí aír bít aíse aír. Ann fín duibhaint chuid te na Daoineis do bhi aír éirítear, “níl aír aír aír bít náé raié tu leir, aitnísíodh aír do saint é.” Thug ré na mionnairiú mór ann fín, náir leir é, agur aír ball do ghlaoth an coileacá, agur cuimhniú ré ann fín aír na fooclairiú duibhaint aír Slánuigteoirí, agur do fíl ré na deobra aitnísíodh, agur fuaír re maitéamhnaír ón té do ceil ré. Tá eocrasa plaitír aíse anoir, agur má fileann fínne na deobra aitnísíodh faoi n-áir loctairí mar do fíl reigean iad, geobhamaidh maitéamhnaír mar fuaír reigean é, agur cuimhniú ré ceu ní mille fáilte rómáin, nuair fáidí fínne go doisí plaitír.

outside in the court, when there came a servant-girl to him and said to him, " You were with Jesus." " I don't know," says Peter, " what you are saying."

Then when he was going out the gate another girl said, " There's the man who was with Jesus," but he took his oath that he had no knowledge at all of Him. Then some of the people who were listening said, " There is no doubt at all but you were with Him; we know it by your talk." He took the great oaths then that he was not with Him. And on the spot the cock crew, and then he remembered the words our Saviour said, and he wept the tears of repentance, and he found forgiveness from Him whom he denied. He has the keys of heaven now, and if we shed the tears of repentance for our faults, as he shed them, we shall find forgiveness as he found it, and he will welcome us with a hundred thousand welcomes when we go to the door of heaven.

MAR THÁINIS AN T-SAINTE ANN'S AN EASLAIS.*

Únī ari Slánuiscteoirí agus ñaoimh peadarí ag gráitreachas torthúna, agus do ceartaí fean-féarí oifigí: Únī an tuisne docht ríin go dona, ní raibh ari acht ceirteasá agus fean-cóta rithóicte, agus gan ríin na mbriodh faoi n-a cogaibh. Ó'liapri ré déiric ari ari an Tísearuna agus ñaoimh peadarí. Únī truaidh ag peadarí do an donán docht agus faoil ré go dtiúthraíodh an Tísearuna iuto éigint do: Acht níor cuipí an Tísearuna aon truim ann, acht d'imreis ré tairisí gan fheagairt éabairt do: Únī iongantair ari peadarí faoil ríin; bír faoil ré go dtiúthraíodh an Tísearuna do gád aitheir-eoir a raibh ocras ari, acht bí fáitcior ari aon níos do rá.

An lá ari na maraíc bí an Tísearuna agus peadarí ag gráitreachas ariú ari an mbótar ceuiona, agus cia d'fheicfeadh ríao ag teast 'na gcoinne ann ran gceapáit-dit ann a raibh an fean-féarí docht an lá roimhe ríin acht pobáilíodh agus clorídeamh nochtá aige ann a láimh: Tháinig ré cuca agus ó'liapri ré aithisíodh oifigí. Thus an Tísearuna an t-airgíodh do gan focal do rá, agus d'imreis an pobáilíodh. Únī iongantair tóbálta ari peadarí aon ríin, bír faoil ré go raibh an ionarciúth meiricis ag ari an Tísearuna aithisíodh do éabairt do gádúirí ari fáitcior: Nuair bí an Tísearuna agus peadarí imreisce tamall beag ari an mbótar níor fheúd peadarí gan ceirt do cuipí ari: "Nac mór an ríseul a Thísearuna" ari ré "nac dtusg tu daonamh do'n donán docht ó'liapri déiric oifig aithe, acht go dtusg tu aithisíodh do'n bithéamhnaí gádúirí do tháinig cuigad le clorídeamh ann a láimh: nac raibh rínn-ne 'n ari mbriairt agus ní raibh ann acht feair aitháin; tá clorídeamh agam-ra" déir ré, "agus b' feairí an feair mire 'ná eircean!" "A peadarí" ari ran Tísearuna "ní feiceann turfa acht an taoibh amuig, acht ériúim-

*Buaigh mé an ríseul ro, o feairí-oibhre do bí ag Redington De Roirte, Ófhuim an t-reagair, acht cuailg go minic é. Ní h-iad ro na ceapáit-focail ann a bhrúaithearfé.

HOW COVETOUSNESS CAME INTO THE CHURCH.

This is a story I have often heard. The above version I got from a man near Monivea, in Galway, though I do not give his exact words. I heard one nearly identical, only told in English, in the Co. Tipperary. The story reminded me so strongly of those strange semi-comic mediæval moralities, common at an early date to most European languages—such pieces as Goethe has imitated in his story of “St. Peter and the Horse-shoe”—that I could not resist the temptation to turn it into rhyme, though it is not rhymed in the original. More than one celebrated piece of both English and French literature founded upon the same *motif* as this story will occur to the student.—DOUGLAS HYDE. [Religious Songs of Connacht.]

As once our Saviour and St. Peter
Were walking over the hills together,
In a lonesome place that was by the sea,
Beside the border of Galilee,
Just as the sun to set began
Whom should they meet but a poor old man!
His coat was ragged, his hat was torn,
He seemed most wretched and forlorn,
Fenury stared in his haggard eye,
And he asked an alms as they passed him by.

Peter had only a copper or two,
So he looked to see what the Lord would do.
The man was trembling—it seemed to him—
With hunger and cold in every limb.
But, nevertheless, our Lord looked grave,
He turned away and He nothing gave.
And Peter was vexed awhile at that
And wondered what our Lord was at,
Because he had thought Him much too good
To ever refuse a man for food.
But though he wondered he nothing said,
Nor asked the cause, for he was afraid.

It happened that the following day
They both returned that very way,
And whom should they meet where the man had been,
But a highway robber, gaunt and lean!
And in his belt a naked sword—
For an alms he, too, besought the Lord.
“He’s an ass,” thought Peter, “to meet us thus;
He won’t get anything from us.”
But Peter was seized with such surprise,
He scarcely could believe his eyes
When he saw the Master, without a word,
Give to the man who had the sword.

After the man was gone again
His wonder Peter could not restrain,
But turning to our Saviour, said:
“Master, the man who asked for bread,

re an taois-ártis: ní féiceann túra acht eorpa na nuaire feicim-re an chiorde. Acht b'éir fíor agad go fóil" ari Sé "craictear fáid do minne mé rin."

Thuit ré amach aon lá amháin 'na díalais rin go nuaire airt a Tísearpana agur pheadar amhága ari na rleibhí. Bhí teinnteach agur toirnead agur fearrfíodh mór ann, agur b'í riad báitóte, agur an bódar caille aca. Cia t'feicfeadh riad cua ainn rin acht an riobáilisde ceuona a thug an Tísearpana aifisiad uisces aon lá rin, nuaire tâinig ré cua b'í tghualais aige d'fhoil, agur riug ré leir iad go dti uais go b'í aige faoi b'ain cairpriúise, amearg na rleibhíteadh, agur b'ain ré an t-eordaí fliúis díobh agur cairp éindairg tigimte oírra, agur tuis neart le n'íte agur le n'óil d'fhoil agur leabhairid le luirde aip, agur gád uile fóilt t'feadh ré d'fheanamh d'fhoil do minne ré é. An lá ari na mórach nuaire b'í an rtoimh tairt, tuis ré amach iad agur níor fág ré iad gúir cairp ré ari an mbódar cearc iad, agur tuis ión d'fhoil le h-ágair ari airtí. "Mo cionriar!" ari pheadar leir féin ann rin, "b'í an cearc ag Tísearpana, i� mait an feair an gádairidh; i� iomána feair cónair," ari pheiran, "nád nuaireann ari oíreadh rin dair-ra!"

Ní riad riad a bhrad imteigte ari an mbódar ainn rin go bhruidir riad feair mairb agur é rinté ari énáim a thiomá ari lári an bódair, agur t'áitnig pheadar é gúir ab é an gean-feair ceuona do díultasg an Tísearpana an deipic d'fhoil. "B'olc do minneamair" ari pheadar leir féin, "aifisiad do díultasgad do'n duine bocht rin, agur feic é mairb aonair le tonair agur aonró." "A pheadarair" ari rian Tísearpana "téar tall cairp an bheair rin agur feic cíeadtach aige ann a phoca." Cuaidh pheadar anonn cairp agur tóiraisg ré ag láimhuisgad a gean-cóta agur cíeadt do fuaire ré ainn acht a ión aifisiad gcaill, agur timcheoil cípla fíordh bonn díri. "A Tísearpana," ari rian pheadar, "bhí an cearc agad-ra, agur cia b'í riud d'fheanfar tu no d'fearfar tu ari, ní raibh ari me i d'ágair." "D'fheanfaridh rin a pheadarair," ari rian Tísearpana. "Slac an t-aifisiad rin aonair agur cairt airtseach é ann rian bpoill

The poor old man of yesterday,
Why did you turn from him away?
But to this robber, this shameless thief,
Give, when he asked you for relief.
I thought it most strange for *you* to do;
We needn't have feared him, we were **two**.
I have a sword here, as you see,
And could have used it as well as he;
And I am taller by a span,
For he was only a little man."

"Peter," said our Lord, "you see
Things but as they seem to be.
Look within and see behind,
Know the heart and read the mind,
'Tis not long before you know
Why it was I acted so."

After this it chanced one day
Our Lord and Peter went astray,
Wandering on a mountain wide,
Nothing but waste on every side.
Worn with hunger, faint with thirst,
Peter followed, the Lord went first.
Then began a heavy rain,
Lightning gleamed and flashed again,
Another deluge poured from heaven,
The slanting hail swept tempest-driven.
Then, when fainting, frozen, spent,
A man came towards them through the bent,
And Peter trembled with cold and fright,
When he knew again the robber wight.
But the robber brought them to his cave,
And what he had he freely gave.
He gave them wine, he gave them bread,
He strewed them rushes for a bed,
He lent them both a clean attire
And dried their clothes before the fire,
And when they rose the following day
He gave them victuals for the way,
And never left them till he showed
The road he thought the straightest road.

"The Master was right," thought Peter then,
"The robber is better than better men,
There's many an honest man," thought he,
"Who never did as much for me."

They had not left the robber's ground
Above an hour, when lo, they found
A man upon the mountain track
Lying dead upon his back.
And Peter soon, with much surprise,
The beggarman did recognize.

móna tall, ní bionn ann rán aifisiúin go minic aét mallaéct mórí Chluainníg Peadarí an t-aifisiúin le céile, agus é cuaidh ré go dtí an poll-móna leir; aét nuair bí ré buil d'á chaitreamh arteas, "ocón," ari ré leir féin, "nád aíróthúil an tuisceáil an t-aifisiúin bheag is do do éirí amháin, agus ír minic bionn oírlar agus é tarit agus fuáct ari an Máisírtír, bír ní éigean ré aon aitheann óis féin, aét congbócaidh mire curio de 'n aifisiúin is do ari rón ailearaí féin, a san fíor óis, agus b'fearann sé e." Leir rín do éait ré an t-aifisiúin geal uile, arteas ann rán bpoll, i mhocht go gcuimheas an Tísearúna an toirian, agus go raonfead ré go raiibh ré uile caitte arteas. Nuair táinig ré ari aifíann rín d'fíarannas an Tísearúna, sé "A phreasair," ari ré, "ari éait tu an t-aifisiúin rín uile arteas." "Chaitear" ari Peadarí, "aét amáin piora bír no óis, do congbair me le biaidh agus deoibh do ceannasach duit-ré."

"O ! a phreasair," ari rán Tísearúna, "craeoí fáid nád nuaear- naidh tu maraibh duibh ait mire leat. Feair rannntas é tu, agus b'fear an traint rín oírt go bpláit."

Sin é an fáid faoi a bhfuil an Eagsaír rannntas é foin:

"Ochone!" thought Peter, "we had no right
To refuse him alms the other night.
He's dead from the cold and want of food,
And we're partly guilty of his blood."

"Peter," said our Lord, "go now
Feel his pockets and let us know
What he has within his coat."

Then Peter turned them inside out,
And found within the lining plenty
Of silver coins, and gold ones twenty.

"My Lord," said Peter, "now I know
Why it was you acted so.

Whatever you say or do with men,
I never will think you wrong again."

"Peter," said our Saviour, "take
And throw those coins in yonder lake,
That none may fish them up again,
For money is often the curse of men."

Peter gathered the coins together,
And crossed to the lake through bog and heather.

But he thought in his mind: "It's a real sin
To be flinging this lovely money in.
We're often hungry, we're often cold,
And money is money—I'll keep the gold
To spend on the Master; He needs the pelf,
For He's very neglectful of Himself."

Then down with a splash does Peter throw
The *silver* coins to the lake below,
And hopes our Lord from the splash would think
He had thrown the whole from off the brink.

And then before our Lord he stood
And looked as innocent as he could.

Our Lord said: "Peter, regard your soul;
Are you sure you have thrown in the whole?"

"Yes, all," said Peter, "is gone below,
But a few gold pieces I wouldn't throw,
Since I thought we might find them very good
For bed, or for drink, or a bite of food.

Because our own are nearly out,
And they are inconvenient to do without,
But, if you wish it, of course I'll go
And fling the rest of the lot below."

"Ah, Peter, Peter," said our Lord,

"You should have obeyed me at my word,
For a greedy man you are, I see,
And a greedy man you will ever be;
A covetous man you are of gain,

And a covetous man you will remain."

And that's the reason, as I've been told,
The clergy are since so fond of gold.

FIOSAIR NA CROISE NAOMHTA.

O náimh mo chleioriú, náimh mo tír,
náimh mo cloinne 'r mo céile,
A Tísearuna deun mo comhairce
Le fiosair na Croíre naomhata:

Le bár na Croíre ceannais tu
Slioc'h [mí-] fórtánaí Éba,
Ó foin anuas i'r beannaisce
An comháta ro Árho-naomhata.

Do phleirg an caprais, do bhuiib an ghráin;
Do chrois an domhan go h-éacstaí,
Nuair d'árhoisgeadh rúar an Slánuigtheoir
Ari Órluim na Croíre naomhata.

Fáraoir! Tá bithin rín, an té
Náid mbeidh a chroisde o'á pheabhadh,
A'ír neoirí aitílise ag rileadh uair,
Or comháir na Croíre naomhata!

Ir gceapri é néim an bhuine lá's
Síor le fán an t-faoisail-re,
Ni éamhann (?) an Spiorad maluingsc
Luéit fiosair na Croíre naomhata

Séannrioscáil gád aon faoi gheim an báir
Ó éacstaí rúar, ag eiseadh,
—Ir docht bheir lá an anara
Gan rísdé na Croíre naomhata:

THE SIGN OF THE CROSS FOR EVER.

[I came across this religious poem in Irish among the MSS. of William Smith O'Brien, the Irish Leader, at Cahermoyle. It was attributed to a Father O'Meehan.—DOUGLAS HYDE, in "Religious Songs of Connacht."]

From the foes of my land, from the foes of my faith,
 From the foes who would us dissever,
 O Lord, preserve me in life, in death,
 With the Sign of the Cross for ever.

By death on the Cross was the race restored,
 For vain was our endeavor;
 Henceforward blessed, O blessed Lord,
 Be the Sign of the Cross for ever.

Rent were the rocks, the sun did fade
 The darkening world did quiver,
 When on the tree our Saviour made
 The Sign of the Cross for ever.

Therefore I mourn for him whose heart
 Shall neither shrink nor shiver,
 Whose tears of sorrow refuse to start
 At the Sign of the Cross for ever.

Swiftly we pass to the unknown land,
 Down like an ebbing river,
 But the devils themselves cannot withstand
 The Sign of the Cross for ever.

When the hour shall come that shall make us dust,
 When the soul and the body sever,
 Fearful the fear if we may not trust
 In the Sign of the Cross for ever.

bea a utri mbo.
nn

So pérò, bean na utri mbo!
Ár do bóláct na bí teann:
Do connaítear meiri san go,
Bean if ba thá mò a beann.

Ní marpeann raióinnear do gnáit,
Do neac ná tadhair táir go mór;
Cúgat an t-éag ar gac taoibh;
So pérò, a bean na utri mbo

Sliocáit Eogain Móir 'ra mánain;
A n-imteáct doighní clú bóláib,
A reolta gur leigearadair riór;
So pérò, a bean na utri mbo!

Clann gairge Tígearna an Chláir,
A n-imteáct-ran, ba lá leoin,
San rúil ne n-a uteact go bráid
So pérò, a bean na utri mbo!

Dómhnall o Óán baoi na long,
Na Súilleabáin ná'í tim gáib;
Réac gur tuit 'ran Spáinn ne clárdeadh:
So pérò, a bean na utri mbo!

Na Ruairíe if Mag Uí Óig, do bhi
Lá i n-Éirinn 'na lán beoil;
Réac fén gur imteig an tóir:—
So pérò, a bean na utri mbo!

Síol gCearbhaill do bí teann;
Le mbeirtear gac gheall i ngileas;
Ní marpeann aon taoibh, mo thír!
So pérò, a bean na utri mbo!

O aon bhoi amáin do bheir
Ár mhádoi eile, if i a thá,
Do ginnítear go iomorfach a pérò:
So pérò, a bean na utri mbo!

An Ceangal:

Biodh ari m'fáilteoir, a aithnír if uairíneadh gnáitir;
Do bior san deasmháid reamhais buan 'ra truáit:
Táid an fácmur do glacáir neid' buailb ari utáir;
Óa bhragáinn-re reabha a ceatair do buailpinn tá.

THE WOMAN OF THREE COWS.

(FROM THE IRISH, BY JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.)

O Woman of Three Cows, *agra!* don't let your tongue thus rattle!
 Oh, don't be saucy, don't be stiff, because you may have cattle.
 I have seen—and, here's my hand to you, I only say what's true—
 A many a one with twice your stock not half so proud as you.

Good luck to you, don't scorn the poor, and don't be their despiser;
 For worldly wealth soon melts away, and cheats the very miser;
 And death soon strips the proudest wreath from haughty human brows—
 Then don't be stiff, and don't be proud, good Woman of Three Cows.

See where Momonia's heroes lie, proud Owen Mór's descendants.
 'Tis they that won the glorious name, and had the grand attendants;
 If they were forced to bow to Fate, as every mortal bows,
 Can you be proud, can you be stiff, my Woman of Three Cows?

The brave sons of the Lord of Clare, they left the land to mourning;
Mavrone! for they were banished, with no hope of their returning.
 Who knows in what abodes of want those youths were driven to house?
 Yet you can give yourself these airs, O Woman of Three Cows.

Oh, think of Donnel of the Ships, the Chief whom nothing daunted,
 See how he fell in distant Spain unchronicled, uncharted;
 He sleeps, the great O'Sullivan, where thunder cannot rouse—
 Then ask yourself, should you be proud, good Woman of Three Cows?

O'Ruark, Maguire, those souls of fire, whose names are shrined in story:
 Think how their high achievements once made Erin's greatest glory.
 Yet now their bones lie mouldering under weeds and cypress boughs—
 And so, for all your pride, will yours, O Woman of Three Cows.

Th' O'Carrolls, also, famed when fame was only for the boldest,
 Rest in forgotten sepulchres with Erin's best and oldest;
 Yet who so great as they of yore in battle or carouse?
 Just think of that, and hide your head, good Woman of Three Cows.

Your neighbour's poor; and you, it seems, are big with vain ideas,
 Because, *inagh!* you've got three cows—one more, I see, than she has;
 That tongue of yours wags more at times than charity allows;
 But if you're strong, be merciful—great Woman of Three Cows.

AVRAN.

Now, there you go; you still, of course, keep up your scornful bearing,
 And I'm too poor to hinder you; but, by the cloak I'm wearing,
 If I had but four cows myself, even though you were my spouse,
 I'd thwack you well, to cure your pride, my Woman of Three Cows.

First published by O'Curry in the "Irish Penny Journal" (Gunn & Cameron's), No. 9, 29th August, 1840, with an introductory note, and Mangan's famous metrical version (pp. 68, 69).

AN RANN GAEDEALAC.

Ag ro rann leat-phágánta eile do chualaf ó thuine o Connac
Dúin-n-a-ngall; buað mi-führíneas ríráid na h-Eireann, marí iñ
cortáinil, nuairí riinneadó é—

Nári marbháidh mire thuine ari bít
A'f nári marbháidh aon thuine mé,
Acht má ta aon thuine ari ti mo marbháidh
Go mbuað mire marbháidh é!

Ag ro rann eile ari an gcleáirí, do b'í aca i gCúighe Mumhan, agur
do b'íri O Dálaig Dúinn—

Seacáin feadómanar cille,
Le buiríon na cléiríe ná deun coingistó,
No iñ baoisgal do u'cúid uile
imteáct marí thuileabhar ari bárr tuile!

Ag ro rann ari an meirge, do chualairi m' éarlaid Tomáir
Báileláig. Iñ beagndá i n "Deibidé é"—

Ní meirge iñ mire liom,
Acht leirg a feicfint oíom,
San tig na meirge iñ mire an gheann,
Acht ní gnádáid meirge san mi-gheann.

Ag ro rann do chualaf ó'n bheanri ceunna, ari m'ndaoi b'oirib; atá
ré aca i gCúighe Mumhan marí an gceunna—

Þadóth teine fadai loch
No caiteamh cloch le cuan,
Cómairle do chabairt do m'ndaoi b'oirib
Iñ buille u'orú* ari iarrann fuaí.

Ag ro rann mi-lágsaí eile ari na mnáib, do chualaf i gConnac-
taib—

Tír ní iñ doilis a mnáid
Béan, muc, agur m'úile!

* Aliter, "doilin," marí, chualaf é ó feam eile.

IRISH RANNS.

[From "Songs of Connacht," by DOUGLAS HYDE.]

Here is a half-Pagan rann which I heard from a man in Donegal. The state of Ireland seems to have been unsettled at the time it was made—

I hope and pray that none may kill me,
Nor I kill any, with woundings grim,
But if ever any should think to kill me
I pray thee, God, let me kill him.*

Here is another rann about the clerics which O'Daly gives us—

Avoid all stewardship of church or Kill,
It is ill to be much in the clerics' way,
Lest you live to see that which with pains you save,
Like foam on the wave float far away.†

Here is a rann on drunkenness which I got from my friend Thomas Barclay. It is almost in *Deibhidh* metre—

I mind not being drunk, but then
Much mind to be seen drunken.
Drink only perfects all our play,
Yet breeds it discord alway.‡

Here is another rann on the fierce or wayward woman, which I heard from the same; it is also current in Munster—

Like a fire kindled beneath a lake,
Like a stone to break an advancing sea,
Like a blow that is struck upon iron cold,
To the wayward woman thy counsels be.§

Here is another discourteous rann on women that I heard in Connacht—

If you hope to teach, you must be a fool,
A woman, a porker, or a mule.||

* Literally: That I may kill no man at all, and that no man may kill me! But if there is anyone bent on killing me, that it may be I who shall kill him!

† Literally: Avoid the stewardship of a Kill (or church). With the band of the clerics do not make agreement, or there is a danger of all your portion departing like leaves on the top of the tide.

‡ Literally: It is not intoxication I think the worse of, but [am] loath it to be seen on me. Without the drink of intoxication fun is the worse, but intoxication is not usual without dis-fun [i.e., something the opposite of fun].

§ Literally: The kindling of a fire beneath a lake or the throwing of stones against the harbor, to give advice to a wayward (or fierce) woman, it is a blow of a fist upon cold iron.

|| Literally: Three things difficult to teach [are] a woman, a pig, and a mule!

Ag ro fann ari an bhealbh doibh, do chualar i gcomhdaé
Róimheanain—

Cóimhle do thabhairt do dhine doibh
Ni bhfuil ann aict níodh gan cíill,
So gclaoiútheas é 'na loct
'S go nícteas é 'na dím-leas fein.

Ag go cóimhle do chas rásairt i gcomhdaé Muisg Eo do caillín
do bhi ro gáill-úeirgach gleartha, do chualaró mé ó'n bhealb
ceuona—

A caillín deas ná meas gurí mór i do chiall,
'S go bhfuil "nótion" agad nári cleacht do phór ariamh,
Bólaict-bhealct do b'aité leos ari ghláib,
'S ní cóna bheas ari phleas (?) do tóna fíar.

Ag ro focal bhríosmáil ari gcomhdaé Muisg Eo—

"Saoilim," "ír doisg uiom," a'f "uair uiom fein,"
E'n tuisi fiabhsuise atá ag an mbriéis.

Aghair duibhairt beag ó'n gcomhdaé ceuona go cinninn chiallmaí le
dhine a phair an caimh agair tosa an bhealbha aige, aict do minne
Dhroic-úirgebeata—

Ni bhealbha gnuidh bhráic
Aict a ruataó go mairt!

Ag ro fann mairt ari an t-rior-ériordh rín atá ari bun roir an
toil agair an tuigint, airi ari labhair an Rómánaach, nuair duibhairt
ré, video meliora probó-que—deteriora sequor—

Nac doct an toisg a'f an cois ann a bhfuilim i bpéin!
Mo tuigint óm' toil, a'f mo toil ag dhuiridim óm' cíill,
Ni tuigteas róm' toil gac loct róm' tuigint i'p leip,
No má tuigteas, ni toil leí, aict toil a tuigriona fein.

* Literally: To give advice to a wayward [or fierce] man, there is nothing in it but an act devoid of sense, until he be overthrown in his fault, and until he is washed [i.e., laid out dead] in his own misfortune.

+ Literally. My pretty girl, do not think that great is your sense, and sure you have a notion that your people [literally, "seed"] never practised, milk-kine on a mountain they liked better, and not a speckled goat behind.

Here is a rann on the fierce or wayward man, which I heard in the County Roscommon—

To a wayward man thine advice to bring
 Is a foolish thing, and a loss of time,
 His fault must find him, he must be crost,
 Till death be the cost of his frantic crime.*

Here is an advice which a priest in the County Mayo gave to a girl who was too foreign-mannered and dressy; I heard it from the same—

My girl, I *fear* your sense is not *great* at all,
 Your fathers, my *dear*, would *rate* such sense as *small*,
 They loved good *cheer* and not *state*, and a well-filled stall,
 Not garments *queer* to *inflate* like the purse-proud Gall.†

Here is a forcible saying from the County Mayo—

“No doubt sure,” “Myself believes,” “Thinks I,”
 Three witnesses these of the common lie!‡

A man from the same county said pithily to someone who had fine talk and choice English, but who made bad whiskey—

It's to mix-without-fault,
 And not English, makes malt!§

Here is a good rann on that constant combat which is ever on foot between the will and the reason, of which the Latin spoke when he said, “I see the better things and approve of them, but I follow the worse”—

How sad is my case, I am surely in *plight* most ill,
 My will with my reason, my reason *fights* with my will,
 My reason sees faults that my will remains *blind* to still,
 Or should my will see them, my reason *strikes* to my will.||

† *Literally*: “I think,” “I’m near-sure,” and “it seems to me,” those are three witnesses that the lie has.

‡ *Literally*: It is not English makes malt, but to mix it well.

|| *Literally*: Is it not poor, the way and the condition in which I am in pain, my understanding [moving away] from my will, and my will moving away from my understanding. Each fault which is plain to my understanding is not understood by my will, or if it is understood she wills it not, but [wills] the will of her own understanding.

Ag ro fann eile; i'f rean-focal coitcinn "ni cuigeann an ratac an reangs"—

Níor aithis an ratac ráim an t-oileac fiamh,
S ni támis fiamh trághað gan lán-muirí obann 'na diais;
Ní bionn páirt ag mnáib le giosairí liat,
S ni éug an bár gráir do duine ari bit ariamh.

Ag ro fann eile ari céill agur ari mi-céill—

Ciall agur mi-ciall
Diaf nac ngabann le céite!
I'f uibis le feair gan céill
Gur 'bé féin úsدار na céille!

Ag ro fann eile ari an duine a bfuil a airge agur a innéinn ari fán uairó—

Ciann toraird an t-iúbar,
Ní bionn éoróe gan báirí glar,
Ionann a'f gan a bheit 'ran mbaile
Neas ann a'f a airge ari!

Tá moilín fann ann, ag innírint deiridh neiteadh an traoisair. Círeidim go bfuil an éiríodh i'f mó aca coitcinn do'n oileán ari phao. Ní tiúbhrao aonair act ceann aca marí fompla, do péir marí atá fé i gcomháde Mhuigheach—

Deiridh loinge, bádadh,
Deiridh áite, lorgað,
Deiridh cuimh, cárneadh,
Deiridh ríláinte, orna:

Atá marí an gceannána a lán do fannntaib ag torugad leir an bfacal "Maris" ag deunamh truaighe faoi neitib eugrambla: Ag

* Literally: The mild satisfied one never felt [for] the hungry one, and there never came an ebb without a full tide close behind it. No woman has any part with a gray-haired dotard (?), and death has never given respite to anyone.

† Literally: Sense and un-sense, two who do not go together. The man without sense is certain that he himself is the author of sense.

Here is another rann: "The satiated does not understand the lean" is a common proverb—

The satisfied man for the hungry one never feels,
There never comes ebb without full tide close at its heels,
To the gray-haired dotard no woman her heart reveals,
From death when he comes no praying a respite steals.*

Here is another rann on sense and folly—

Though the senseless and sensible
Never foregather,
Yet the senseless one thinks
He is Sense's own father.†

Here is another rann on the man whose attention and mind are astray—

A constant tree is the yew to me,
It is green to see, and grows never gray,
'T were as good for a man through the world to roam
As to live at home with his mind away.‡

There exist many ranns telling the end of the things of the world. I believe the most of these are common to the entire island. I shall only give one of them here as a specimen, in the form it has in the County Mayo—

The end of a ship is drowning,
The end of a kiln is burning,
The end of a feast is frowning,
The end of man's health—is mourning.§

There are also a great number of ranns beginning with the word "alas," or "woe," lamenting over various things. Here

* A tree of fruit is the yewtree, it is never without a green top. It is the same thing for a man not to be at home as for him to be there with his attention away. [The idea seems to be that wherever a man is planted, he should remain there with his mind fresh and green like the yew and not grow withered by wishing to be where he cannot be.]

† Literally: The end of a ship—drowning; the end of a kiln—burning; the end of a feast—reviling; the end of health—a sigh.

ro cùpla rompla thíobh ro, ar an gcondáe Roifcomáin, mar ro éuálaír iad—

Ir mairis do ghnioth bhrannna gan riol,
Ir mairis thíor i dtír gan beit tneun, (a)
Ir mairis do ghnioth cónrádó gan ríact,
Águr tá mairis ná gcuimseann ríact ar a bheul.

Águr ari—

Ir mairis a mbionn a éarao fann,
Ir mairis a mbionn a clann gan riact;
Ir mairis a bhréar i mbocán bocht,
A' r tá mairis a bhréar gan ocl ná mair.

Ir iomádá rann ann, mar an g-ceilona, tóraisear le “Ir fuat liom.”

Ir fuat liom carpleán ar móin,
Ir fuat liom rósgámp beit bairte;
Ir fuat liom bean bhuinneac (?) ar bhrón;
’Súr ir fuat liom riaca ar fágairt.

Ari—

Ir fuat liom cù tórais
Ág nead (rúit) ar fuad tigé;
Ir fuat liom duine-uafal
Ág fheártaí d'á mnáoi!

Tá rann coimhnil leir fheadar i dtáobh fhiann Mhic Churthail—

Céitíre níodh d'á dtus fionn fuat—
Cù tórais, a' r ead mall,
Tigearna tíre gan beit glic,
Águr bean fír nád mheálfrað clann.

Buadh gnátaid leir na uaoindí beitídeas éiginn do mairbhadh águr d'íte oideach fheile Mháirtain. Thábla, an oideach fheadar, nád raiú le mairbhadh ag mnáoi an tigé acht muc bhréas, águr níor thait leírín do bheanamh. Acht buadh mian leir an mac bheile thait do beit

(a) Aliter, tigearna.

Literally: Alas for who makes land fallow without seed [to put in it], alas for him who is in a land without being strong, alas for who makes conversation without elegance, and twice alas for him who places no control over his mouth.

are a couple of examples of them just as I heard them in the County Roscommon—

Alas for who plow without seed to sow,
 For the weak who go through a foreign land,
 For the man who speaks badly yet does not know,
 —Twice woe for the mouth under no command.*

And again—

Alas for the man who is weak in friends,
 For the man whose sons do not make him glad,
 For the man of the hut through which winds can blow,
 —Twice woe for who neither is good nor bad†

There is also many a rann beginning with the words “I hate.” Such as—

I hate a castle on bog-land built,
 And a harvest spilt through the constant wet,
 I hate a woman who spoils the quern,
 And I hate a priest to be long in debt.‡

Again—

I hate poor hounds about a house
 That drag their mangy life,
 I hate to see a gentleman
 Attending on his wife?§

There is a rann somewhat like this about Finn Mac Cool—

Four things did Finn dislike indeed,
 A slow-foot steed, a hound run wild,
 An unwise lord who breeds but strife,
 And a good man's wife who bears no child.||

It used to be the custom of the people to kill and eat some beast on St. Martin's Night. It happened on this night that the woman of the house had nothing she could kill except a speckled pig, and she did not like to do this. But her son

* Literally: Alas for him whose friend is feeble, and alas for him whose children are without prosperity, alas for him who is in a poor bothy or hut, and twice alas for him who is without either bad or good. [Perhaps this last clause is a reminiscence of the Apocalyptic οφελος ψυχρος ης η δεστρος.]

† Literally: I hate a castle on a bog, I hate a harvest to be drowned, I hate a * * * (?) woman at a quern, and I hate debt on a priest.

‡ Literally: I hate a miserable hound running throughout a house, I hate a gentleman attending [i.e., for want of servants] on his wife.

|| Literally: Four things to which Finn gave hatred, a miserable hound, a slow steed, a country's lord not to be prudent, and a man's wife who would not bear children.

aisge agus é cuaidh ré i bhfoirbhe ari cùl an tighe, 'd'athairis ré a guthi
agus é suibhreann ré de ghlór gnáinna uatháraidh an rann ro—

Timre Máirtan deaigis Dia,
Agus ari gád realb buainimh feidh,
Mair náir mairb tura an tuc uthraed
Mairbharidh timre do tach Coimhne ós.

Do rghannraigheal an tábhair, óir fáoilí rí gur b' é náomh Máirtan
fén do b' ag lathairt, agus mairb rí an tuc.

Ag ro rghen do rghrioibh mé riorth o bheul mheiceáil Mhic Ruairíos
“an file ari cónadé Muisig-éid,” mar leanas:

“Bí beirtear fágairt ag rrairfeobrach, aon lá aithéin, agus é connad
airge riad [aig] tigheacáit 'na n-aigair leat-amadán na círach aon cíall
aisge, aict b' ré an ghearr-phobalas [Seoirf-ffréasgartha], agus ari
ceann de na fágairt leir an uthraed eile, ‘cúirfis mé ceirt ari
Dhiarmuid anoiri nuaír tiaucraidh ré i ngeal dáninn.’ ‘Iar
duit a leigean éart’ ari fán feair eile: Nuaír éainis Diairmuid
i n-aintísc (?) [= i ngeal] dánib, aifra ceann do na fágairt leir, ‘Iarr
amadóid oirg [= fiafhrisgímitis díot] caid é an uairi uthraed a caint
ag an uthraedachán duib?’ Óeagac Diairmuid fuaidh ann fán agair
ari an fágairt, agus ‘innphobairt mé rín duit,’ ari feirgean

Nuaír cónadóir an t-iúrlaist [t-íolair] ari an ngleann,
Nuaír ghláinfeadh an ceó de na cnuic,
Nuaír imteobair* an traint de na fágairt
Béir a caint ag an uthraedachán duib.

‘Noir,’ ari fán fágairt eile, ‘náir uthraedh óuit eirtseacáit le
Diairmuid !’”

Ag ro rann eile do fuaír mé ó'n t-údarraigheas—

Seallfaiodh an feair uthraedach
Gád [a] uthraed a chroíde,
Saoilfis an feair fánntas
Gád a ghealltar go uthuis'.†

Ag ro ceann eile ó cónadé Muisig-éid—

An té léigear a leabhar
A'ir na círigeann é i meabhar,
Nuaír carraíann ré a leabhar
Bionn ré 'na baileabhar (?)

* “aict go n-iméid,” suibhreann tach uil Ruairíos, aict ni léiri óam rín.
† = Go uthuisfis ré gád níodh ghealltar.

wished to have a good meal, and he went and hid at the back of the house, changed his voice, and spoke this rann in hideous, awful tones—

I am God's Martin, hear my word,
Out of every herd one head is mine,
I must slay your Cormac 'Og this day
Since you will not slay the spotted swine.*

The mother was frightened, for she thought it was St. Martin himself who was speaking, and she killed the pig.

Here is a story which I wrote down from the mouth of Michael Mac Rory [Rogers], the "poet from the County Mayo," as follows—

"There were two priests out walking one day, and they saw coming towards them a half fool who had no sense, but he was very short-tailed [*i.e.*, quick-at-answer], and says one of the priests to the other, 'I'll ask Diarmuid a question when he comes near us.' 'It's best for you to let him pass,' says the other one. When Diarmuid came near them one of the priests says to him, 'We're asking you when shall the black crow have speech.' Diarmuid looked up in the priest's face, and 'I'll tell you that,' says he :

'When the eagle shall nest in the hollow glen,
When mountain and fen shall from mists be free,
When the priests shall no longer for gold be seeking,
The crow shall be speaking as plain as we.'

"Now!" says the other priest, 'wasn't it better for you to listen to [i.e., let be] Diarmuid ?!'

Here is another rann from which I got from the same—

The lying man has promised
Whatever thing he could,
The greedy man believes him,
And thinks his promise good.†

Here is another, also from the County Mayo—

The man who only took
His learning from his book,
If that from him be took
He knows not where to look.‡

* I am Martin red-God (?) and out of every herd, do I take meat; as you have not killed the speckled pig, I shall kill your son Cormac Oge. (This use of the word *pealt* (which now means any possession) for "herd" is ancient and curious, but Father O'Growney tells me it is still used in Donegal in this sense.)

† Literally: The lying man will promise all that his heart is able [to invent], the covetous man will think that he will get all that is promised.

‡ Literally: He who reads his book, and does not put it into his memory, when he loses his book he becomes a simpleton (?).

seáchan an tSiomáis:
BLÁIRÍN AS STAIR NA h-EIREANN.
CONÁN MAOL:

Cáib. 1:

bile na coille:

Ír iomád feair gairgeamhail do h-oileadh i n-Ullad ó Coin Culann anuaf go dtí Seáchan an Siomáis. I bhfead inír na ciantaibh do phigil ann Niall naoi n-Íallach, ní cùmácteáil do b' i n-Teamáir. Ír minic do móruis na Rómánais i mBriastáin a chogairt riúd. I gceann t'á turpaitibh tuis ré leir mar cime buascáill ós t'ápi b'ainm 'na Óiliad rúd pháistuis. Do b' é an cime úd an Tailtíin gur innír na dhraoite roimh ríae a teáct. Tá a clú, agus ceannar go h-aibidh fóir imeachas Ísleabhlach, aict uála Néill naoi n-Íallach is beag náic bhusil a dinní neamhmatha. Ar a fion roin bá móir le páid an ní úd lá, agus a learrfáca t'á fár an aicme ba cumháisge agus calma t'á phair i n-éirinn le n-a linn féin, ná b'fheidir ari b'fhuim an domain. Cuairdais rítaír na gceannas eile, féad imeachas aicmib aibhur agus tall agus ní bhusigír fír t'áon cimeadh amáin do b'áilne oileac, do ba calma i ngeal, do ba ghléip-inntineacáil gcomáirle 'ná na ríamh-fír do fiolraír ari feadó na gceáonta bhuadán ari an bhréimh uafail rím Muintir Néill.

Fá mar do liúgá nn an gaoct móir timcheall eipinn dairne i n'aonar ari lári mactaire, gan daint le n-a neart aict amáin na duilleogha do ríobaird do agus fo-ceann t'á gheagairibh do bhríeadh le h-áití iarrfáct, do ba mar rím do na Saranais ari feadó ceitíre céad bhuadán t'á mbaigheadh féin i gcomhíb na gcuairde úd do tainig ó Niall naoi-n-Íallach; agus i ná mo tuairim ná buairfíde coirde oíche rúd muna mbeadh gur eipíseadháir i n-aigaird a céile.

Ní phairb feair ari an gceineadh ba mó eáil 'ná an Seáchan ro do luathmhuir. Eipeannas 'na ballaibh do b'eadh é, cómh maist 'na loctaibh agus 'na tréitíb feairamhla. Ní phairb ré cómh glic i gcomáirle 'ná cómh ghearr-cúirteas i gceirte le h-áití ó Néill t'á fóistíuimh clearrfáidéasct phagla agus tuis agus elíre, bainis go sain Sarana. Ní phairb bun-eolair cosáid aige cómh clíre le h-éoghan Ruad, aict níor pháisí aon duine aca ro é i ngeal, i ngníomh, ná i ngeal t'á tip. Tá aon rímal amáin ari a dinní. O'fóillris

... a **ROBERT**
... a **ROBERT**



SHANE THE PROUD.

A FRAGMENT OF IRISH HISTORY.

By P. J. O'SHEA.

CHAPTER I.

THE FIRST TREE OF THE WOOD.

THERE was many a valiant man reared in Ulster, from Cuchulainn to Shane the Proud. Far back in the old times Niall of the Nine Hostages was born there, a powerful king in Tara. The Romans in Britain often experienced the havoc wrought by him. In one of his expeditions he took with him as a prisoner of war a young boy whose name afterwards was Patrick. That slave was the saintly child whose coming the Druids foretold. His fame and his power are fresh and strong still among Gaels. But as to Niall of the Nine Hostages his name is almost forgotten. But nevertheless that king was very great once, and from his loins sprang the most powerful and the most valiant race that existed in all Ireland in their own time, or perhaps in the whole world. Search the history of other countries, seek among the tribes here and elsewhere, and you will not find men of any one race who were handsomer in appearance or more valiant in battle or more intellectual in counsel than the brave men who, during hundreds of years, sprang from that noble root of the O'Neills.

As the wind howls round about an oak-tree standing by itself in the middle of a plain without reducing its strength, but only snatching leaves from it and breaking an odd one of its branches by a great effort, so it was with the English for four hundred years, flinging themselves against those champions descended from Niall of the Nine Hostages: and it is my opinion that the latter would never have been conquered but for the fact that they rose up against each other.

There was no man of the family more renowned than this Shane of whom we speak. He was an Irishman all over, as well in his faults as in his manly qualities. He was not so clever in counsel nor so subtle in disquisition as Hugh O'Neill, who learned state-craft in the house of Elizabeth, Queen of England. He was not so skilful in the science of warfare as Owen Roe, but neither of these surpassed him in valor, in

na Saranais go roiléir an rímhí roinn d'úinn go h-áitíarach, mar ba beag oíche Seasán Ó Néill. Ó'fhuadairis ré bean Čalbaig Úi Ógáinnaill, deirbheiríúr do Tiúgearpna na nOileán coir Albain, agus le n-a lán úsgoar gur éaluis ríre leir le n-a toil féin. Is ríarach nádairiúr ré eomh h-olc leir na Saranais féin ar an gcumha rian, acht amáin go n-aomáiseadh reifear an t-úrscéalaíochta mar níor ba fímineac é, acht feair fírinneac ná ceilfeadh a cairn.

Caint. 2.

ÉIRE LE N-A LINN:

Ní feacair i nír fán lá gualannair riám "Ó gáib feasta na Normánaid i gcuain ar "Tráis an Óainb" le Diarmuid na nGall inír an mbliadhain 1169. Táinig na Normánaid go Sarana ón b'fhlainc céad blianaon roimh an am roin, fa ríráisúgaí liamh Duadairis, agus do rísaipreachaí na Saranais i n-aon b'fhuigín amáin. Ói na Saranais faid eoirí gan moill agus Normánaid 'na mís agus 'na bhuanna oíche fearrda. Níor ba dala roin d'Éirinn. Ón pí rin an daon Íanrí go dtí an t-oectíad Íanrí ói níse Sarana 'na "driúgearpnaib" ar Éirinn. Ní raibh ré i mórneac aon pí aca Ri Éireann do glaostaibh ailtí féin gur ceap an t-oectíad Íanrí gur cír do féin beit 'na pí dairíribh ar Éireannais.

Airi an aothair roin círigeair ré gairm rígoile amach go raibh ré riachtanaid ar taoifreachasib mórta Éireann círuinniúgaid ar aon látarib go mbrionnaid ré tionsait agus talamh oíche.

Do b' é nór na dtaoifreachas roin go dtí ríu beit 'na gceann ar an dtreisib agus ríonmeac a dtreibeadh ríem do tóigbáil. Ói Ó Úigain mar ceann ar Muintir Óigain, Ó Néill mar ceann ar Muintir Néill, agus mar rin doibh. Cuirfíodh an t-oectíad Íanrí deirfeadh leir an nór roin fearrda, agus d'á neairiù rin círeann ré ríoga ag tóigí ar árto-taoifreachasib Éireann nádairiúil uairí acht rioteáin do déanaid leibh, agus go ndéanfaradh ré tiúgearpnaí mórta dhoibh, agus mbrionnaid ré talamh na tréibe oíche acht géilleadh dho. Do mactnúis na taoifreachasib Éireann an uairiù rin níoribh leir an dtaoifreachas talamh na tréibe, acht leibh féin ag leirfean i dtéannaita éigile. Ói reifear mar ceann oíche mar rí an Árduis-ealaír féin é ar coingeall go dtabhairfaoi ré ceart doibh. An an aothair roin b'fiosair raor agus ní leóimhfaidh an taoifreachas a gcuir

action, nor in love of his country. 'There is just one stain upon his name. The English have shown us that stain clearly and gladly, for they detested Shane O'Neill. He carried off Calvach O'Donnell's wife, sister to the Lord of the Isles on the coast of Scotland; and many authors think that she eloped with him of her own will. He was very nearly as bad as the English themselves in that way, except that *he* would admit his evil conduct, for he was no hypocrite, but a truthful man, who would not conceal his fault.

CHAPTER II.

IRELAND IN HIS TIME.

Inisfail never saw a day's peace after the sails of the Normans were lowered in the harbor at Traig-an-Vaniv,* with Foreign Dermot, in the year 1169. The Normans came to England from France a hundred years before that time, under the command of William the Conqueror, and they routed the Saxons in one single battle. The Saxons were overcome at once, and a Norman was King and task-master over them thenceforward. It was not thus with Ireland. From that King, Henry II., to Henry VII., the Kings of England were "lords" of Ireland. Not one of them had the courage to call himself King of Ireland until Henry VIII. thought that he ought to be really King over the Irish.

He therefore issued a proclamation that all the great chiefs of Ireland must assemble in one place so that he might present them with titles and lands.

Until then, it was the custom of those chiefs to be heads of the clans and to take the family name of their own clan. O'Brien was head of the O'Brien family, O'Neill of the O'Neill family, and so with all of them. Henry VIII. will put an end to this custom for the future, and accordingly he sends a notice to the high chiefs of Ireland that he wants nothing but to make peace with them, and that he will make great lords of them, and that he will bestow upon them the lands of their clan, provided they submit themselves to him. The chieftains reflected. According to Irish customs at that time the land of the clan did not belong to the chief, but to themselves and to him jointly. He was their head, because they themselves appointed him on condition that he would give them their rights. For that reason they were free, and the chief would not dare to

* Somewhere on the coast of Wexford. The name is not now recognizable.

talman do baint vioth marí bì an oirpead círt aca féin éum na talman roin ḡ bì aigéafean.

Aict féad an tríge seo do cheap an t-oictíocht Nanpí ḡ a ministréip glic Wolsey. Óeath an taoirpeas feartas marí mágaircib ar gac tríeb i n-ionad heic marí do bì ḫé go dtí ro 'na uachtasán oirpeas. Niop taitnís an gno i n-aon cíp leir an tríeb, aict do phéaróis ḫé go tian mait leir na taoirpeasach, ḡ do rmuasainis goc ceann aca aip a fion féin ḫé go náib ḫé ḡ a dtáinis roimh tnaite, tuipeas le cónairach i n-aighaid na Saranae, ḡ guri mictio eorú do cíp leir an impeas.

O'á cionn roin leigheas guri tríoll taoiríos móra na h-Éireann aononn ḫé lúnduinn éum Nanpí iní an mbliadhain 1541, ḡ 'na mears Conn Ó Néill; ḡ ḫé náib an pi ḫé fíal, fáilteas, uppráimeas leib, ḡ ḫé nuaéarntaí ḫé iarlaí ḡ tigsearnta vioth do phéar a gceim 'ra tráosál.

Ba éubairteas an tuairí e marí do deasail phéas gac tríeb i n-Éirinn ó'n nór do bì aca leir na ciantsaib—phéas fíal do déanaidh náib féin aip an tríeb gian rpleáthair do pi Sarana. Caisfeidh riad feartas úmáilúgha do'n iarla nuaib ro do éum an pi náib, ḡ muna mbeirid riad úmáil do cuipeas rai ghoilimí Sarana éum cabhrúigthe leir an iarla nuaib i gceónairi rmaict do éur aip an tríeb nuaib. Ni fuláir do'n iarla nuaib leir aipé tábairt do féin ná áitíodh Sarana iarla eile 'na ionad a bheir úmáil ḡ muintheadra do'n piagaltar.

Cáib. 3:

SHUADM 1 DTÍR EOGAIN:

Niop b'iongnaid ḫé náib riormaíntais i dtír Eogain aip tseadct aip n-air do'n iarla nuaib, ḡ cosáirneas ḡ epríodh ceann ḡ lámh-reáil cláirdeamh ḫé báisaircas aibur ḡ tall. “Ir é an Conn ro an éeado Ó Néill do éiom a ghláin éum pi Saranta,” aip riatoran, ḡ tuisceadair fáil aip Seágan, aoránaeas Cuinn. “Tá aibar pi ann,” aitibhreáil le céile; “fan ḫé bpráirid phéas. Féad an shuadair fáda, fáinneas, fionn roin aip, ḡ an tá fáil iarphára glasa roin aigé. Tá phéas ag boirbhil ḫé tuis. Tá bheir ḡ phéas tríoscte aip áitíodh ann éeana féin. Féad ḫé epríon aip, náct leatán-ghualainneas riúnnta feapprádach atá phéas; cón vifreas le pleis, cón lúthair le piad;

take their land from them, for they had as much right to that land as he had.

But observe this law that Henry VIII. and his cunning minister, Wolsey, devised. The chieftain would in future be the master of each clan, instead of being, as he had been hitherto, the head man of them. The business did not please the clan at all, but it suited the chieftains thoroughly well, and each of them thought for his own part that he and all who came before him were worried and tired with fighting against the English, and that it was time to put a stop the struggle.

And so it is that we read that the great chiefs of Ireland traveled over to London to Henry in the year 1541, and among them Conn O'Neill; and that the King was most generous and hospitable and respectful towards them, and that he made earls and lords of them according to their rank in life.

It was an unlucky journey, for it parted every clan in Ireland from the custom they had had for ages—that is, making a prince for themselves from among the clan, independently of the King of England. Henceforward they will have to obey this new Earl that the King has made for them, and if they will not be obedient to him, the soldiers of England will be sent to help the new Earl in order to repress the unruly tribe. The new Earl, too, must needs mind himself, or England will put up another Earl in his place who will be obedient and friendly to the Government.

CHAPTER III.

GLOOM IN TIR-EOGHAIN.

It was no wonder that there was whispering in Tir-Eoghain when the new Earl came back, whispering and shaking of heads and a threatening handling of swords on this side and that. "This Conn is the first O'Neill who bent his knee to a foreign King," said they, and they cast their eyes on Shane, Conn's eldest son.

"There is the making of a King in him," they said to each other; "wait till he grows up. See that long, curly fair hair on him, and those two fiery gray eyes he has. He is growing fast. He is more than six feet in height already. Look at him closely; see how broad-shouldered, well-knit, and sinewy he is, as straight as a spear, as fleet as a stag, as bold as the bull of a herd. Shane shall be prince over us, and Henry the Eighth's new Earl will have to take himself off."

cóimhín le tairbhe tana. Béarla Seághan maraí fíait oíráinn agus caitíodh iapla nuad an oíctúra Nánjí ghearradh leir."

Cualairíonn Conn Ó Néill an cosáarnaíodh agus do shóill rí aip. Cualairíonn rí píp ag caint le céile agus faothrú 'na gaothair. "Is annra leir an mac toghaíta, Matú an fearainn, 'ná Seághan a mac dhúiltineadh féin do thug a bhean-tighearna Óg, an bhean is uaire le i n-Éirinn leir." Do b'í mactair Seághain insean an Ghearraltais, iapla Cillie Dara, an feair ba éumactaíse i n-Éirinn.

Oísearr an t-ectúra Nánjí aip Conn a oísghe o'ainmníúgach. "Matú," aip Conn, agus minneadh Dáirín Ógúngeanainn do Matú láirgeach. "Caitheas-ta mo ceart do fágail," aitheir Seághan. Connacíonn Conn Ó Néill an iapair i fúlair a mic. Connacíonn rí an ghráim aip an oíctúra. "Béarla Seághan maraí oísghe oípm," aitheir rí píp Ógairleach, tairbhe eir móráin tafaint.

Oísearr Matú cabair aip Sarana agus fuaireann rí i gcan moill maraí ba mairt leir na Gallair an leatréasáil cumhachtach Néill do chur aip ceáraíodh a céile. Cuirteas píor láirgeach aip Conn Ó Néill i gceobháir ríráim do bainte do i dtaoibh i Matú do thí-láiríuigach, aict ní raibh rí píp aip a ghéallamaint do Seághan agus bualaidh rí ghlór i mbailte-ata-cliat é.

Cait: 4:

Faothrú cláiríomh:

Do bhláth Seághan an Tiomair rúar agus ghlaothair rí aip a mhuintir eiríse amach, le n' aitairi o'fhuairglaod. Níor b'fheadar leir na Saranais gnó b' aca. Seónaodh ríláis ó tuairidh go cúigí Ullad agus gceobháir rímaicte do chur aip an bhearla óg baot ro, aict do táinig reifrean amairg oíche go h-obainn, do ghabh rí tóiríota, agus biondair ag baint na rílá o'á céile ag teicéas uairidh. Do ghléasadh ríláis eile aip an mblianaidh do b' cúigainn (1552), aict do tiomáin Seághan riomair iad 'nóir ríghata ghabhar. B' feair i n-ágairí na Saranaí an eorú ro. Sgoaileadh Conn Ó Néill le tí riottóirí do théanach aict ba beag an maitear é. Do bhair Seághan an Tiomair fuit.

"Caitheas-ta an feair móráin bheirbhe ro do eorú," aithíonn feair-

Conn O'Neill heard the whispering, and it troubled him. He heard men talking together, with daggers (*lit.* an edge) in their looks. "He prefers the bastard son, Matthew, the dark man, to Shane, his own lawful son, whom his lady gave him—the noblest woman in Ireland, too!"

Shane's mother was a daughter of the Geraldine, the Earl of Kildare, the most powerful man in Ireland.

Henry VIII. asked Conn to name his heir. "Matthew," said Conn, and Matthew was made Baron Dungannon forthwith. "I must get my right," said Shane. Conn O'Neill saw the flash in his son's eyes; he saw the sullenness of the clan. "Shane shall be my heir," said he at last, after a great deal of persuasion.

Matthew asked assistance from England, and he got it immediately, for the foreigners liked the excuse to put the family of O'Neill to worrying each other. Word was sent at once to Conn O'Neill in order to get satisfaction out of him for displacing Matthew, but he would not go back on his promise to Shane, and he was thrown into prison in Dublin.

CHAPTER IV.

THE EDGE OF THE SWORD.

Shane the Proud started up and called to his people to rise out and release his father. Nothing pleased the English better. An army was sent northward to Ulster to bring this foolish young man to discipline, but he came upon them suddenly from the West and rushed right through them, and they were knocking the heels off each other in flying from him. Another army was prepared the next year (1552), but Shane drove it before him like a flock of goats. There was a *man* opposing the English this time. They released Conn O'Neill in order to make peace, but it was little good. Shane the Proud had tasted blood.

"Somebody must check this proud, arrogant man," said the Lord Deputy from England, and he put in order and prepared a strong body of men. Their visit to the North was in vain, for Shane used to meet them in a place where they did not expect him; he used to startle them and inflict damage on them, and he would go off bold and domineering.

Matthew gathered together a body of the clan, for some of them continued under his flag, and he started to help the foreigners, but Shane stole upon them in the middle of the night, and he routed Matthew speedily. "Let us build a

ionad ó Sarpana, ⁊ do édirius ⁊ do ghléasair ré fiodhseachd Láidir. Ói a gcuairt ó tuaraid i n-airdeasai mara do bhuileadh Seághán lea ⁊ ra n-áit náicí raih coinne leir, baineadh ré gairt arda, baineadh ré gaird, ⁊ óruairdeadh ré leir go dán, miocuibeartas.

Bailis Matú tóream de'n tréibh, mar do lean cuit aca fá na bhrat-ran, ⁊ do ghuair ré cum caibhrighadh leir na Gallaid, aet d'éaluis Seághán 'na tréos i láir na n-oiríce ⁊ do cir ré ari Matú go taraird. "Déanfam d'ainsean i m'bhéalfeisíre cum a rímaéctuigste," aodair an riordáine William Óhabharon. Óir Seághán iirteas óir a inr an tún neamh-épíocnuigste úd ⁊ do mill ré a bhrúmhor. Óir ré ari an scuma gceádúna iirteas ari tóream eile do luéid conganta Óhabharon coir Doiré ⁊ do gfaidh ré iad. Niор b'iongnaid guri támhig eagla ari na Sarpanaibh ⁊ buri gseimneadaí leó ari n-aird go Baile-ata-cliat.

Leigeard ód ari feadó éctíre mbliatáin 'na tóaird túd (1554-8), aet ní raih aon fonn gualáinnír ari Seághán an Tiomair. Cúimníg ré guri le n-a fínnreap cùise Ula. Biodh an láim láidir i n-uacstair, aodair ré leir féin. Óeard ré riachtanae ari na taoiríse eile géilleadh ód. Dá mbeadh ré cón glic le n-ádóid ó Néill do déanfadh ré ceangal ⁊ capadair leir na taoiseachasib doiríba úd i n-ionad do éirí d'fíacáin óir géilleadh ód.

Dubairt O Riagallair, iapla nuadh Óbhráin, leir náic géilleadh ré féin i n-áon éorí ód, aet leim an feair teinnteach tríos, ⁊ do b'éigean do mac Uí Riagallair beirt umhal ód feartha. Niор maraín de Ó Dómhnaill i dtír Conaill. Ni mó 'ná géill an Chlann Dómhnaill ó Albáinn d'áitig na gleannta coir fathraighe i n-áontachuit, aet tuis Seághán agaird óir a go leirí roiri Ghaeoil ⁊ Gaill. Niор eiríng leir go mait inr an iarrachd do ghníodh ré cum clanna cnuadha Tír Conaill do chabairt fá na riagair, mara pheab Calbae Ó Dómhnaill i gán fíor aini 'na cábán iirt oíche ag Baile-agaird-ácaoin ⁊ ba bheag náir mill ré Seághán. Do chuit a láin d'á cuit feair inr an riagaird obann úd, ⁊ do caill ré airm ⁊ capaill, ⁊ 'na meairg a ead cíoradh féin. Do b' é an t-easáid cogaird úd an capall ba bheagán 1 n-éiginn. Mac-an-éigilír do tuigteaoi uirte. Buaíp Seághán ari n-aird ari i. Niор éirí an bac úd corpse aibhíad leir an bheair gcumaraísc ndán.

Do chuit Matú i ngráidíar éiginn le cuirte de mhuintir Seághain inr an mbliatáin 1558, ⁊ do ghníodh na Sarpanaig iarrachd ari an scoip do éirí i leit Seághain féin aet dubairt ré náicí raih aon baint aige le bár Matú ⁊ go gcaitífidir beirt ríarta leir an bheagánra roin. Buaíp Conn Ó Néill bár ari an mbliatáin do b' cùgáinn. "Ta an bóthar nír do Seághán aonair," aodair an tréibh; "ni b'eo iapla mara ceann oíráinn a chuirleadh."

stronghold in Belfast to keep him in order," said the Knight, Sir William Brabazon. Shane broke in upon them in the unfinished fort, and destroyed most of them. He broke in, in the same way, upon another body of Brabazon's party near Derry, and scattered them. It was no wonder that fear fell upon the English, and that they fled back to Dublin.

They let him alone for four years after that (1554-8), but Shane the Proud had no desire for peace. He remembered that Ulster had belonged to his ancestors. Let the strong hand be uppermost, said he to himself. It would be necessary for the other chiefs to submit to him. If he had been as clever as Hugh O'Neill, he would have made bonds and friendship with those haughty chiefs instead of forcing them to yield to him.

O'Reilly, the new Earl of Breffny, said to him that *he* would not submit to him in any case; but the fiery man leaped through him (*i.e.*, through his forces), and O'Reilly was obliged to be humble towards him for the future. It was not so with O'Donnell in Tir-Conaill, nor did the Clan Donal from Scotland yield, who inhabited the glens by the sea in Antrim; but Shane turned his face against them all, both Gaels and foreigners. He did not succeed very well in the attempt he made to bring the sturdy children of Tir-Conaill under his rule, for Calvach O'Donnell sprang upon him secretly in his tent at night at Balleegan (on Loch Swilly), and he nearly destroyed Shane. A great many of his men fell in that sudden rout, and he lost arms and horses, and among them his own coal-black steed. That charger was the finest horse in Ireland. They called him the Son of the Eagle. Shane got him back again. That check did not long hinder so powerful and intrepid a man.

Matthew fell in some brawl with a few of Shane's people in the year 1558, and the English tried to attribute the crime to Shane himself; but he said he had nothing to do with Matthew's death, and that they would have to be satisfied with that answer. Conn O'Neill died the following year (1559).

"The road is clear for Shane now," said the clan; "we will have no earl for a head over us any more."

CHAPTER V.

O'NEILL OF ULSTER.

Out with you to the top of Tullahogue, Shane the Proud! The royal flagstone is there, waiting for you to plant your right foot upon it, as your ancestors the Kings did before you! And

Cáib. 5.

Ó NEILL ULAO:

Amach i leat ari bárrí Tulraigheach, a Seágsan an Díomair! Tá an leac phiosachas ann ag feiteamh leat ied' coir deir do bhualaod uirte mar ghnítheadh do fínnreap níse te mór! Águr do feargair Seágsan ó Néill ari Tulacóig, agur do ríneadh ríalt bán thíreac éirige mar cónarca cotaítear cíjt d'á treib; buaileadh clóca ghléasra ari a fínnreánaib cumaraaca ag catbáir ari a ceann. Caireadh rílipéir a coirtear riapí tar a gualainn. Cáradh mile clárd-eamh ór eionn ceann ag d'úiríseadh mac alla na gceannáin le fuaim-ghlór mile rígoirnach—“Ó Néill abú! Ío maighro ari b'fhlait a toga!” Do taithním an ghráin ari ceannraighe tamall, luirneamhail Uí Néill, ag do éiríp coim mhóra ari iallain amartach aroa fé marí cualádair ualpartais an mactíre 'ra coill agus gheim na h-eilte ari an genc.

“Do b'ónóiríse liom beirt am' ‘Ó Néill Ulaó’ ‘ná am’ ní ari Spáinn,” aifreann doibh Tír Eogain tamall mairt ‘na díaridh rú. “Ir mo le h-Ultais an ainn ‘Ó Néill’ ‘ná ‘Caerph’ le Rómánais,” aifreann an ghríorúdóir Mountjoy.

— — —

Cáib. 6:

“DEARBHÁLTAIR TAIÓG DÓMINALL.”

Caitleadh Máire, bainipriogain Sarana fán am ro, agus b'fí Elíp ‘na h-ionad. Do b' i an bhean thí-banamhail reo an chiorde cloiche agus na físeánacháda phráir an bhean ba mó inntleact le n-a linn. Do éisom ri fein agus a magaltar láithreach ari cíjt iptimeas ari Seágsan. Sydney do b' ainn am' feair-ionad i n-Éirinn. Gluairear rí an t-úairidh go Dún-dealgain agus cíjt fógra cum Seágsan teast ‘na gaoj. Niop leis Seágsan ari gur cualáidh rí an fógra aict cíjt rí eisipreád cum Sydney teast cum a tíse agus beirt ‘na aitairi bairistíde o'á mac óg. Niop díulais ag feair-ionad uis agus do feargair rí teir an mac. “Táim-rí am’ Ó Néill i n-Ulaó le toil na treiseadh ríeo,” aifreann Seágsan. “Ni ceartadh eann uaim cónarca le Sarana má leisfeair dom, aict má eisipreád oifim, biond oiflaibh féin.” B' Sydney rípta leir rín agus b'fí riottáin ari fead tamall i n-Ulaó

Shane O'Neill stood on Tullahogue, and a straight, white wand was handed to him as a symbol of his true balance of justice to his clan; an embroidered cloak was put over his powerful shoulders, and a helmet on his head. His shoe was thrown behind him over his shoulder. A thousand swords were waved overhead, and the echoes of the whole district were awakened with the sound of voices from a thousand throats—"O'Neill for ever! May our Prince live to enjoy his election!" The sun shone on the handsome, bright features of O'Neill, and the great hounds in their leashes bayed as if they heard the howl of the wolf in the forest and the cry of the fawn on the hill.

"I would think it a greater honour to be 'O'Neill of Ulster' than to be King of Spain," said Hugh of Tir-Eoghain a good while after. "The name 'O'Neill' is greater in the eyes of Ulstermen than 'Cæsar' was to the Romans," said the exterminator Mountjoy.

CHAPTER VI.

"DONAL IS BROTHER TO TADHG."

Mary, Queen of England, died about this time, and Elizabeth was Queen in her stead. This unwomanly woman, with the heart of stone and the bowels of brass, was the cleverest woman of her time. She and her Government began at once to interfere with Shane. Sydney was the name of her Deputy in Ireland. He proceeded northwards to Dundalk, and sent notice to Shane to come to him. Shane did not pretend to have heard the notice, but he sent an invitation to Sydney to come to his house and be godfather to his infant son. The Deputy did not refuse him, and he stood for his son. "I am O'Neill of Ulster by the will of this clan," said Shane. "I do not want any fighting with England if I am let alone, but if they provoke me, let them take the consequences." Sydney was satisfied with that, and there was peace in Ulster for awhile, until Sussex came as Deputy to Ireland. "I shall have no peace," said he, "till O'Neill is overthrown," and he prepared and fitted out an army for the purpose. This Sussex was a false, cruel, cunning man, but he was not so clear-headed as Sydney. Calvach O'Donnell assisted him, and also the Scottish O'Donnells in Antrim. Shane the Proud complained that they were annoying him without cause. His province was prospering in wealth and well-doing. Let a messenger come from Elizabeth and he would see. Elizabeth took no

gur tainis Sussex 'na feair-ionad go h-Eirinn. "Ní bhead am fuaimear," aideas ré, "go mbeidh O'Neill pá coir," agus go ghléasat agus le h-Asard an ghnóta. Feair fealtas, doras, glic, go b'eadh Sussex ro aict ní raibh ré cónaí gearp-intinneadh le Sydney. Do cabhrúis Calbae O'Domhnaill leis, agus mar an gceathair clann Domhnaill na hAlbain, i nDontreim. Do ghearrán Seán-an-Diomair go mbátar ag cupa airí gan éirí. B'é a círige ag dul cum inn i maoín agus marítear. Tá goad teastáitíre Elipe agus feacadh ré. Niop cupa Elipe ruimh 'na curio cainte aet leis rí oíche feair-ionad ghluaireacht ó tuairí go h-Árd-Macha in an mbliadhain 1561.

Préar Seágan go h-obann iptimeas go Tír Conaill rul a náis coinne leir i do rísiob ré leir rean Calbae. O Dórnáill i a bhean ós, an bhean úd o' Fág an rmál ap a ainm. Do cuip an cleas cogaidh obann roin meapútaill ap na Tír Conaillis i do tócaír Sussex a ceann le cangasair. Cár Seágan ó Óear fá marí do bhead ré ap tí iarrhaíct do tábairt fá Baile-ata-Cliat. Bí Mac-an-Þiolair fá i níor b'iontais Seágan ap muin an eicín rín ap ceann d'fheama d'fheama o' Ultácaib. Níor érisg Sussex ead é an fuadair do bí fá Seágan. Fá Óirpeadó do filidh ré go náis Seágan 'na ghlacé aige i do bheartuis ré innil dó. Do tharla ré mile feair iptimeas go Tír Eogain ag créasá i ag corraírt, i d'fan ré féin coir Álpt-Maca ag feirteam le Seágan. Ólais an mile feair na céadta ba túba, na caoigris bána, i na capaill, i do ghluaireadair ap n-air go buacac. "Féac Mac-an-Þiolair," aithí duine éigin, "tá Seágan an Diomair cúgaibh!" Ní náis le Seágan ap an lártaip úd acht céad i físe marcas i d'bhá céad coiríoté, acht gairgíotis bliordbheimeaca do b'eadh iad. Bí cinn i corpa 'na gcairnánaib ap an macaire úd fá ceann uaire an éloig, i an fuisgeac beag créasá, ríollá, ag ríseinneard go nádromaca, na biallib faoibhaca o' a n-gearradh i d'á n-éipileas, i an gáir-cata uamnae úd—"Láim neart agubh!" 'na gcluasair. innreann Sussex féin le cráid choriúde an ríon-máthma do cuirpead air.—"Ní náis ré i mírneac aon Éireannais niamh fórt ríadarán am' agairt-re, acht feadh iníon ó Neill leo i gcan aige a leat n-oíreao feair liom, ag bhrúctas iptimeas ap mo airm bheas air macaire píod leatan. Do ghuíbhinn cum Dé fáill o' Fágair air 'na leitíeo o' ait gan coill i n-riordáist tóig mile úd le ríat do tábairt o' a curio feair. Mo náire é, o' Fágair ná fágair ré aitio dom' airm beo i n-uair an éloig, i rí beag nári ríthas réime féin i an curio eile amach leir ap daingean Álptomaca."

Ni oíomhaid Sussex an Tír Eogain do cheannadh go rón aistí.
Cúigi an bprípleac úd ríannadh opta i Línduin i d'íarbh Eli Ír an

notice of what he said, but she allowed her Deputy to go north to Armagh in the year 1561.

Shane rushed suddenly into Tir-Conaill before they expected him, and he carried off old Calvach O'Donnell and his young wife—that woman who left the stain on his name. This sudden feat of arms dismayed the Tir-Conaill men, and Sussex scratched his head with vexation. Shane turned southward, as if he were about to make an attack on Dublin. The "Son of the Eagle" was under him, and Shane was not to be trusted on the back of that horse at the head of an active body of Ulstermen. Sussex did not know how great was the energetic force of Shane. At last he thought he had Shane in his grip, and he laid a trap for him. He sent a thousand men into Tir-Eoghain to plunder and ravage, and he himself remained near Armagh waiting for Shane. The thousand men collected hundreds of black cows, of white sheep, and horses, and they were returning, much elated. "See the 'Son of the Eagle'!" said one of them; "Shane the Proud is upon us!" Shane had only a hundred and twenty horsemen and two hundred foot in the place, but they were warriors who dealt loud-resounding blows. Heads and feet were in heaps upon that field at the end of an hour, and the little remnant, wounded and torn, were flying to Armagh, the keen-edged axes cutting and slaughtering them, and that terrifying war-cry, "Lám deapás abú!" in their ears. Sussex himself tells with sorrow of heart the utter rout that was inflicted on him* :— "No Irishman ever before had the courage to stand against me; but see this O'Neill to-day, and he having only half as many men as I, bursting in upon my fine army on a smooth, wide plain. I would pray to God to get a chance at him in such a place, without a wood within three miles of him to give shelter to his men. My shame! He was like not to have left a creature of my army alive in one hour, and it wanted little but he would have dragged me and the rest out of the fortress of Armagh."

Sussex would not attempt to plunder Tir-Eoghain again for awhile. That defeat terrified them in London, and Elizabeth asked the Earl of Kildare, a relative of Shane the Proud, to make peace. She sent a message of pardon to Shane, and an invitation to come to London to speak with her. "I will not stir a foot," said Shane, "till the English army takes the road out of Ulster." "Be it so," said Elizabeth.

* In all cases where quotations from English writers have been translated into Irish by Conán Maol, such quotations have been re-translated into English, and therefore differ slightly in form, though not in sense, from the English originals.—ED.

1apla Cilleodara, bhráthair Seágan an Tiomair, riottcán do cheannad. Cuirí rí teacáitriúacht maitéamháir cum Seágan ag curíeadh cùige teacáit go lúnduinn le labhairt le. "Ní corríodh eor," aitheir Seágan, "go dtuigair airm Sarana a mbóthar oíche ariú Uílaod." "Bíodh mar rín," aithíobhairt Eilír.

Nuair do meast Sussex ceap ré a cleas feill do chur i bhfeidhm. Tá a ríshidinn féin cum Eilír mar fiaothaire ariú an bheala. 1 mi na Lúghnasa 1561, ríshiothann ré cum na bainimioisna rín Suirtearús ré lúac céad mairc 'ra mbliaodain de chalamh do Niall Liat, maoraithe Uí Néill, ariú coingeall go muriúbheadh ré an fliat rín. "Do mhuineas do eionnus d'éalócadh ré leir tar éir na deartha," aitheir ré. Ni fios rúinn an raiú Niall Liat dairíriúb, acht gíbé ríseal é ní cloítear Suirfínid rísearrasct ariú Seágan do dúnúnarbhúsgadh.

Cáib: 7:

Seágan-an-Tiomais i lúnduinn:

Rinne 1apla Cilleodara riottcán roimh Ó Néill ag Sarana, mar ba mór le h-Ó Néill é, ag do feoladair airdon anonn go lúnduinn, 1 níneadh na bhuadána, ag dárroma gallóiglaic i n-éinfeadct leo.

Dubairtar le Seágan náct bhrífeadaí ré ariú aif go deo, toisí go raiú an tuas ag an ceap 'na cónair ag Eilír, acht b'í munisín aigeasan ariú a teanga liomha ag b'í doic aige nári meast ré riám 1 n-aon cùimhngáe.

Dean uallac do b'eadh Eilír: "B'í rí datamair, Sruasais riadu mire, ag rúla glára aici, an t-eádach ba bhréaghdha ag ba òaonair le fágair mire, ag an iomad do aici le h-i féin do cónairgadh go minic 'ra 10. Réacsos do b'eadh i le réacsaint mire, acht b'í eporide an beataidh allta, gan truaig, gan truaigtheil aici, ag innitin ag aighe tar éin mairiú an domáin. "An labhairtar bheala cùicí?" aithí duine éigin le Seágan. "Ni labhairtar go deimhní," ariú reifrean, "mar leónraíodh an teanga ónairc ghláonna rón mo corríain." B'í Fháincir ag Spáinnir ag Lardeann ag Seágan 1 dteannnta a teanga binn blárra féin. Dean teangacha do b'eadh Eilír leir, ag duibhneáir Suirfínid Seágan 'ra bhríneir i ag Suirfínid leis agus 'ra teanga rón.

When Sussex had failed, he thought he would put his cunning in treachery to account. His own letter to Elizabeth exists as a witness to the treachery. In the month of August, 1561, he writes to that Queen that he had offered land to the value of a hundred marks a year to Grey Niall, O'Neill's house-steward, on condition that he should kill that prince. "I showed him how he should escape after the act," said he. We do not know whether Grey Niall was in earnest, but in any case we do not hear that he made any attempt to murder Shane.

CHAPTER VII.

SHANE THE PROUD IN LONDON.

The Earl of Kildare made peace between O'Neill and England, for O'Neill had a great regard for him, and they both traveled over to London at the end of the year, taking a guard of gallowglasses with them.

It was said to Shane that he would never come back, because Elizabeth had the axe and the block in readiness for him; but he had confidence in his own keen and ready tongue, and he thought that he had never failed in any difficulty.

Elizabeth was a vain woman. She was handsome; she had red hair and gray eyes, and she wore the most beautiful and the most expensive clothes, and she had more than enough of them to decorate herself many times in the day. She was like a peacock to look at; but she had the heart of a wild beast, without pity or compassion, and more intellect and mind than any other woman in the world. "Will you speak English to her," said somebody to Shane. "Indeed I will not," said he; "for that rugged, ugly language would sprain my jaw." Shane had French and Spanish and Latin as well as his own sweet musical tongue. Elizabeth was a linguist too, and it is said that Shane outdid her in French, and that she refused to converse with him in that language.

On Little Christmas Day, in the year 1562, he walked into the royal room of Elizabeth. There were valiant men of six feet and more around her, especially young Herbert; but it was seen at once that they were but insignificant men beside Shane the Proud. English history gives an account of his visit and of his appearance. "He had a yellowish-red mantle of fine material flowing down behind him to the ground, and light red hair, crisp and curly, falling over his shoulders to the middle of his back; he had wild gray eyes that looked out at you as

Ía Nuaig beag in Í an mbliadhain 1562 do bhuail ré ipteas go reómpa piogacra Éilí. Bí fír calma ré troiscte agus mór mo na euroeácta, go mór thóir Herbert ós, acht connacatair láitreachas nádúr páist ionnta acht ríreagáin i n-aice Seágan-an-Tiomair. Tugann rtáir na Sasanach cúnctur ari a chuaícte agus a chput: "Bí fallumng buirde-dears do déanmúr Íaoir ari a rilead riap ríor go calam leir, agus fíonn-muas go cipineac, cam-airgead tar a fílinneánaibh ríor go lár a Óroma, rúla glora fiadáinne aige ófearas amach opta cónm ionnpac le gáidh fíne; corr fiannnta lútmair aige agus ceann-aigte ván." Bí na céadta ag iarradh iarradh ófágsailear ari fén agus a gallóglacha. Deir a tuairisct go iarradh ro ceann-lomnocta, foilt fionna opta, leinteácta iúiliúig ó muineál go glún opta, crioicéann mactriph tar a ghualainibh gád fír aca, agus gádri-chaig cata i láimh gád aon aca. Níor b' ionntaoibh fears do cír ari a leitítearibh riú. Is deall-phatac go iarradh iarradh i mburuisín Árromaca. "Úmaliúigíodh!" agra Seágan de guth gádriphac agus ní páist an focal ari a béal nuair do bí na gallóglacha ari a leat-gluin. Staoi ré i gceónádair do'n cataoirí piogacra mar a páist Éilí, agus i bádúiscte ari nór pheasctise, do érom ré a ceann, do érom ré a glún, agus do fearsamh ré annroin cónm díreac le gáinne. Ófearas ré fén agus Éilí iorú an ván fáil ari a céile. Labair ri i Lárdeann leir agus ófearasair reirean i go binn-óriatáras. Do mol ré a mórthact agus dhuibhírt ré guth dall a físeáin agus a chput é, mar ba min i a teanga le mnáibh. Níor luig fáil Éilí páist ari a leitíeo ófearas agus ván leir é bheit 'gá díreagad. Do tearfáin ri ván i n-aindeoin a cónmairpleoirí guth taitn ré leir, guth go páist na cónmairpleoirí fín ari ari a chuir fola do bhráth. Duibhíradar leis fén go páist ghearr aca anois nár páist ari, agus guth tuisíadair na coingil do ná bainfriú leir ari a churup, mearradh, mar ba ghnáthach, an glar do bhualaod ari. "Tácaoi ari ari ari an coingil do bhráth," agra Seágan go ván. "Leigfeas ari n-air tús uairi eisín," agra Cecil leir, "aict ní fáil aon am áitiúiscte ceapuiscte 'ra coingeall roin!" "Meallaod mé," agra Seágan leir fén, agus do bhuail ré ipteas go lártaip Éilí agus ófearas ré coimísc uipre: "Ní reómtar aon bhrátháinn do déanaodh vuit," aitear ri leir, "aict caitipí fanaímant agaínn go fóil." Ní riap cionnúr do meall Seágan is. Ba maitiú le n-a h-air é, agus mearrtar go páist rásar gádriodh ainnmíde aici ván, agus é iongnad gád leigseadh guth físeáil ri uaire é fá deirfeadh ari gheall go mbéas ré úmaliú fén amáin agus baint 'gá fearsaigh ari a n-éirinn leir. Deirfeas ari go páist eagla uipre leir v'a gcuimhcte agus gcuimhreac e go nuaonraodh Muintir Néill fhlait de Choróibéalbhas Luineach ó Néill 'na ionad

bright as sunbeams; a well-knit, active frame, and haughty features." There were hundreds of people trying to get a sight of himself and of his gallowglasses. This account says that these latter were bare-headed, with fair heads of hair, wearing shirts of mail from the neck to the knee, each man having a wolf-skin across his shoulders and a sharp battle-axe in his hand. One would not trust the consequences of provoking the like of those fellows. It is probable that they were in the fight at Armagh. "Make your obeisance!" said Shane in a sonorous voice, and the word was not out of his mouth when the gallowglasses were on one knee. He stood close to the throne where Elizabeth sat, dressed like a peacock; he bent his head, he bent his knee, and then he stood up as straight as a rod. He and Elizabeth looked at each other between the eyes. She spoke to him in Latin, and he answered her in sweet-sounding words. He praised her greatness, and he said that her beauty and her form dazzled him, for he had a smooth tongue with women. Elizabeth's eye had never rested on a man like him, and she liked to hear him flattering her. She showed him, in spite of her advisers, that he pleased her, though those same advisers were ready to shed his blood. They said to themselves that they had a grip of him now or never; and although they had agreed to the condition that no one should molest him on his journey, they thought, as was their custom, to close the lock upon him. "Ye intend to break the conditions," said Shane boldly. "You will be allowed to go back some time," said Cecil to him; "but there is no particular time decided upon in that agreement." "They have deceived me," said Shane to himself, and he walked into the presence of Elizabeth and demanded her protection. "They will not dare to do you any injury," said she to him; "but you will have to remain with us for a while." There is no knowing how Shane persuaded her. She liked him to be about her, and it is supposed that she had a kind of animal affection for him, and every reader is surprised that she let him go away from her at last on his promising that he would obey herself alone, and that her Deputy in Ireland should have nothing to do with him. It is said that she was afraid also that if he were put in fetters the O'Neills would make Turlough Luineach O'Neill prince in his stead, and she preferred Shane to *him*. Sussex was gnawing his tongue with rage because they had not taken Shane's head from his body in London, and he sent word to Elizabeth that it was spread abroad through Ireland that Shane had deceived her, great as was her intelligence, and that she had made him

γ γ do b'annra iéi Seágan 'na eiréan. Ói Sussex ag cogaint a
teangean le buile toirbs ná'í baineadó an ceann de coláinn
Seágan i lúnduin, γ cuij ré pseala cum Elire go raih ré
leattha ari fud Eireann sup meall Seágan i o'á feabhar i a
h-inntleact γ sup gníó rí ní ari illadó de. O'íapp ré cead uirte
e meallad go baile-áta-Ciat i scóip spreama o'fágair ari,
aet ói Seágan ró-áthairfaras γ níor gáib ré i níaois do baile-áta-
Ciat, síd sup gheall Sussex a ñeirbhiúr mar mnaoi ód aet"teact
o'á feicint:

Cait: 8:

nín γ fuit:

Imp an mbliadhain 'na óitáid rúid (i.: 1563) do éigíom Sussex ari
cúj ipteac ari Seágan γ ari uirte fá talam do ñéanaid iorí e
fén γ Eliir. Do éabhrúis rean-náimhde Seágan, na Tír-
Conaillis γ Albainis Aontúim, le Sussex, γ do ghuair reipean
ó tuairid go h-illadó imp an Aibreán 1563, aet má ghuair do gníó
Seágan liathróid coirfe de fén γ o'á fuaig, γ ói Sussex an-
buirdead go raih ré 'na cumar teicead le n'anam. Sgriobh Eliir
cum Sussex riottáin do ñéanaid le Seágan, mar náic raih aon
mait do bheit leir.

Do gníó Sussex rúid ari Eliir, γ ari an am gceádna cuij ré
fíriún riottána cum Seágan—ualaic fiona meairguithe le nín:
Ó'óil Seágan γ a linn-tige curio de'n fion γ o'fóbair go mbéadó
ré 'na pleist. Ói ré ag cónáir leir an mbáir ari feadó óá lá,
γ nuaire do támis ré cuij fén níor b'iongnaid go raih ré ari
neairg-láraid le feirg γ sup gheal ré a buirdean cum cogairid.
Leis Eliir uirte go raih rí ari buile i otaobh an feill-veairt úd
γ do gheall rí go otabhráid rí ceapt do aet a fuaimeair do
glacadh. Do ghuairdó rí abhaile ari Sussex. Leis rí uirte sup
mar fáram do Seágan é, aet do b'á an cuij do ói aici ari Sussex
sup meat ré. Do fnaidom rí riottáin γ capadair mar o'eadó le
Seágan ari, γ ói ré 'na pijs oáipírib ari illadó anoir γ leigeadó
do. Aet mar rin fén ói a fuaid do'n Gall cón gheal γ ói ré
mam. O'á cónaigta roin cum ré cairleán ari bhuac loca n-éacá.
Féar tagairte do b'eadó é γ ceap ré sup beag ari na Sasanais
mádairc an cairleán rin γ do baist ré ari "fuaid na nGall."
Deirtear sup ceap ré an uairi feo piogáct na h-Eireann do

King over Ulster. He asked her permission to decoy Shane to Dublin in order to get a grip of him; but Shane was too suspicious, and he did not go near Dublin, although Sussex promised him his sister for a wife if he only went to see her.

CHAPTER VIII.

POISON AND BLOOD.

In the year after that (1563) Sussex began to interfere with Shane, and to make mischief between him and Elizabeth. Shane's old enemies, the Tir-Conaill men and the Scots of Antrim, assisted Sussex, and the latter went north to Ulster in the April of 1563; but if he did go, Shane made a football of himself and his army, and Sussex was very thankful that he was able to fly with his life. Elizabeth wrote to Sussex to make peace with Shane, for it was no use for him to be attacking him.

Sussex did as Elizabeth bade him, and at the same time he sent a gift of peace to Shane—a cargo of wine mixed with poison. Shane and his household drank some of the wine, and he was like to have become a corpse. He was fighting with death for two days, and when he recovered it was not surprising that he was in a red flame of rage, and that he prepared his troop for war. Elizabeth pretended that she was furious about this act of treachery, and she promised that she would give him satisfaction if he would only keep quiet. She recalled Sussex. She pretended it was to satisfy Shane, but the cause of complaint that she had against Sussex was that he had failed. She tied the bonds of (pretended) peace and friendship with Shane again, and he was really King over Ulster now, and they let him alone. But for all that his hatred of the stranger was as keen as ever. As a sign of it he built a castle on the shore of Lough Neagh. He was a wittily-spoken man, and he thought that the English would not enjoy the sight of that castle, and he christened it "The Hate of the Strangers." It is said that he thought at that time of taking to himself the kingdom of Ireland, and of clearing the English out of it. But the Irish did not help him. He wrote to the King of France to ask help from him. "If you lend me six thousand men," he said, "I will drive the English out of this country into the sea." He could have got ten times as many as that in Ireland itself if they had been willing to rise with him, but they did not stir a foot.

gátháil cùise féin, agus na Saranais do glanadh amach airde. Aict níor cabhrúis na h-Eireannais leis. Do fheabhsioth é cum níos na fírinne e ag iarráid congnáim air. "Má tuiginn tu dom re mille fearr air iarráct," air geirgean, "tiomáinfead na Saranais air an t-áitír seo iarráct 'ra bhráibhise." Do gheobadh ré a theic n-oibrísead roin i n-Eirinn féin d'a mb'áil leó eisge leis, aict níor cinníteadh eor.

Cáib: 9.

LÁIN TEARS ABHÁ

Muna gcaibhríteadh Eire leinn, mar rín féin caitheamh dui ar aghaidh. Bí an Clann Dhomhnaill seo i nDontreibim ó uairí go h-uairí ag cabhrúgaod leis na Saranais. Amharanna do b'eadh na fírinne calma úd. Tángadair ó Albain air cùireadach Cuinn Uí Neill ag a stáir, agus do cùireadair fúca i n-Dontreibim agus i nDalmhada. Ni phairibh Seághan rásra 'na aighe fad do bhoirbhais 'ra tír. Do géilleadháir dho agus do cabhrúiseadh leis aon uairí aithní, aict ní phairibh aon ionntaois aighe aigeada. Dubhradair leis nádair phairibh aon fuaisteach aighe oifte, agus do phairibh fuaisteach aighe cabhrúgaod leis, aict le n-a dtuili fénim. Do ghríoraidh bainisiusdair Eilir iad i gcan fíor. "Sead mór ead," aitheir Seághan leo, "ghearráidh libh abaire. Ni fhuil aon ghnó agamra libh fearrúda." Aict do cùir na h-Albanais colg oifte fénim agus do phairibh leis go bhráibhais mar a phairibh aca gcan ríleádácasair dho roin. "Do bhuadomar air d'atáirge ceana agus Sussex 'na Ceannata," aitheir na h-Albanais dána.

Do leat Seághan-an-Díomair a cónaí air Mac-an-Ísiolair, báilis ré a fíuairte timcheall air agus do bhrí ré iarráct go h-Dontreibim air níos tuinne ríarráct. Buaile na h-Albanais leis i nGleannntaire 'na nDreamaid nDírisíreáca agus do fearradh eacu fuaileáct ealoráct. Tá rean-bóthar via tuair de'n báile rín Bun-ábann Óuirne, i gContae Dontreibim, agus do cùir Seághan-an-Díomair a eac cíosadh, Mac-an-Ísiolair, air cónaí-áitíre tarp cónaraidh Albanaid ann, agus do mheádon laé bí Clann Dhomhnaill 'na ghrácaibh finte timcheall air. Do mairbhuséad annrúd Óongur Mac Dhomhnaill agus do fearradh d'á éirí fearr, do ghabaí agus do gosaí Seamus Mac Dhomhnaill, agus do tóig Seághan leis Somairle Burde, agus do taoiseadh eile bí oifte. Do b'fheadhri Óndubh d'á dtoghsadhair a

CHAPTER IX.

Lám deas agus abú!

If Ireland will not help us, still we must go forward. These MacDonnells in Antrim were helping the English from time to time. These brave men were mercenary soldiers. They came from Scotland on the invitation of Conn O'Neill and of his father, and they settled in Antrim and in Dalriada (the present counties Antrim and Down). Shane was not easy in his mind as long as they were in the country. They submitted to him and assisted him once, but he had no confidence in them. They told him he had no control over them, and that there was no necessity for them to help him except by their own free will. Queen Elizabeth used covertly to encourage them. "Very well so," said Shane to them. "Get ye away home. I have no further business of ye." But the Scotsmen assumed a threatening attitude, and they said to him that they would stay where they were without dependence on *him*. "We got the better of your father before, and of Sussex besides," said the bold Scots.

Shane the Proud threw his leg over his horse Mac-an-Fhiolar, gathered his hosts around him, and broke in upon Antrim like a wave of the sea. The Scots met him in Glenshesk, in fierce bands, and a bloody battle was waged between them. There is an old road behind the village of Cushendun, in County Antrim, and Shane the Proud galloped his coal-black horse Mac-an-Fhiolar over the bodies of Scotsmen in it, and by the middle of the day the MacDonnells were stretched in rows around him. Angus MacDonnell and seven hundred of his men were killed, James MacDonnell was wounded and taken prisoner, and Shane also took Somerled the Sallow (or Sorley Boy), the other chief over them. It would have been better for them if they had taken his advice and gone off out of his way, and it would have been better for himself too, for it was the remnant of that company who treacherously killed him two years later.

At this time he was only thirty-eight years of age, and there was no man in Ireland of greater reputation and power than he. The English pretended to be great friends with him. They were very glad at first that he had routed the Clan Donnell of Scotland, and they rejoiced with him. Shane understood them right well. Not without reason was that proverb made: "An Englishman's laugh is a dog's grin"

cómhairle agus ghearradh leo ar a phise, agus do b'fheadar do roin leir é, mar a b'íad fuigileach na buriúne úd do thairbhe le feall e féin óa bhuilidhain 'na díairí rúd.

Ní raibh ré an uair seo aict oíche mbliadhna Dála agus a phise oíche, agus, agus ní raibh aon fear i n-Éirinn ba mó cáil ag cùmact 'na É. Leig na Saranais oíche go mbadair go mór leir. Bí achar oíche ari dtúirí gur mill ré Clann Domhnaill ó Albain agus do gáireadair leir. Cuig Seágan go dian mait iad. Ní gan fáil do cùmact an gean-focal úd—"Oípanntán maotha gáire Saranais." "Is mait an rúd," ari fiaorthan, "Clann Domhnaill do bheit claoiúthe mar níor b'fios ó inninn cá n-áam do cabhrócadair leir na n-Éireannais, aict marí rín féin baird O'Neill riú-láidirí ari fad aonair."

Is truaig ná'r ghníodh ré capadair le taorlachasib Éireann an uair seo. Is ionad roin éisom ré ari a cairt o'fiachair oíche gheilleadh ós gáibh oile mait leis é. "Caitífidh taorlach Conaict a scáin bhuilidhainteal do cabhairt domhá mar a ghnáthach leo do phisctibh Ullad," ari reifearan. "O'raithe na Conaictais é agus do go n-obann i láthair tighearnaí Conn Riocárho, an fear ba tipeire i gConaict, agus mill ré é gan puinn duairí. Do éreac ré Tip Conaill in iarr an mbliadhain gceádanna (1566), agus taimis ríghannraí ari Saran. Do ghríoraidh Elip Lapla fearann Muineac, Maguire, le n-éiríse 'na agair, aict do meileadh an Maguire, fá mar do meileadh bhró muilinn dojmán coirce.

Do b' é Sydney bí 'na Airtiúiseartí ariú ari Éirinn an uair úd i n-ionad Sussex, agus bí aitne mait aige ari Seágan. Cuirí ré teadáitairiú magaltair o'ári b'ainm Stukeley cuighe le n-áitíteamh ari bheit píre. "Ná n-éiríis amach i nágairí na Saranac agus gheobair gáibh níodh do teafrouisgeann uait," ari Stukeley. "Déanfar lapla Tip Eogain viocht mór mait leat é." Cuir Seágan ríann ari agus labhair ré go neamhac. "Bhréagán ír ead an iarracht roin," ari reifearan. "Do ghnídeabhair lapla de Mac Cártais agus Muirín, agus tá buachaillí a内幕 ré agus capall agamra atá cónaí mait o'fear leir rín. Do mearabhair mé ériúid nuaír do bí gheim agair oíche. Ní fuil aon muinigín agam ari buriú ngeallamhna. Níor iarrtar rioteáin ari an mbainiúis agus aict o'íairí ríre oímpair i gcaillte ríre féin do bhrí i. Do tiomáinear na Saranais ari an lúthair agus an Dúnndromá agus leisfead doibh teadáit ari n-áir go deo. Ní leóthair ó Domhnaill bheit 'na plait ari Tip Conaill mar ír liomra an ait rín fearrta. Ná biod aon mearbháil oíche gur liomra cuighe Ullad. Bí mo finneáir riomam 'na phisctibh uirté. Do builidh i leam' cláitheamh agus leam' cláitheamh do coinghdeasach i."

[i.e., a preparation for biting]. "It is a good thing," said they, "that the Clan Donnell are defeated, for we never knew when they might help the Irish; but, for all that, O'Neill will be too strong altogether now."

It is a pity he did not make friends with the chieftains of Ireland at this time. Instead of that he began to force them to submit to him, whether they liked it or not. "The princes of Connacht must give me their yearly tribute, as they used to give it to the Kings of Ulster," said he. The Connachtmen refused, and he rushed suddenly upon the lord of Clan Rickard, the strongest man in Connacht, and despoiled him without much trouble. He plundered Tir-Conaill in the same year (1566), and fear fell upon England. Elizabeth incited Maguire, Earl of Fermanagh, to rise against him; but the Maguire was crushed as a millstone would crush a handful of oats.

Sydney was Lord Justice (or Deputy) of Ireland again at this time in place of Sussex, and he knew Shane well. He sent a Government envoy, named Stukely, to him to urge upon him that he should keep quiet. "Do not rise out against the English, and you shall get whatever you want," said Stukely. "They will make you Earl of Tir-Eoghain, if you would like that." Shane snorted, and he spoke defiantly. "That earldom is a toy," said he. "Ye made an earl of MacCarthy in Munster, and I have serving-boys and stable-men that are as good men as he. Ye thought to hang me when ye had a grip of me. I have no trust in your promises. I did not ask peace of the Queen, but *she* asked *i.* of *me*, and it is ye yourselves that have broken it. I drove the English out of Newry and out of Dundrum, and I will never let them come back. O'Donnell will not dare to be prince again in Tir-Conaill, for that place is mine henceforward. Let there be no doubt upon you that Ulster is mine. My ancestors before me were kings over it. I won it with my sword, and with my sword I will keep it."

Though Sydney was a very brave, courageous man, his heart was in his mouth when Stukely told him this conversation. "If we do not make a great effort Ireland will be gone out of our hand. O'Neill owns the whole of Ulster, and he must be checked," said Sydney to Elizabeth. "Attack him at once," said she. She sent a troop of English over, and Sydney collected men from every quarter of Ireland, English and Irish, for there was many a chief who assisted him. Some of them were sufficiently disinclined for the business; but they had to

Siúd go raibh Sydney 'na feair an-mhírneamhail, tóráin, bí a chporúde 'na béal aige nuair d'innir Stukeley do an cómhád roin. "Muna nreantaí árto iarracht beiridh Éire imníte ar ár láim. Is le h-O'Neill Uladh go leirí gá caitheamh é corf," ari Sydney le h-Éire. "Buail é láitheadach," ari ríre. Do feol rí oileam Saranac anail gá do báilis Sydney rír ar gac áiru i n-Éirinn, Saranac gá Éireannais, mar ari iomád taoiseach do cabhrúis leir. Do bí curio aca leirgeamhail go leor cum an ghnóta aet do b'Éigean d'óibh beartúis ari aca cum cabhráta le Saranac fá mar do ghníðidh inoibh.

Tátar cùsait, a Seágan-an-Diomair, a thárscais an cláidimh gheir, gléar Mac-an-Pholair, gá cónairis do bhuirdéan beag laoc. Ní fuil agair aet neart buri gcuimhleanna fén, mar aicéid bfuil cabhair 'na congnamh thíb ó éinneac laimh.

An pháidil do goiríthe ari ceanntríraibh na Saranac timcheallt Baile-ata-Cliat. Do léim Seágan iptimeas inntre ari nór tóiríniúise. Do raibh gá d'arbhain rí i go ballairde Baile-ata-Cliat. Tug ré iarracht fá d'ainmhean na Saranac i nDundeaileagain gá bí bhuilgean áir aige le Sydney coir an Baile rín. Béilear rí-árait do Seágan annrúid, gá cuimheadh ari gacail e le duath, aet d'imir rí eiríleas ari ríluagach Sydney rul ari bhruid rí leir. Lean Sydney ari agair. Do ghuairí rí tóir Tír Eogain, gá ari roin go Tír Conaill, i n-ainmheoin Seágan, aet do lean reilgean gac bhrías de'n trilige e gá ba beag an ghuamhneair do tugs rí óib ari feadó an turair. Niop cearbán rí muamh roimhe rín cleara cónraic niop feadóir 'ná an uair reo. Bí Sydney gá a ríluag lionmáir cráistte tuilleoeadh ó foghanna obanna Seágan. Do bhruid rí i ngáir d'óib láim le Doire gá tugs aet óib. Bhuilgean Saris do b'eadh i, mar do tuit a lán feair ari gac taoibh, gá fámluis Seágan go raibh an buadó leir, aet fáilte go bhráid! fáid an oileam ro ag teadót amlaí ari—na Tír Conaillis éruaibh fá O Domhnaill do bí i gcomhnuidh 'na coinniú—gá bhríeadaí ari Seágan fá d'aireadó.

Do bhruid rí leir ari gacail go bealaige Tír Eogain ag tóraintan ari Sydney. Bí rí cónaí neamhaglaí roin, gá cónaí muiníseadh roin ari fén go raibh fáitcior ari na Gallair teadót 'na gairí gá do ghuairírean ari aca go Baile-ata-Cliat ari gac bhuinn do bárrí a tóraíu ari. "Cuimheadh muin mo lám ari aca fóir," ari Seágan. "Ní raibh aití aca ari n-airi muna mbiaidh na cuimhneach rín i dtír Conaill; tá ráite beac annroin atá am' ériád gá am' cealas le fada, aet bain an cluas díom, go mheasadh iadair an ari ball."

make themselves ready for the assistance of England, as they do at this day.

They are coming against you, Shane the Proud, horseman of the sharp sword! Get ready Mac-an-Fhiolar, and arrange your little band of heroes. Ye have nothing but the strength of your own arms, for there is no help nor succor for ye from anyone outside.

The English districts about Dublin were called the Pale. Into the Pale Shane leaped like a thunderstorm. He ravaged and plundered it to the walls of Dublin. He made an attempt upon the English in Dundalk, and he had a fight with Sydney near that town. They were too much for Shane that time, and with some difficulty they repulsed him; but he made havoc among Sydney's troops before he moved off. Sydney continued to press on. He went through Tir-Eoghain, and from that to Tir-Conaill, in spite of Shane; but the latter followed him every inch of the way, and little rest he gave him during the journey. Never did he show better skill in tactics than at that time. Sydney and his numerous army were harassed and wearied by Shane's sudden attacks. He moved close up to them near Derry and gave them battle. A tough fight it was, for many men fell on both sides, and Shane thought the victory was with him; but beware! See this company coming from the West upon him—the stern Tir-Conaill men under O'Donnell, who was always against him—and Shane was defeated at last.

He fell back to the passes of Tir-Eoghain, growling at Sydney. He was so fearless and so confident in himself, that the foreigners were afraid to come near him, and they betook themselves to Dublin again, having got very little by their journey. "I will put the mark of my hand on them yet," said Shane. "Not a creature of them would have gone back if it were not for those villains in Tir-Conaill. There is a swarm of bees there that are worrying and stinging me this long while; but cut the ear off me but I will smoke them out very soon."

CHAPTER X.

CLOUDS AND DEATH.

Shane was preparing himself secretly, and the English were not asleep. They were secretly aiding O'Donnell, and spurring him on against Shane. Hugh was the name of the O'Donnell who was now in Tir-Conaill, for Calvach had lately died. This

Cáib. 10.

Séamail agus bás.

Bí Seághan go foluigteas 'sá uillamhúsgað réin agus ní raibh na Sasanais 'na gcoitianta. Biondair ag cabhrúsgað le h-O Dómhnaill i gsan fíor, agus 'sá ghríorad i gcoinniú Seághain. Aodh do b'ainm de'n O Dómhnaill do b'í anoir ari Tír Conaill, mara cailleadh Calbað le déirdeannraighe. Níor b'fhláir do'n triatl nuadha ro éadct éigín do b'heanað i uchoraig a mhaigla, mara ba gnáctas le gac flait an uairi úd. Bhrír Aodh irtseas go Tír Eoghan ari ógrúsgað na Sasanac agus go Seághan-an-Díomair. Dári clártheamh gairghe Néill naoi nGiallaig, bionfáidh O Dómhnaill ari an gcoigráidh reo!

Do círfa tróigheasáca ag triall ari gac áirítear fá déin tighe móir Óginnibh riomh eiríse ghréine i uchoraig na Bealtaine inír an mblianaid 1567. Círom na coim móra ari uairi le teaghdac ari teacht na ríuas, agus lúctail agus crioctað a n-earrball, mara do fileadair go mbiað reilg aca mara ba gnáctas. Rit an riadh nuadha agus mactípe i b'fholac inír na coillteib móri-ditimceall mara fileadair riom leir le tuigint an ainníde go raibh ari a uabhrí.

Ní raibh dhuil i realg ag O Néill an eor ro, mara bí deabhdh ari cumh O Dómhnaill do triaocáð, agus do b'uidil rí réin agus fíorígeasáca triatl mile feair riapil o chuaidh. Déarrfaidh doaone pípíreógsáca go raibh na cásá ag ríspéasáig ór ciorn tighe Seághan-an-Díomair an mairdean ro, agus náir chualaithe rí ceol na cuairde ná piobaireacáit an loin duibh iníru.

"Nád dán iad na Tír Conaillis reo, agus nád móri an triuas déibh beirt 'sá gcuair a rílise a mairbhadh," ari reigrean, nuair do éonnáig rí O Dómhnaill agus b'uidéan b'eadh riuithe ari áirítear Sáipe ari an uabhrí chuaidh o' inbhearp Súilis i nDún na nGall.

Bí an taoide tráighe ari an inbhearp agus do filidh O Néill gairdíníomh cípmh do bí ann i gcoimhniú. Níor mara ríom do O Dómhnaill. Bí aitne maiti aigrean ari an áit úd, agus do éigearaí rí i gcoimhniú é ríin agus cíuig feair do éoraint ari O Néill, mara eiríseann an taoide go triuas agus do h-obann aonarú.

Aigur fead ari n-aonair le céile an ríuoct do támairis ó beirt mac Néill naoi nGiallaig—na Tír Conaillis o Conall Gulban agus Tír Eoghanis ó Eoghan, é riúd do bhrír a éigearde le bhrón i nuaidh Conaill nuair do mairbheisgeadh an cuaird riom.

Deirtear nád raibh aon fonn bhrúisne ari O'Néill nuair do

new prince must needs do some act of valor at the beginning of his reign, as was the custom with every prince at that time. Hugh broke into Tir-Eoghain by order of the English, and plundered the north-western part of. Shane the Proud turned black and red with anger. By the champion-sword of Niall of the Nine Hostages, O'Donnell shall pay for this raid!

You would see foot and horsemen traveling from every quarter towards the great house of Benburb before sunrise, in the beginning of May, in the year 1567. The great hounds began to bay with excitement at the approach of the troops, and to jump about and wag their tails, for they thought they were to have a hunt, as usual. The red deer and the wolf ran to hide themselves in the woods all around, for *they* too thought, with the animal's instinct, that they were going to be pursued.

O'Neill had no desire for hunting this time, for he was in a hurry to subdue O'Donnell, and he and his host of three thousand men struck out to the north-west. Superstitious people would say that the jackdaws were screaming over the house of Shane the Proud this morning, and that he did not hear the music of the cuckoo nor the piping of the blackbird to-day.

"Are they not bold, these Tir-Conaill fellows, and is it not a great pity for them to be putting themselves in the way of their death?" said he, when he saw O'Donnell and his little band posted upon Ardingary, on the north side of Lough Swilly, in Donegal.

The tide had ebbed out of the estuary, and O'Neill thought that the sand in it was always dry. Not so with O'Donnell. *He* knew that place well, and he chose it in order to protect himself and his men from O'Neill, for the tide rises strongly and suddenly there.

And see, struggling together, the race that came from the two sons of Niall of the Nine Hostages—the Tir-Conaill men from Conall Gulban, and the Tir-Eoghain men from Eoghen, the man who broke his heart with sorrow after Conall when that warrior was killed!

It is said that O'Neill had no wish to fight when he saw the small army that O'Donnell had against him, and that he would rather that they would have surrendered; but for all that he arranged his men carefully, and he ordered them in companies and troops across the inlet of the sea. O'Donnell made a furious attack on the first party that got across and broke them up. If they had not many men, they were all like wild cats. He did

éonnaic ré an ríuasg beag do bì ag O'Dómhnaill 'na coinnib, agus b'fearr leir dá ngeillefiridír, acht marí rín fén do bheartuis ré a chuid fearr go chinniú agus go dtiúraid ré 'na níreamhais agus 'na níofrithais tairnna an chuid fairsingse iad. Tuis O'Dómhnaill rogha feargach fá'n gceád chuid do fhoisí anonn agus do bhrí ré iad. Muna raibh móran fearr aige, cait f'athairg do b'eadh iad go léir. Rinne ré marí an gceádacha leir an dairna cipe calma. "Cait-fearr iad do chuir aif roin," arra O'Neill, agus do bhuail ré é fén aip ceann cibí capall, acht do phreab marcasas iis O'Dómhnaill amach aip ios aip 'nóir gála gaoithe, agus t'á feabhar é Seágan-an-Díomair aip eigin do bì ré 'na cumas corsa do chuir leibh. O'fearas rí timcheall aip. Bí chuid t'á níreamhais mearacha thíre n-a céile ag a tuilleadh aca ríogaista ó n-a céile. Niop tuis Seágan fáil an mearbháil go bheacaird ré an taoraid ag eiríse agus ríseom ag teacht aip a chuid fearr, agus O'Dómhnaill le n-a buirdean laoé agus eigin oíche go tian. Niop meat croidhe Seágáin inar an amháin úd, agus do érom ré aip éiríleas le n-a marcasas go fiaidhain, agus t'á d'ul aip eorapánáitise annraí agus annraíodh agus gaothas aip a cinnfeadana a gcuird fearr do eóinmíúgadh. Do ghníodh ré fén iarracht aip an ríuasg do bairiúgadh leir i n-eagair cibír, acht ní raibh ríseom cum capaí aca, agus bí chuid aca go glúnaibh i n-uirge agus an taoraid agus mótar timcheall oíche. Fír ó láir tuata do b'eadh a bhrúinmór. Táinig ríseom niop mó oíche agus bhríre dair.

Bácaí agus marbhúigeadh thír céad ríeasg fearr aca. Do b'í eis an t-eireannach Seágáin-an-Díomair é agus an tubairte ba mò do tairisigh riathach do. An méid a chuid tmeairneacháin tairisigh inbhearr milteas Súilis do teiceanadar leo, agus do ríseinn a bhráiltear ruair coir na h-athair agus cuairt aistí, agus doirí marcasas leir. Do teairbheán thír Conallach t'áip b'ainm Halléabhair atá 'fan an abhairn do b'í mile ó pháipe an bhuailte agus do tuis Seágan O'Neill a cùl aip thír Conall, allur aip, a cheansa agus a charrbhaill cibí te, thírm, le rímeádair teine, agus eanap na ríobhráis le buailóidit aighe.

Bí O'Dómhnaill agus fáiltear go meiríopead, agus a tseinníte cnámh aca t'áip an bhuailte, acht ní raibh fíor aca go raibhadar agus tdeanach oibhre na Sápanaí, obair do teip aip na Hallí rín aip fearr chuisce bhuailte tdeas goimé iin, gus agus cailleachair na milte fearr agus b'á milliún púnt éinse.

Cao do tdeanfarad O'Neill illaibh aonair? Teip leabhar na Ceathair Ollamhain go raibh ré éadorthom 'na ceann dair éir bhrúinmheann síos agus b'áire, acht ní fuil 'ra méid rín aip coir cainte. Bí an curaí úd rí-aisgeantáin agus rí-láirí i gcoraidhe agus a gcoirp cum eanap aip phluibheigeadh agus aip éneadaig i dtaoibh bhrí aip aon bhrúinmheann síos. Ní raibh ré dá fícead bhuailte t'aois fóir agus bí mirnead aip leomhain i gcomhnuairde aige. O'íarbh chuid t'á

the same to the second brave file. "We must put them out of that," said O'Neill, and he thrust himself at the head of a detachment of horse; but O'Donnell's horsemen rushed out on him from a hollow like a gale of wind, and great as was Shane the Proud it was with difficulty that he was able to check him. He looked around him. Some of his companies were mixed up together, and some of them were separated from each other. Shane did not understand the reason of the confusion till he saw the tide rising and terror coming upon his men, and O'Donnell with his band of heroes pressing upon them severely. Shane's heart did not fail in that moment of distress, and he, with his horsemen, began slaughtering savagely, and galloping to and fro, calling upon his captains to put their men in order. He tried to gather the army together himself in proper order, but they had not room to turn, and some of them were up to the knees in water and the tide flowing up all round them. Most of them were inland men. A fresh panic fell on them and they broke away.

Thirteen hundred of them were drowned or killed. It was Shane the Proud's last battle, and the greatest disaster that ever happened to him. As many as crossed the terrible estuary of the Swilly in safety fled away, and their prince rushed up the side of the river to look for a ford, with a few horsemen. A Tir-Conaill man of the name of Gallagher showed him a ford in the river two miles from the battle-field, and Shane O'Neill turned his back on Tir-Conaill, sweating, his tongue and his palate as hot and dry as a coal of fire, and a lump in his throat from trouble of mind.

O'Donnell and his good men were right merry, and they had bonfires after the battle; but they did not know that they were doing the work of the English—work which it had failed those foreigners to do for fifteen years before that, though they had lost thousands of men and two millions of money in the attempt.

What will O'Neill of Ulster do now? The Book of the Four Masters says that he was light in his head after the fight at Ardingary, but that is only a turn of expression. That hero was too high-minded and too strong of heart and of limb to fall to blubbering and to groaning over the loss of one battle. He was not forty years of age yet, and he always had the courage of a lion. Some of his military officers begged him to yield to the English, but that was not Shane's intention at all. He released Somerled the Sallow (Sorley Boy), whom he had had in captivity as a prisoner of war for two years, and sent him

Uigíneada cosaíodh aip gaeilleadh do Sarana aét níor b' é rím intinn Seághain i n-dón cón. Sgaoil ré Somairle Óuirde do b' i maoí cime aige le d' a bhuachaill, ag cuip maoí tsealctaire go Clóinn Ódomnáill i nAlbain é ag iarráid conganta opta. Do ghealladh do i, ag gníomh ré fein agus gárhoa maoícach ionad coinne leio i mBunabann Duinne, i nDontreum. D' úmhligeadh go talaíodh agus ghealladh fé ríodh i gceabán fairsing do. Táinig feap eile aip an lataip leis, d'áip b' ainnm Pierce, bprataodóip ó Elise do chualaird cad do b' aip riub i ag Seágan. Ni fhiul aon ríspibinn le fágair do bhearbhuis ann gur tug an captaen Pierce úd viola do na hAlbanaig, aét tá mór gheap ag gac úsgoir aip.

Α Σεάξαιν-αν-Τιομαίρ, τα υπό σηνό υέαντα.

Agur liúgann an coippliún amuicí ar Spuit na Maoile, 7
bpireann na tonna bána ar an dtíráis le fuaim coir Dúnabánn
Duiinne, 7 tearfánann na daoine annrúd capn cloé i lóig mar a
bfeil Seágan-an-Uiomair 'na codla le bpeir agur tpi céad
blianaon.

“Sealct mbliaðna Seafccatt cūic céu
Mile bliaðain iŋ ní ƿrécc,
Co bár tSealdin mic mic Cuinn
Ó tóirðect Cniort ní ccolainn.”

Tos Pierce leir an ceann do b'ailne i nEirinn agus an t-Earrach daor de cinn d'iceannnta Uí Néill. Buaireap Pierce a mile punt mar viol ari an gceann ón mbainiugach, agus an ceann caitear aic d'ar bionn ari an pinn do b'airde ar capleán Baile Átha Cliath.

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PART OF A PROCLAMATION CONCERNING SHANE THE PROUD

Photographic facsimile from the original

APROCLAMACYON

Published in the English Bankeynge City of LONDON
Crown of the Realme of ENGLAND by the
SCHOLLE and COMPTRE of the CHIEFEST and COUNCIL
of the same Realme.



¶ Charles most excellent maiestie calling to minde, howe the purprestnes amoung
all his realmes & countreys be it of this Quene, that the best waye to haue
the realme of Englysshre & his legacie to a Lauenfant general of this Realme, and
to haue al other his greate and the moste resounable Realme within this Realme, were quene
Anne, his sonnes & daulds sonnes herte knyght, thought good to open to her god and
lovinge quene the knyghtlynes of her gracie, a mercifull proclamacyon wher byn to rehers her to the
auctoritayng of the knyghtlynes & birt of a faire knyght as al of his arayng. Bynnes transre
taynes to the knyghtlynes & birt to the followinge of the purprestnes of this Realme,
that purprestnes of al his realme his god and fayre knyght herte knyght and the greate purprest and bongay
herte knyght Kynge of Englysshre & Crowne of this Realme, contrary to his birt to almighty
god and his allegiance to his fayre knyght Lady the Quene.

Frist apes an hostynge called and a Justis made by her maiesties said Lauenfant Anne
against James mar Cancell and his brotheris forson enemys then erupet. Spes he had not
only to rehers to her maiesties said Lauenfant but also his knyghtlynes & birt to his
foste & power of men of warre regarete to James mar Cancell conyng a countreynge with him
against his knyghtlynes & Lady the Quene and therin perilled to fare as he moste vnuersall
to Lauenfant Anne in biforn with the said James, then an of enemys agaynst his mynistris and
Lauenfant Anne the purprestnes of this Realme then almed his knyghtlynes and
givinge the biforn he was fested to night for the rounen of his maiesties said Lauenfant & knyght
foste made by him for his purdon unto his promise & the openly taken to be a trut and a knyght
foster & knyght from thenselv. he was then in respect of comon quene that therit was he pro to
enfylde alwayes gracieously and mercifullly receaved a pardoch of his knyghtis offensys past i trut
and he returned to his oyene habitation wher he breu to him all the force he could. Under wch
tote the better assyli forste when he shuld be obouned.

Anne, after an other hostynge called and a Justis prepared agaynst James mar Cancell
and his brotheris foyl repaire as forson enemys & shane he had not only to his birt
reheare to her maiesties said Lauenfant then bring to the Newte accopmied with Thelers of
Levyns, Cinnamon and Deund and others the Nobles of this Realme upon emr protection
or aluerante that therit could make unto hym but also with Thelers of Leyden and Cinnamon
with a greate part of the Arme wereit through Englysshre to pade that wavyes to the Banne he for
feare of lefing of this goddes repaire upon fuent to them with all his force and promyed to god
wch it is to her said Lauenfant and after wch wch dayes abowd them he turned to Thelers of
Levyns to lache birtuallys and promyng to the said Crie to fetch birtuallys i returnd immedietly
he depeareid the Campe without knyghtlynes and so returyng preleyn into his hostynge
and heryng the goddes and catells of James mar Cancell & his brotheris he as a knyght & perured
traytoris alones to biforn with them i procureid an assulte to be mad in a pace apd her maiesties
Anne in their eccloune and theropd dro not only totochelys i trutheisir fante his men to pray
and borne the poffessioun of bryers her maiesties true and fayre knyghts subiects within the Englysshre
pale. but also ded contrary to the lawes of this Realme erupet Thel of Lyon his fader, & the
Baron of Doungham, & his brother Honorable fayre knyght and true subiects i farnes to her maiestie

GOD SAVESTHE QUEEN.

H. D. Cancell.

Rowland. Baltglas.

P. B. of Crimlesteid.

W. Fis. Wylliams.

John. Plonker.

Thomas. Cufake.

Humphry. Warne.

L. Ormond, & Ossey.

Richard. Montgaret.

James. Kylline.

Henry. Radefit.

Robert. Dillon

John. Trauers.

John. Challoner.

Gerald. Desmonde.

James. Slane.

Christopher. Huchte

George. Stanley.

James. Bath.

Fraunces. Harbart.

Jame. Au. Soamaston

Christopher. Donstany.

John. Curraughmoie.

Jaques. Wnglyb.

John. Parker.

Fraunces. Agard.

Imprynted in Dubry, by
Humfrey. Powel.

as an envoy to the Clan Donal in Scotland, to ask aid of them. They promised it to him, and he and a guard of horsemen appointed a place of meeting with them at Cushendun, in Antrim. They bowed to the ground before him, and prepared a feast for him in a large tent. Another man came to the place also, whose name was Pierce, a spy from Elizabeth, who had heard what Shane was doing. There is no written evidence to be found which proves that this Captain Pierce gave blood-money to the Scots, but every author has a strong suspicion of it.

Shane the Proud, your business is done.

Your very enemies say that your strong hand was ever as a shield to the weak, and that there was not a robber nor an unruly man in your territories during your time. They say, too, that it was your custom not to sit down to your food until, as you would say, Christ's poor, who gathered on your threshold, had had their fill of the best meat. But there is an end to your generosity and to your valiant deeds now, for the Scots are eagerly whispering with Captain Pierce in the tent. You will never again hear the baying of the pack, nor follow the red deer through the nut-woods of the cantred for evermore. The hosts of Tir-Eoghain will hear your battle-cry no more, for there are twenty Scots behind you unknown to you, and Pierce is nagging at them that you killed their fathers in the battle of Glenshesk. Spring to your feet from that table, Shane the Proud, and look behind you, for the spear is within an inch of your broad back.

And the curlew cries away out on the Moyle Water, and the white waves break soundingly on the strand near Cushendun, and the people there show a cairn of stones in a hollow, where Shane the Proud sleeps these three hundred years and more.

“ Seven years, sixty, five hundred
(And) a thousand years, it is no lie,
To the death of Shane the grandson of Conn
From the coming of Christ in the Body.”

Pierce took away with him the most beautiful head in Ireland, and they took the rich clothing from the headless body of O'Neill. Pierce received his thousand pounds from the Queen in payment for the head, and that beloved and lovely head was stuck upon a spike on the highest battlement of Dublin Castle.

(v) CAILÍN NA MBRÁITRE.

Séamus ua Duibhseáill.

Bi cailín fad ó i dtísg na mbráitre agus ní bhoíodh aon teóra leir an méadó oibre bhoíodh rí a eisír iomprí le déanamh.

Ír cuma ead a bhealadh gan déanamh agus b'fheidir go mbealadh ré gan déanamh ari feadáin páisté, nuairí déanfaraidh leir an gcaillín é déanamh, 'ré an fheaghrá bhoíodh aici i gcomháinre: "Ó bhoír cum é rín a déanamh mé féin." Ceap na bhráitre ari dtúir go páist cailín anaistícheallach aca, agus i f minic a bhoíodh ag moladh an cailín agus ag maortheamh airtí le bhráitreibh eile.

Aon lá amáin a taimis rean-bhráitair éuca ó thainigítear eile, agus, nuairí a éualaí ré an t-árd-moladh ari cailín na mbráitre, "Béid fíor agam-ra," ari reihean, "an bhrúil rí comh maist agus deirtear liom i bhfeidh."

"Cosáir," ari reihean le ceann de na bhráitreibh, "abair leir an gcaillín teast i gteach i gceannra na leabhair agus, nuairí a bheidh rí dtísg ann, abairí leír gur ceart dí na leabhair a níse."

"Agus ead éiuse go gcuiríonn obair binníse marí rín iomprí? Bhealadh fearsig uirtí agus b'fheidir go bhráisfaidh rí rinn. Ní fuaireann cailín marí i fágáil geallamh óuit."

"Déan iúd oípm," ari' an rean-bhráitair.

Do glaodhuis ré ari an gcaillín agus ní páist rí i bhfad ag teast, agus, nuairí a taimis rí, duibhseáil an rean-bhráitair leír go bos péist: "Clioíomh gur aonácaillín tú. Ír móir an t-iongnad liom, a Úriúis, na leabhair reo Úriúis gur níse agat fóir."

"Bhoír tíreac éun é rín a déanamh, mé féin, a dtairí."

"Ó ní gábhadh óuit é, a Úriúis," ari' an bhráitair eile go rearb: O'n lá rian go dtí an lá iníu tá Cailín na mbráitre marí ainnm ari éinne a bionn "éun é rín déanamh" i n-ionad é Úriúis.

(p) AN GAO MARA

nÓ

AR LORG AN BÉARLA:

Séamus ua Duibhseáill.

Táiníl marí ó fiont achoir bhi daoine 'na gcomháinre i n-oileán Úriúis i n-íochtar na hÉireann agus ní páist aca acht an gcaillín. Marí gcaillí ari go mbioíodh daoine rathóire ag teast ari cuairt ari

THE FRIARS' SERVANT MAID.

By JAMES DOYLE. Translated by MARY DOYLE.

THERE was a servant long ago at the friary, and there were no bounds to the amount of work she used to be about doing.

It did not matter what was left undone, and perhaps it would be without doing for a quarter, when the servant would be asked to do it the answer she always had was, "I was going to do that myself." The friars at first thought they had a very diligent servant, and often they used to be praising the girl, and boasting of her to other friars.

One day an old brother came to them from another monastery, and when he heard the great praises of the friars' servant, he said, "I'll find out if she is as good as she is said to be."

"Whisper," said he to one of the brothers; "tell the girl to come into the library, and when she is inside there, tell her she ought to wash the books."

"And why should I set her such a fool's job? She would be angry, and perhaps she would leave us. It is not easy to get a servant like her, I assure you."

"Do as I tell you," said the old friar.

He called the girl; she was not long coming, and when she came the old friar said to her, soft and smooth, "I am told you are a great girl. I wonder very much, Brigid, that you have those books so long without washing."

"I was just now going to do that myself, father."

"Oh you need not, Brigid," said the other brother, sharply.

From that day to this "the friars' servant girl" is applied to any one who is always going to do the thing instead of having it done.

THE GAD MARA, OR IN SEARCH OF ENGLISH.

By JAMES DOYLE. Translated by MARY DOYLE.

A good while ago now there lived people in a little island in a remote part of Ireland and they had no language but Irish. Because wealthy people used to visit the island now and again, the poor people imagined that all they wanted was to have

an oileán aonair agus ariúr ceap na daoine docta ná raiú nata aict an Béarla o'róisium agus go mbeidír raióibh go neod. Leanann an gálaí ceadna móráin daoine a ceapann níor mór ceille beirt aca 'ná bí ag muintír an oileáin.

"Aict caí raiú an Béarla le fágáil?" B'in i an ceirt aonair.

Bí 'fíor aca go raiú Béarla i n-Éirinn, aict évaladair go raiú an Béarla doibh' feárr 'ra domhan i mbáile Ácta Cliat.

Tar éir móráin cainte agus comháit rocluigheadaí ari údine aca a cusp go Baile Ácta Cliat ari lóig an Béarla.

An lá b'i an feair ag imteacht baibh óig leat guri go h-áitmeirice a b'i ré ag dul. Bí an lá 'na lá raoiúr ari an oileán. Táinig muintír an oileáin go leirí, ós agus eisíonna, go dtí poist na hÉireann agus cuireadó an feair aonann ari an dtír móír ari an mbáid ba mó ari an oileán.

O'fág teactháire an Béarla ríán aca agus o'ímhír ari go Baile Ácta Cliat. Tar éir a beirt tamall 'ra cíatair b'i Béarla aige, tá focal, "Good-morrow," agus ceap ré go raiú ré i n'am aige filleadó a baile. Bí ré tuilleadh go leorí ó beirt ag coirídeáct, agus nuair a táinig ré go dtí feáit an Ciotaig i n-aice na fáiríse, fúidh ré ríor.

Bí na focail go cinníodh gártá aige, γ le heagla go mbeadh ríao cailte aige, biond ré ag ríao mara phairíon "Good-morrow," "good-morrow," "good-morrow."

Bí an aimpír fliúc agus b'i feáit an Ciotaig dois. Go deimhní, b'i ri 'na tóin ari do gáid, agus, nuair a b'i an feair docht ag dul tráthra, évalaír ré ari láir agus o' fóibair do beirt báire. Táiríding ré é fén amach i gcomhaibh éisint agus Bain ré amach an talamh tíortha. Aict, mo chreac i mo éair! b'i an Béarla cailte aige.

Nuair a táinig ré a baile agus nuair o'innír ré a ríseal do muintír an oileáin, biondair bhuailtearca go leor, agus 'ré duibh airt gae duine aca leir fénin guri móir an truaig ná é fén a cuireadó go Baile-Ácta-Cliat.

Aict cad a b'i le déanamh aonair? Bí an Béarla cailte i b'feáit an Ciotaig agus o'fearáid go mbeadh ré le fágáil fóir.

Do ghuairí reifear de muintír an oileáin aonann ari báid go dtí an dtír móír agus feair an Béarla le n-a scoir. Tearbáin ré óibh cáir éall ré an Béarla i láir na feite.

Chomadair go leirí ari an dtír a tóibh agus a taoisach agus níor o'fáda óibh ag saibhíl do'n obair feo nuair do bhuail gaoth mara leó.

"Sin é an focal," "Sin é an focal," aigríteactháire an Béarla, "gaoth mara," "gaoth mara."

English and that they would be rich for ever. The same ailment follows a good many who think they have much more sense than had the people of the island.

But where was the English to be had; that was now the question. They knew there was English in Ireland, but they had heard the best English in the world was in Dublin.

After much talk and discussion they fixed on one of themselves to be sent to Dublin in search of English.

The day the man was leaving you would think it was to America he was going. The day was a holiday on the island. The whole population of the island, young and old, came down to Port Erinn, and the man was put across on the mainland in the biggest boat on the island.

The English delegate bade them farewell, and proceeded on his way to Dublin. After being a short time in the city he had English, "Good Morrow," two words, and he thought it was time for him to be returning home. He was tired enough from walking, and when he came as far as "the Left-handed Man's swamp," close to the sea, he sat down. He had the words correctly, and lest he should lose them, he used to be repeating them like a prayer—"Good Morrow, good Morrow."

The weather was wet and the swamp soft. Indeed it was a regular quagmire; and when the poor man was crossing he went bogging, and was near being drowned. He pulled himself out some way and got to dry land. But, sorrow and distraction, he had lost the English.

When he reached home, and when he told his tale to the people of the island, they were troubled enough, and it is what each said to himself, that it was a pity that it was not he himself that was sent to Dublin.

But what was to be done now. The English was lost in the swamp of the Left-handed Man, and maybe it would be found yet.

Six of the islanders went over in a boat to the mainland, and the "English" man with them. He showed them where he lost the English in the middle of the swamp. They all set to work to dig and shovel the place, and they were not long at the work when they came upon a gad mara, or sea rod.

"That's the word, that's the word," said the messenger, "Gad mara, gad mara."

fact-seal:

ní níseáidí mire go bpráit aip gcuil
Ma'r éigín b'eaic úimal daioib 'r móij mo leun,
Muna dtig liom riúbal, muna dtig liom riúbal,
Muna dtig liom riúbal aip mo páipic-re féin.

Τάνις αν τραπέσσα τείτ, η τιν μέ γιαρ αρι όντανα υπεάς ρέιη, αρι
ταοις αν υδταιρ, ασυρ ηνοης β' ξανα δυρι τιν μο σούλασ ορμ.
Ασυρ ιμ' σούλασ ονναίης με αιρίης.

Do b'i mé ag riúbal, maraí faoil mé im' airling, i dtír aonaithe no náid riabh mé ariam poimé reo i n-aon tír cormáin leí, b'i ri comh bheagán rian. B'i bónáire caola ró-riúbalta ag dul thíos an tír áluinn reo, agus do b'i páipeanna glasa agus feáin bog uaitne, agus h-uile rónt bláth o'á bhracairí rúil ariam, ag fáir ari gáé aon taoibh de'n bóthar. Aict do b'i an bóthar fén cam coirpach clocháin, agus b'i rppáilleac ag réideadh aip, do loit agus do thall rúine na nuaione do b'i ag riúbal ann.

Agur níor unctiona go unctionar mé fearr ós lúcthar láidirí amach
fómham, ag gabáil an bótáir map do b' mé fém. Agur éonnaic
mé an t-úsgánaidh ro ag feargáin go minic éum an phúdraidh tíortha do
b' d'á férfeadh aip an mbótáir do cuimilt d'á fúilib. Agur do
b' an bótáir comh h-ainmíreidh agur comh clochaí rin gur tuit ré
anoir agur aipír map b' ré ag riúbal. Agur an uairí Óileireannach
do tuit ré níor fearr ré éinighe no go dtáinig mire comh fada
leir, agur tuigí mo láithiú do gur tóis mé aip a d'á coip aipír é,
agur duibhaint mé leir go raibh fúil agam náic raibh ré gortuighe. D'fheagair
reifrean de bhrácaí dinne blasta náic raibh ré gortuighe go mór, aict go raibh faitcior aipí náic dtuicfaidh ré go
deileadáil aistíri an lá rin, map do b' an bótáir comh gairbh agur
comh cnuairt rin. Agur d'fiafarrúis mire dé an fada do b' le dul
aige. Duibhaint reifrean náic unctiona, aict gur mian leir dul go
baile-mór do b' cairg mire amach uainn, fúil tainig an oirdéice aipí,
bíri budi mian leir iuto le n'ite, agur leabhair, fágail, agur gán
an oirdéice do caiteamh amuig aip an mbótáir fiaodain rin.

Agur nuair évalaíodh mé i rin do b' i longantaír oírmh, b'ír b' i dalaír de'n lá agairinn fóir, roimh luirfe na ghréine, agur b' fóirur do dhúine aip bit do b' i comh lúcthamar láidir leis an ógánaidh rin cíos mheile do riúbal in fán am rin, d'ábhráidh r' e an troscaibh aigur d'ábhráidh r' e aip an macaire a eáis píreid do b' i le n-a taoibh; agur duibhaint mé rin leis.

"Na biod iongantar opt fum-ros," a deirtear, "óir ní féidir le duine ari bít in ran thír reo an bótagh fágáil. Cómh cloíodáin eanácas eanácas agus atá an bótagh, caitheoidh duine fanaímant ari.

AN ALLEGORY.

DOUGLAS HYDE, LL.D.

(Translated by NORMA BORTHWICK.)

'T HE evening became hot, and I stretched back on a fine grassy bank at the side of the road, and it was not long till I fell asleep. And in my sleep I saw a vision.

I was walking, as I thought in my dream, in an unknown country, such that I was never before in any country like it, it was so fine. There were narrow roads, very bad for walking, running through this beautiful country, and there were green fields and soft green grass, and every sort of flower that the eye ever saw, growing on each side of the road. But the road itself was crooked and uneven and stony, and there was a dusty wind blowing on it that hurt and blinded the eyes of the people that were walking in it.

And it was not long till I saw a young, active, strong man out before me, going the same road as I was myself. And I saw this young fellow standing often to rub out of his eyes the dry dust that was being blown on the road. And the road was so uneven and so stony that he fell now and again as he was walking. And the last time that he fell he could not rise until I came up to him, and I gave him my hand till I raised him up on his feet again, and I said to him that I hoped he was not hurt. He answered in sweet, pleasant-sounding words that he was not much hurt, but that he was afraid he would not come to the end of his journey that day, as the road was so rough and so hard. And I asked him if he had far to go. He said he had not far, but that he wished to go to a big town, that was five miles out from us, before night came on him, for he wanted to get something to eat and a bed, and not to spend the night outside on that wild road.

And when I heard that there was wonder on me, for we had two hours of the day yet before sunset, and it would be easy for anybody who was so active and strong as that young man to walk five miles in that time if he left the bad road, and if he walked on the fine, smooth plain that was beside it; and I said that to him.

"Do not be surprised at me," says he, "for it is impossible for any person in this country to leave the road. As stony and knotty and rugged as the road is, a person must stay on it. If he leaves the road to walk on the fine, smooth plain,

Má fágann ré an bóthar le riúbal aír an macaire uileasg néist, ioscfaidh ré aír go gceáir. Tá luict gárhoa aír an mbóthar ro agur aír n-úile bóthar in ran típ reo, fáisgoiúrlaír mórta duibh. Ír iad na fáisgoiúrlaír reo do júnne gád aon bóthar ann ran típ reo agur ír oile do júnneadair iad, aíct má fágann duine tuillearréas an bóthar le riúbal aír an macaire, leantair é leir an uigíroa duibh ro, agur beiridh aír, agur tiomáinidh rómha é, go gcuimhfidh aír an mbóthar aír é, gán buildeacair ro.”

“Aíct,” aír fa mhe leir an rírinnreáir, “ní féidir go bfuil an oileadó rín de fáisgoiúrlaír duibh aír gád aon bóthar in ran típ le luict riúbalta na mbóthar do fmaectusgád agur do fáisgoiúrlaír marí rín. Náic mbionn luict-riúbalta na mbóthar níos iomadamhla ná an gárhoa duibh ro, agur náic bfeáofaradh riad an láimh uachtair fágair oírra, agur bfeáofaradh airtéas, in a n-áitítheáin, aír an macaire níin áluinn rín, agur gán fanaíomh aír an mbóthar Spáanna rúdaras poll-lionmáir ro ?”

“Oífeáofaradh rín déanamh go cinnte,” aír ran rírinnreáir, “níor bionn fíche feair láidir aír an mbóthar i n-aigaird an aon gárhoa amháin, aíct atá rórt oírlaoiúrdeacáta fágarta ag an uigíroa duibh, ann ran ríreáir of cionn na mbóthar, agur ír uigír leir an luict-riúbalta náic bfuil aon neairt aca na boidhre oífágáil, agur tair éir gád thíos agur dochair agur uigílair oífágáil oírra ann rna fúisctibh millteáca malluigte reo, ní an chroíde ná an copáirte aca iad oífágáil, agur ír uigír gur ab é rín mar gceall aír an oírlaoiúrdeacáit do fágair na daoine duibh. Aíct ír é an riad ír iongantairise aca uile, náic bfuil in ran gcu ro ír mór de na fáisgoiúrlaír reo aíct copáiní eacáta fáisgoiúrlaír; ír fágáilidh gán bfuil gán fubhrtaint iad, aíct ír uigíl le luict-riúbalta na mbóthar gur fuiil agur feoil iad, agur go loitífidh riad an duine fágair an bóthar le n-a gcuimh aírt.”

Do fíuiblamar aír aír n-aigaird le céile ann rín, níor bfeadha go labhamar comh rírinnreáir rín gur b'éisín d'áinniú ríordh ríor aír an mbóthar, agur do gcuill an tairt agur an tuillearréas oírrainn go mór. Dúbairt mé ann rín leir an ógánaí, “Ní béninn comh dona ro d'á mbeidh oeoé uirge agam.”

“Tá tobari uileasg fíor-uirge,” aonúibairt ré, “fá bün círinn uileasg úball, ceathramha mille amach rómhainn, aíct tá ré aír an taois airtíg de'n cláirde, in ran macaire, agur ní oírlaoiúrdeannac é buil comh fada leir.”

Aíct do gcuill an tairt oírt comh mór rín go nionúibairt mé, “Caitíodh mé ól aír, ná marbócairde aír an móbaird mé. Tíreoiriúis mé go dtí an tobari ro.” Táinig fáitcior aír an ógánaí, agur duibairt ré, “Ír i mo cónaíreaple óuit gán buil ann, aíct má 'r eisgean óuit, ní báisfaidh mé tu. Fágaird mé do círdeacáta nuaip

he will pay for it severely. There are guards on this road and on every road in this country—great black soldiers. It was these soldiers who made every single road in this country, and 'tis bady they made them; but if a weary person leaves the road to walk on the plain, they follow him with this black guard, and they catch him and drive him before them till they put him on the road again in spite of him."

"But," said I to the stranger, "there cannot be so many black soldiers on every road in the country as to repress and overcome the people who walk the roads like that. Are not the people who walk the roads more numerous than this black guard, and could not they get the upper hand of them, and break in, in spite of them, upon that smooth, beautiful plain, and not stay on this ugly, dusty road, full of holes?"

"They could do that certainly," said the stranger, "for there are twenty strong men on the road against the one guardsman, but the black guard have scattered a sort of enchantment in the air over the roads, and the travelers think they are not able to leave the roads, and after all the want and trouble and misery that comes on them in these awful, accursed roads, they have not the heart nor the courage to leave them, and probably that is on account of the enchantment that the black fellows have scattered. But the most extraordinary of all these things is that most of these soldiers are only imitation soldiers; they are shadows without force or substance, but the people who walk the roads think that they are flesh and blood, and that they would wound anybody who would leave the road with their weapons."

We walked forward together then, and it was not long till we were so tired that we had to sit down on the road, and thirst and fatigue oppressed us greatly. I said then to the young man, "I would not be so bad if I had a drink of water."

"There is a fine well of spring-water," said he, "at the foot of a beautiful apple-tree, a quarter of a mile out before us, but it is on the inner side of the ditch, in the plain, and it is not lawful to go as far as it."

But the thirst troubled me so much that I said, "I must drink out of it, if I were to be killed on the instant. Lead me to this well." Fear came upon the young man, and he said, "'Tis my advice to you not to go there, but if you must, I will not hinder you. I will leave your company when I come as far as the well. Kill yourself, if you wish; but you shall not kill me."

We rose then, and we walked together till we saw a great,

thiusfar mé comh fada leir an tobar. Táinb tú féin, má'r mian leat; acht ní tharbhóid tú mire."

O'Éiríseasmar ann rín, agus ríuiblamar le céile, go bhracasmar chéann mór áluinn ag éiríse ar an macaire, timéioll físe péipre arteas ó'n mbótar. Cuanidh mé ruairi ar bárr an cláidé do b'í ar taois an bótar, agus connaisc mé tobar glan glé-seal riop-uirge d'á ríseáid amach fá bun an chéann áití áluinn, agus connaisc mé bláthá bána agus ubla beaga agus ubla leat-áruis agus ubla móra dearsa lán-áruis, agus fár le céile ar an gceann rín. Acht do b'í an oiread rín de rímacé agus de ríannraí ar thaoisín na tíre rín nár baineas oiread agus aon uball aca, agus ba léiri ñam, ar an bhréag fada fáramail do b'í taist timéioll an tobar cláomh-áluinn rín, nac dtáinig aon duine i n-aice leir le h-ól. Acht nuair connaisc mire an méad rín do gheit mo chroíde i lár mo cléib, agus duibhírt mé 's or-áit, "Dainfíodh mé cura de na h-ublaib rín agus ólfair mé mo ñóchain de'n tobar rín, má 're an bár atá i n-dán ñam."

Agus leir rín d'Éiríis mé de leim áití éadorthom déarlaic de bárr an cláidé-teibhrann agus arteas ar an macaire min áluinn. Agus nuair connaisc an t-ógsanaidh an níod rín, do leig ré orná ar, b'ír ba ñóig leir gur b'í mo bár do b'í mé d'á tóiríseáct.

Agus nuair táinig mire leat-blealaig iorú an gceardé agus ar tobar, d'Éiríis raiisdiúr nub, mar b'ait aphaet aitóibéal ñír-ghráinna, ruair, ar an bhréag fada, agus do tóis ré cláidéamh mór le mo chéann do ríoltaid, mar faoil mé. Agus do cuailidh mé ar mo chúl an ríshead do chuir an t-ógsanaidh ar an mbótar ar, le teann-faitcior: Níor lúgá 'ná rín an faitcior do b'í oípm féin, b'ír ní raiib airm ar b'íc agam le mo chorfaint. Acht do chomh mé ar clóic mait mór do b'í fá mo chuir, comh mór le mo ñóin féin, agus tuis mé tosa uircéir de'n clóic rín leir an raiisdiúr aitóibéal. Do buail an clóic é, mar faoil mé, i gceart-lár a éadaim, agus cuailidh rí amach tríod a chéann, amair agus nac raiib ann acht ríseáile. Agus ar an móimis níor leir ñam crut ná cuma an traiisdiúrha, acht do b'í riu san crut ann amair fílám de'n chéad, agus do leas an ceb rín, agus do ríap ré ann ran tréip, agus ní raiib dadaidh eadhrainm-re agus ar tobar. Tuis mé ann rín nac raiisdiúr ná feap cogairid do b'í ann, acht riu bhréagach i ríseáile do júnneas le dhaorídeáct, cum na nuaime do ríannraíusadh ó'n tobar. Cuanidh mé go dtí an t-uirge agus níor b'ac riu ar b'í eile mé. Chomar ar an uirge agus d'ólar mo fáit òé, agus d'ar liom-ra go raiib ré comh mait le fion. Dain mé uball mór dears de'n chéann ann rín agus d'ítear é, agus do b'í ré comh milis im' béal le mil. Nuair connaisc mé rín, glaois mé ar an ógsanaidh agus duibhírt mé leir "teáct ait ac éusam, b'ír nac raiib dadaidh

beautiful tree rising out of the plain, about twenty perches in from the road. I went up on the top of the ditch that was at the side of the road, and I saw a pure, bright-looking well of spring-water gushing out under the foot of the beautiful high tree, and I saw white blossoms and little apples and half-ripe apples and large, red, fully-ripe apples growing together on that tree. But there was so much repression and terror on the people of that country that nobody gathered as much as one apple of them, and it was clear to me, by the long-growing grass that was round about that lovely well, that no person came near it to drink. But when I saw that much, my heart leaped within my breast, and I said aloud, "I will gather some of those apples, and I will drink my fill of that well, if it is death that is in store for me."

And with that I rose in a high, light, active jump from the top of the boundary ditch and in upon the smooth, beautiful plain. And when the young fellow saw that, he gave a sigh, for he thought it was my death I was seeking.

And when I came half-way between the ditch and the well, a black soldier arose, like a great, hideous monster, up out of the long grass, and he took up a great sword to split my head, as I thought. And I heard behind me the scream that the young man on the road put out of him, with intense fear. No less than that was the fear that was on myself, for I had no weapon at all to defend myself. But I stooped for a good big stone that was under my foot, as big as my own fist, and I gave a choice throw of that stone at the terrible soldier. The stone hit him, as I thought, in the very middle of his forehead, and it went out through his head, as if he were nothing but a shadow. And on the instant the appearance and shape of the soldier were dim to me, but there was a shapeless thing there like a wreath of mist, and that mist melted, and it dispersed into the air, and there was nothing between myself and the well. Then I knew that he was not a soldier nor a warrior, but an unreal thing and a shadow, made by magic to frighten the people from the well. I went to the water, and no other thing hindered me. I bent down to the water and I drank my fill of it, and in my opinion it was as good as wine. I pulled a big red apple from the tree then and ate it, and it was as sweet in my mouth as honey. When I saw that, I called to the young man, and said to him "to come in to me, for there was nothing to prevent him." As soon as he perceived that, he came in over the ditch himself, and he in great fear, and he made for the well. He drank his fill out of it, and he ate

le n-a bácaid." Cóm luat agur tús ré rín fá deara, táinig ré fénim aitheas éar an gcláide, agur é fá eagla mói, agur rinn ré ari an tobar. D'ol ré a fáit ari, agur d'it ré a fáit de na h-úbláid, agur fineamair riad le céile ari an bfreáid bheagd bosc, agur tóruigeanamair ag caint. Agur d'fiafhuig mé thé ainnm na tíre rín, "óir" ari ra mire leir, "ír i an tír ír iongantaisce d'a bfuil ari an domhan i."

Tóraig ré ann rín ag innfint rgeula na tír rín dám, agur duibhaint ré, "Tá an tír seo 'na h-oileán, agur do chuitais Dia i amuig ann rán aigéin mói ari an taoibh riad de'n domhan, an ait a ghabhann an ghlac cum a leaptan ann rán oirdé. Agur ír i an tír ír aille agur ír slaire agur ír úire i d'a bfuil fá'n ngréim. Agur deir túra gur tír iongantaisce i, acht ní tuisgeann tu leat a h-iongantaisce go fóill. Agur tá thí ainnmneacha uirbhi, banba agur fóthla agur éige."

Nuaip évalaird mé rín, do tús mé leim, agur buail mé mo ceann le gheagán de'n chéann, mar faoil mé,—agur d'áirígs mé.

Agur ari bforbairt mo riúile dám, riúd mé mo lúthde ari an gcláide ari taoibh an bdtair, roip Óail-á-t-cliad agur bdtair-nabhrúisne, agur mo éara Diairmuir Óán 's am' fáid i m' earrnachas le maoile. "'S míle duit beit dul a-baile," aitheir ré.

"Óra a Diairmuir," ari ra mire, "ná bain siom. Ní fáidh mac mactar ariam a leiteoir o' aifling agur connaic mire." Agur leir rín d'innis mé mo bhuionglóir do, ó túr go deireadh.

"Maireadh! mo ghrád tú," ari ra Diairmuir, nuaip b' mé péird, "agur b' fíor do bhuionglóir. Fáid agur file tú," aitheir ré.

"Cionnur rín?" ari ra mire, "mínig dám é."

"Ír ari calair na h-Éireann do b' tu gan aon aithreas," ari ra Diairmuir, "aict do b' tu ag riúbal, mar tá na h-Éireannais uile ag riúbal, ari na bdtírbh do jinne na Sacrafaig le n-a gcuirn ouigéte agur le n-a gcuir fáiriún fénim, agur rín bdtíre naic férdir le Gaeálach riúbal oppa gan tuipliúsaid agur gan tuitim, gan docear agur gan doilár. Aict má tuisgeann riad bdtar an t-Sacrapacair agur an Béarlaíseir, agur iad do dul aitheas ari a macairte bheagd feirpmair fénim ní beit' riad ag riúbal go chuaidh ari fead an lae iomlán, mar an t-Éireannac bocht rín do connaic túra, le leaburid agur le ruipéar d'fágair rán oirdé; aict do fáidair fá d'ó níor fáid, i leat an ama. Agur an tobar fíor-uirge rín do connaic tu, an tobar naic leisfeadh na gárraíodh duba rín do na daomhain d'ol ari, naic dtuisgeann tu gur tobar na glan-Gaeálach é rín, agur cia b' Éireannac ólfar deoibh ari, bionn ré mar fion in a béal, d'a neartuigaid agur d'a fionn-fuairid. Agur an rai giotúr dubh rín d'éirig roip túra agur chéann na h-úbláid, b' é rín an fáiriún Sacrafaid, agur nuaip buail tu

his fill of the apples, and we stretched back on the fine, soft grass together, and began to talk. And I asked him the name of that country; "for," said I to him, "it is the most extraordinary country of all there are in the world."

He began then to tell me the history of that country, and he said, "This country is an island, and God created it out in the great ocean on the western side of the world, the place where the sun goes to his bed in the night. And it is the most beautiful and the greenest and the freshest country of all under the sun. And you say it is an extraordinary country, but you do not know half its wonderfulness yet. And there are three names on it—Banba and Fodhla and Ireland."

When I heard that I gave a jump, and I struck my head against a branch of the tree, as I thought—and I awoke.

And when I opened my eyes, there I was lying on the ditch at the side of the road, between Dublin and Boharnabreena, and my friend Dermot "Bán" was poking me in the ribs with a stick.

"'Tis time for you to be going home," says he.

"Oro, Dermot," said I, "let me alone. No mother's son ever saw the like of such a vision as I have seen." And with that I told him my dream from beginning to end.

"Musha, man dear!" said Dermot, when I was done, "and your dream was true. A prophet and a poet you are," says he.

"How so?" said I. "Explain it to me."

"'Tis on the soil of Ireland you were without any doubt," said Dermot, "but you were walking, as all Irishmen are walking, on the roads which the English made with their own laws and with their own fashions, and those are roads that a Gael cannot walk on without stumbling and falling, without trouble and distress. But if they leave the road of Anglicisation and of English-speaking, and go in on their own fine, grassy plain, they will not be walking hard all day long like that poor Irishman you saw, to get a bed and a supper at night, but they would go twice as far in half the time. And that well of spring water that you saw, the well that those black sentries would not let the people drink from, don't you understand that that is the well of pure Irish, and whatever Irishman drinks a drink out of it, it is as wine in his mouth, strengthening him and cooling him. And that black sentry that got up between you and the apple-tree, that was the English Fashion, and when you struck him he went out of sight, like a mist, for fashions come like mist, and if a person defends himself from them they

é d'imirig rē aip amairc mar ced, bár tigeann na fáiriúin mar ced, agus má éornann duine é féin oppa imrígeann riad mar ced ariú. Agus na bláta bána, agus na h-úbla, do connaic tu aip an gceann aírduinn, rin é an toradh atá ag fáir aip marcaire na Saeðaltacta, agus má fágann na Saeðeil na bóicre iip aip cuij na Sacpanaig iad le dul aipteac aip a dtalamh féin aíra, na h-úbla rin nári bláir riad le tá céad bliadán bainfriú riadraír go tiug iad. Agus ag rin duit aonair, a Chraoitín, mar miní gsim re d'airling," aip rē.

"M' anam a Óis, a Óisarmuid," aip ra mire, "níl do fáirmil de míngteoirí aip talamh na h-Eireann, agus an céad airling eile bérdear agam iip cugad-ra tiucfarr me. Iip fearrí 'na Daniel tu. Bhrútuig oírt aonair agus bérómid ag dul a-baile."

TADS SABA.

CABIDÓIL 1.

Bí TADS ua Óriomh 'na Sába, agus bí a céardach aip taoibh an báctair i n-aice le Óriomhád na Saeðaisge, deic mile i n-taoibh triúr do Cill Áirne.

Céardaisge mait do b'eadh TADS. Ní raibh 'na phárráidírde féin, na h'férionn i gCiarraíde, feair do b'fearáir a círrfead eolúd rá capall ná cláir aip céadach. Aict mar rin féin, ní raibh TADS gan a loctasibh féin. Iip dóca náir támis pian lá aonaisg ná marraig ná feicpíre TADS aip ghráid Cill Áirne, agus iip pob-annamh a bí rē ag teacht abhailé tráchtóna gan beit rúgach go leor, nō b'férionn aip meirge. Tá n'fearraíad aon'ne le TADS aip maidin lae an aonaisg, "An bhfuilig ag dul go Cill Áirne inioi, a Tairis?" rē an fheagair a gceobád rē, "Ní feadar," nō "B'férionn dom"—'ran am céadach ag bualaod buille tá eárfur aip an iarrann nō aip an inneoin, comh mait iip tá mbéad rē ag raibh, "Iip mór atá fios uait."

Nuaír a bí lá an marraig ann bí 'fir ag gáid uile duine goe raibh gno aige aip an gceaprócaim go mb'fóeáiribh do fuileadach ra bairn tá mbád mait leir a gno beit déanta i gceaprt. Iip iomána rúgáil gheannnáir a bí aip fuair do phárráidírde timcheall TADS agus a curio oibre maidini lae aonaisg, mar aip círr rē tarbinge i mbeo, lá, i gceapall Seagáin leit, agus mar aip poll rē aip mór utuatal cláir a bí aige tá círr aip céadach le Domhnall ua Óriomhán.

go away like mist again. And the white blossoms and the apples that you saw on the beautiful tall tree, that is the fruit that is growing on the Plain of Gaeldom, and if the Gaels leave the roads on which the English put them, to go back on their own land again—those apples which they did not taste for two hundred years they shall gather them again plentifully. And there is for you now, *Δ C̄raoibhín*, how *I* interpret your dream," said he.

"My soul to God, Dermot," said I, "there isn't your like of an interpreter on the soil of Ireland, and the next dream I have, 'tis to you I will come. You are better than Daniel. Hurry now, and we will be going home."

TIM THE SMITH.

By JAMES DOYLE. Translated by MARY DOYLE.

TIM O'BYRNE was a smith, and his forge was on the side of the road close to Giddagh Bridge, ten miles west of Killarney.

Tim was a good tradesman. There was not in his own parish, nor maybe in Kerry, a man who could better shoe a horse or put a board in a plow. But, for all that, Tim was not without his own faults. It is probable that there never came a fair or market day that Tim was not seen in the streets of Killarney, and it was very seldom he came home in the evening without being pretty merry, or perhaps drunk. If any one would ask Tim on the morning of a fair, "Are you going to Killarney to-day, Tim?" the answer he would get would be, "I don't know," or "Maybe I would"—at the same time striking a blow of his hammer on the iron or on the anvil, as much as if he were to say, "It is much you want knowledge" (How inquisitive you are).

When the fair day came, everyone who had business at the forge knew that he had better stay at home if he wanted a job done well. Many curious stories were through the parish about Tim and his work on a fair morning: how he had put a nail in the quick in a horse of Jack Liah, and how he bored altogether wrong a board he was putting in a plow for Daniel Breen.

Bi feirmeoir beag 'na comhárdé i mbéal na Seadairge daibh ainn uibh Mícheál Chón, acht níor tuigeadh riamh aip acht Mícheál na gClear. Tá mbéad aon gnó ag Mícheál na gClear aip an gceapró-éain ní fárocaid aon lá uibh dul ann acht lá an aonair ní an lá go raibh 'fíor aige go raibh Taois ag dul go Cill Áirne ní go Cill Oísglan.

San am ro bhoiord marfhaidh Cill Áirne aip an Satáin agus bhoiord aonair ann an céad luan do'n mhu, mar atá aonair.

Mairín lae aonair bi Mícheál ag an gceapró-éain cún gréimíní 'fásgáil uáthuca, agus connaithe ré ná raibh puinn le déanamh ag Taois.

"Ír uisce, Taois," spra Mícheál, "so mbéidh t' aip an aonair."

"B'fíordiú dom," spra Taois. "Bi Séamus Taillíúra ag pád 'iom inidé go mbéad rí agus gá ailt rois timcheall an t-áon uaire déag, agus t'áon mbad-mait liom dul leir go bhráiginn marcartha deacuitair.

"Má'r mairiín atá n'fheal," spra Mícheál, "níl aon maitair dom mo céadta a bheireann anuair cún é 'cup i d'eo."

"Níl, go deimhní; táim san ghuail, agus caitriú m' dul a d'íarphair beagán ghuail agus aibhír iarrainn."

Nuaír a bi Mícheál na gCleas ag dul a bhaile do éar rí i t-easáid cún tighe philib Óig, fei, meoir beag eile bi 'na comhárdé i n-aice a Mícheál féin.

"Cá nádair, a Mícheál?" spra philib.

"Bíor ag an gceapró-éain ag fíor aint an mbéad an gáibh illamh i mbáraid cún pionnai 'cup im' bhráca. Bi t' Óg ag tacaíont opair é 'cup cuige inidíu mar ná raibh mórán le déanamh aige."

"Náe bhrúil rí ag dul go Cill Áirne?"

"Cualá é ag pád go mbéad iascail aip an t-ápal a cup go Cill Oísglan a d'íarphair beagán ghuail."

"Ír mairiín liom gur ghabair i gceapamh. Bíor ag eaint le Taois atáisgád inidé, agus 'fíor duibhaint rí liom ná béal am aige aon ní a déanamh leim' céadta go dtí Óid Céadairíne peo éugainn. Tá an amhrá ag gleannuigád uaim agus san puinn déanta agam. 'Sé ír feárrí dom a déan m' mo céada a bheireann cuige aonair ó tá caoi ag an ngába. Ni b' ió aon'ne ag teast cuige inidíu."

Dotheas Mícheál a phiora, agus d'íomháis rí aip a bhaile.

Nuaír o'fáis Mícheál an ceapóca, agus ó ná raibh aon ní eile le déanamh ag Taois cuairt rí i gceapamh cún é féin a bhearradh agus ghabair an aonair. Ni raibh rí acht leat-beannaithe nuaír do cupair philib a céann i gceapamh an dothar ag pád, "Baili o' Óid aonro.

"Óid 'fíor Muirfe Óuit," spra Taois, acht ní ó n-a chroíde, mar bi

There was a little farmer living close to the Giddagh whose name was Michael Crone, but he was never called any other than Mick of the Tricks. If Tricky Mick had any job at the forge no day would satisfy him to go there but a fair day, or a day on which he knew Tim would be going to Killarney or Killorglin.

At this time the Killarney market was on a Saturday, and there used to be a fair the first Monday of the month, as now.

One fair morning Mick was at the forge to get nose rings for his pigs, and he saw that Tim had not much to do. "I suppose, Tim," says Mick, "you'll be at the fair?"

"Maybe I would," says Tim. "James Tailor was telling me he would be passing (east) about 11 o'clock, and if I liked to go with him I might have a lift from him."

"If that is the case," says Mick, "it is no use for me to bring down my plow to put it in order."

"No, indeed; I am without coal, and I must go for a little coal and some iron."

When Tricky Mick was going home he turned into the house of Phil Oge, a little farmer who lived close to Mick himself.

"Where were you, Mick?" says Phil.

"I was at the forge to see if the smith would be ready to-morrow to put pins in my harrow. Tim was pressing me to send to him to-day, as he had but little to do."

"Is he not going to Killarney?"

"I heard him say that he should send the donkey to Killorglin for a little coal."

"I am glad you came in to me. I was speaking to Tim yesterday, and he told me he could not do anything to my plow until next Wednesday. The time is slipping from me, and with little done. I had better take my plow to him now, as the smith has leisure. No one will be coming to him to-day."

Mick lit his pipe and went on home. When Mick left the forge, and since he had nothing else to do, Tim went in to shave and clean himself for the fair. He was but half-shaved when Phil struck his head in the door, saying, "God bless all here."

"God and Mary bless you," says Tim, but not from his heart, as he had a notion that Phil did not come without business. "I suppose you're going to town."

"Indeed I am not; I have something else to do besides street-walking," says Phil.

tuairim aige náir tainis pilib gan gno; "if d'óca go bfuilír ag dul ari an trátháro."

"Ní'lim, go déimin; tá a malaírt ve gno agam 'ná tráthois-eáct," aíra pilib.

"If iomád lá beir tú ari éaois an teamhaill, a pilib."

"Má 'reaoír fén, 'ré if ceart dom mo thíceall a déanam an fáro atáim ari an raoígal ro, ag anoir bád mait liom dá gcuirfead mo céacoda i dtreaoi Úam. Cim nac bfuil tú rió-gnóta."

"If truaig liom, a pilib, nac férdirí liom aon ní a déanam leó' céacoda inbui—ní'l aon gual agam, agur tá iacall oípm dul go Cill Áirne Úa iarratád."

"Ní gábað duit aon truoblóid a bheit opt mar gseall ari rín; tá mairlin gual ra truacail agam."

"Droic-épír opt fén if do céacoda," aíra Tádhs 'á n-a fiac-láib. "Cao tá le déanam ari do céacoda, a pilib?"

"Tá cláir a éirí ari, cnuaird a éirí ari an róic, ag é 'éirí beagán ra bfró. Teaghlachgeann beagán cnuairde ó bárr an cíltair ag caitear bolta nua a déanam do'n piaca."

"Ní l aon cnuaird agam aict aon fmuintín amáin a gseallar a éirí ari fann-aitin do Seagán Séamuir," aíra an gába.

"Tá lán mo d'óctain cnuairde agam-ra ra baile," aíra pilib. "Bi-re ag baint an trean-cláir do'n céadha; béal-ja ari n-airi leir an gcuaird gan moill."

"Buro mait liom, dá mb'férdirí liom é, do gno a déanam inbui, aict do fgoil cor m'úirid náe nuaír a bior ag éirí iarrainn ari roit le Seagán Bhe:c, agur báid leat iacall oípm cor nua éirí ann. Bior éun cor a bheit abhaile liom inbui ó'n aonac."

Seap beag canncapac do b'eadh pilib Óg. Connac le go mait gur a d'íarratád leat-rgéil do déanam do b'i Tádhs Sába, agur b'i a cocal ag éiríse.

"Se mo tuairim, a Tádhs," ari reifearan ra deirfeadh, "nac bfuil aon fonn opt m'obair do déanam. Bád éirí go mbéas do éirí ari agusidh-re céim mait le haitheas tóicil na gClear, aict cim nac mar rín atá an rseáil, agur ó tá mo éor ari an mbóthar tá gairne eile 'ra phárrdóirte céim mait leat-ja."

"Déan do roga rún; ní'lim-re a' bhrat ari do éirí ari agusidh, a rganacháir! Beir leat do fean-céacoda pé ait if mait leat,' aírr' an gába.

"If mait é mo buirtheasair, a Tádhs; aict if d'óig liom go mb'fearr duit fanaímant 'ra baile 'ná bheit ro' mairgin iacalge ari tráth Cill Áirne, ag caiteamh do éor' ari agusidh ag do fíalinte."

"If cuma duit-re, i n-airim an diaibail! Ni hé do éirí ari agusidh-re a bim ag caiteamh, a tráthóinlóigín. B'férdirí nac é gac aon gába báid céim bog leat if bior-ja ag déanam cnuairde doibh

"You'll be many a day beside the church, Phil."

"Even so, I ought to do my best while in this world; and now I would like you to put my plow in order for me. I see you are not very busy."

"I am sorry, Phil; I cannot do anything to your plow to-day. I have no coal, and I am obliged to go to Killarney for it."

"You need not trouble about that, I have a bag of coal in the cart."

"Bad luck to you and your plow," says Tim, under his teeth. "What has to be done to your plow, Phil?"

"It wants a board, to steel the sock, and to put it a little in the sod. The point of the coulter wants a little steel, and you must make a new bolt for the rack."

"I have no steel but one little scrap I promised to put on a furze spade for Jack James," says the smith.

"I have plenty of steel at home," says Phil. "You be taking the old board off the plow and I'll be back with the steel without delay."

"I would like if I could to do your job to-day, but the handle of my sledge split yesterday when I was putting tires on a wheel for Jack Brack, and I must put a new handle on it. I was going to bring home a handle from the fair."

Phil Oge was a cantankerous little man. He saw clearly that it was trying to make excuses Tim the Smith was, and his choler was rising.

"It is my opinion, Tim," says he at last, "that you have no intention of doing my work. One would think my money would be as good as Tricky Mick's; but I see that is not how the case stands, and as my foot is on the road, there are other smiths in the parish besides you."

"Do as you like; I'm not depending on your money, you fright. Take your old plow to where you please," said the smith.

"How well I am thanked, Tim, but I do think it would be better for you to stay at home than to be puddle-trotting on the streets of Killarney, spending your money and your health."

"You need not care a damn. It is not your money I am spending, you mean little creature. Maybe 'tis not every smith would be as easy with you as I have been, making shoes for your 'crock' out of your gathering of old iron. Be off now, and maybe you would pick up an old horseshoe on the road," and with that Tim shut the door.

fean-ériosa ar do bhaileáin fean-íarraiann. Imteis leat aonair, agusur b'fénioríb go raibh é fean-ériuadh capaill ar a' mbótar," agus leir rún do b'án Taobh an doiríar.

Bí pilib ag cur de gúrthainn ré amach ceapadháil Árdo-a'-Cluigín. B'í an Sába bí i n-Árdo-a'-Cluigín feairbh ós a bí tamall maitíodh é goin 'n-a phintíreac ag Taobh Sába. Ó d'fág ré Taobh Sába ré tamall dá aimpír i gCorcais agus bhuilidhain nó d'ó i nAlbain. Buaċċaill ciallimári do bí ann i ceapadháil maitíodh. Eoghan Ua Laoighaire do b'ainm d'ó. Ní raibh mórán fáilte aige roimh pilib nuair do éonnaic ré é ag teastéar, agusur ní mó 'ná rún bí aige roimh nuair d'innír pilib d'ó ar an gcairpmírt do bí roimh é féin i an fean-ériosa.

Dubhairt an Sába ós le pilib go raibh eagla aige ná béaladh caoi aige ar aon ní do b'eanamh le n-a céadra go dtí d'fheireadh na greadháin. Níor maitíodh leir pilib d'eiteac, acht bí rún aige ná béaladh pilib fárta le feiteamh comh fada rún agusur go mbéaladh ré ag bheit a céadra leir ar n-airg go dtí Taobh Sába nó go dtí Sába éigin eile, acht ní raibh aon maitíodh ann.

"Fágsfaothar aonrho mo céadra," agraí pilib, "dá mb'éisgean dom fúirsead leir go ceann coigteoirí ó 'náin, i dtaobh éirg an aonrae béal a fuaireas ó Taobh Sába an lá ro ní baoighair d'ó go bpráct aonrho pinginn uaimh-re."

"Aonair, a pilib," agraí Eoghan, "tá a fhios agat go maitíodh náibh Taobh ró-bhuiitheas óiomh-rá i dtalaoibh teastéar aonrho, agusur níl lím a pháid acht an fírinne nuair a d'fheirim go mb'fearr liom go mór ná fágsfaothar a ceapadháil Taobh Sába cún teastéar cún mo céadraíon-rá."

"Ar aon fírinne i� síbhlach a bheit," agraí pilib, "acht d'fheirim leat muna mbéaladh aon Sába eile ar ro go catáir Coimcraighe ná fuaireas ó Taobh Ua Úrhoim aon ní le b'eanamh uaimh-re."

Bí a neartáin fírin ag Eoghan Ua Laoighaire. Ní raibh do cláinn ag Taobh Sába acht aon ingéan amáin. Ní raibh rí acht 'n-a gceapadháile ag dul ar fgoill nuair do bí Eoghan 'n-a phintíreac ag a natair. Bí rí ana-ceanamhail ar Eoghan, agusur níor b'áon ionsgnáid é. Buaċċaill għar-dhárii ruhbáilceas do bí ann; níor b'fearr leir bheit 'meaġġ buaċċailli eile mar ē fírin 'ná bheit i l-ekip f'idheri agusur għleid aċċa do ċuippreaħ all-iarði opti. Mar ġeall aip reo ní raibh leana 'ra b'arrej għan bheit ceanamhail ar aon ngħadha ós, agusur b'indar go l-ekip go hanu-a u aqsejneac nuair d'fág ré Taobh Sába Ua Úrhoim. Ba mō an t-uażnejn do bí ar Neilli b'igħix a' Sába 'ná ar aon 'ne eile nuair d'imteis Eoghan, agusur ċaomin rí go fuixseac 'na dha.

O'farr Neilli ruar 'n-a cailin dea f'għar-ġarr-tamai. Do cailleat a mātaip nuairi bí rí reasté mblidaðna deag d'aoir, agusur ó b'ar a mātaip 'ri Neilli bí marj-keen-tiġe ag Taobh Sába, agusur ní mirroe a pháid do raibh rí 'n-a mnaoi-tiġe maitíodh. Ní raibh aip p'obal na Tuarice

Phil continued on his way till he came to the forge of Ard-a-Clugeen. The smith at Ard-a-Clugeen was a young man who had been a good while ago an apprentice with Tim the Smith. Since he left Tim he spent part of his time in Cork, and a year or two in Scotland. A sensible young man was he, and a good tradesman. Owen O'Leary was his name. He had not much welcome for Phil when he saw him coming, and he had less for him when Phil told him of the row between himself and the old smith. The young smith told Phil that he was afraid he would have no time to do anything to his plow until the end of the week. He did not like to refuse Phil, but he was hoping that Phil would not be satisfied to wait so long, and that he would be taking his plow back to Tim, or to some other smith, but it was all in vain.

"I'll leave my plow here," says Phil, "if I had to wait for it till this day fortnight; and after the abusive language I got to-day from Tim the Smith, from this day forward there is no chance of his ever again receiving a penny from me."

"Now, Phil," says Owen, "you know very well Tim is not too thankful to me for coming here, and I am but telling the truth when I say that I would much rather you did not leave Tim's forge to come to mine."

"It is the truth which should thrive ('Tis in the truth the luck ought to be)," says Phil; "but I tell you, that if there was not another smith from this to the city of Cork, Tim O'Byrne would get nothing to do from me."

Owen O'Leary had his own reasons. The only family Tim the Smith had was a daughter. She was but a little girl going to school when Owen was an apprentice with her father. She was very fond of Owen, and little wonder. He was an affectionate, soft-natured boy. He would as soon be in the midst of a pack of children, who would deafen you with their noise, as with other lads like himself. On this account there was not a child in the village who was not fond of the young smith, and they were all very lonesome when he left Tim O'Byrne. The smith's little Nelly was more lonely than anyone else when Owen went away, and she cried bitterly after him.

Nelly grew up to be a pretty, graceful girl. Her mother died when she was seventeen years of age, and from the death of her mother Nelly was housekeeper to Tim, and it is not amiss to say that she was a good housewife. There was not a man in the Tuogh flock who had a prettier stocking than Nelly's

feapír ba òeire ptoca 'ná a stáirí Neilli, agur ari fion go piabhs Tádhs 'n-a Sába, agur gan cpoiceann pib-éasal ari, ní piabhs léine an trásgairt fén nior gile 'ná a léine ari maidin Dia Domhnaig.

Ir beag an t-iongnadh nuairi támhig Eoghan ua Laoghaire ahaile go nubhaint ré leir fén go mbéad Neilli ós mar mnaoi aige, agur ir dhois uiom go piabhs ríre ari an aigneadh céadna, acht níor mar fín do'n tréan-sába. Ní piabhs aon deabhadh ari cùn cleamhnaír do òeanamh dha inngin, mar bhi a fíor aige go mait go mbéad ré an-leatlámac gan Neilli, acht i n-a aigneadh fén bat mait leir, dha mbéad fonn pobta uirri, go mbéad Séamur Tálliúra mar cliamhain aige.

Bí feirpmh òeag talman ag Séamur, acht ba minice é Séamur ag an gceaprócaim, a phíop 'n-a héal aige agur é ag réireadadh na mbuileadh do'n Sába, ní a' bualaodh dho nuairi do bhi Tádhs ag cur cnuairt ari fainn ní ag òeanamh cnuadh do capaill, i, ari nór Tádhs fén, bhi an-dúil aige i ghráidíordheacáit. Bí trí pabairlini bó aige agur cùpla colpaé, i iad go leir ari tógsáil ari teacáit na Mártá. Ní piabhs pilib i bpraoi tair éir imteacáta nuairi do bhi Séamur Tálliúra agur a chruacail ag doirí an Sába.

“ Ùfuit tú ullamh, a Tádhs ? ” ari Séamur.

“ Táim i n-úisíordheacáit dho, ” ari Séamur; “ ní'l agam le òeanamh acht mo bhróga do cur oírt. Ùfuituis oírt, a Neilli; tá an bhrós fín mait go leor aonair. Cá ùfuit mo capaibh ? Ná bac leir a' ghdáin. Aonair, a Séamur, táim ullamh.”

“ Náic ùfuit cura a' teacáit linn, a Neilli ? ”

“ Ní'l im, a Séamur, go fóill; b'férdirí ari ball go na gairinn fén le coir Mháire Chróin, agur béríod a' t-áirí agairinn.”

“ Ir feapír òuit teacáit linn-ne. Dá olear mo capaill, ir feapír é 'n-a arailín Mháire.”

“ Go piabhs mait agat, a Séamur. Do gseallar do Mháire ruireacáit le. Òeam i n-am go leor i gCill Áirne; ní'l fainn le òeanamh agam-ra ari an donaíc.”

“ Beata òuine a tóil, ” ari Séamur, agur ari riúbal leob.

Nuair a biontar tamall beag ari a' mbóthar òubhaint Tádhs le Séamur, “ Ari buail pilib Óg umat ? ”

“ Níor buail; ead 'n-a taoibh ? ”

“ Bí ré annró tamall beag ó fion le n-a céacádha. Do gseallar dho, tá reacáimh ó fion, go mbéinn ullamh Dia Céadaoim; acht ní bheadh ré rípta gan teacáit cùgam ari maidin, agur mé tair éir Miceál na gClear do leigint ahaile mar gseall ari ná piabhs aon gseall agam. Bí gac ne reab agairinn le 'n-a céile go na hambair ari aon feapígsac. D'áiríorthaibh pilib a céacádha leir, agur ir dhoce ná béríod ftaobh leir go mbuailpeadh ré ceapróca Eogainín Uí Laoghaire.”

“ Raibh Miceál na gClear ag an gceaprócaim ari maidin inbriu ? ”

father, and though Tim was a smith, and without a very white skin, still the priest's alb on Sunday morning was no whiter than his Sunday shirt.

It is little wonder that when Owen O'Leary came home he said to himself that he would have young Nelly for a wife; and I think she was of the same mind; but such was not the case with the old smith. He was in no hurry to make a match for his daughter, for he knew very well he would be badly off without Nelly; but in his own mind he wished, if she had a notion of marrying, that he would have James Tailor for a son-in-law.

James had a little farm of land; but James was oftener at the forge, his pipe in his mouth, and he blowing the bellows for the smith, or sledging for him when Tim would be steeling a spade, or making shoes for horses, and like Tim himself he was very fond of street-walking. He had three little tatters of cows, and a couple of heifers that were lifting (ready to fall with hunger) on the coming of March.

Phil had not long gone when James Tailor and his cart were at the smith's door.

“Are you ready, Tim?” said James.

“I'm near it,” says Tim. “I have but to put on my shoes. Hurry on, Nelly. That shoe is all right now. Where is my cravat? Never mind the looking-glass. Now, James, I am ready.”

“Are you not coming, Nelly?”

“I am not, James, yet awhile. Maybe by and by I would go with Mary Crone, and we shall have the ass.”

“You had better come with us. Bad as my horse is, he is better than Mary's little donkey.”

“Thank you, James. I promised Mary to wait for her. We shall have time enough in Killarney. I have not much to do at the fair.”

“Have your own way,” says James, and away with them.

When they were a short time on the road Tim said to James, “Did you meet Phil Oge?”

“No. Why?”

“He was here awhile ago with his plow. I promised him a week ago that I should be ready on Wednesday, but he would not be content without coming to me this morning, and I after letting Tricky Mick home because I had no coal. We had every second word with each other until we were both angry,

“ Nád ӯfuiti, tar éir a pháid leat go raibh éin iu ro éigin do théanam le 'n-a céadta.”

“ Biot ȝeall,” apha Séamus “ Suíb é Miceál do éin i gceann philid teadct éugat.”

“ Ári m'anam i gcan dhoicé-ní ari m'anam, go mb'férdiri go ӯfuit an ceapt agat, agur m'aír maruín atá an rgeal nára fada go ӯfagairt Miceál toirad a théas-giobhreacá. Duibhrt le Miceál réin na raib aon gual agam, agur tuigilid mairín gual 'n-a trucaill leir. Gán amhras 'ré Miceál bun a' tubairte.”

“ Ni cùrfinn tarpir é.”

“ Ir doigis liom réin ná beart ré rípta gan bheit ag théanam miorgairimearais comharran,” apha Tábh.

“ Ir fiol òuiti rín. Ári évalairdir ead do thain ré ari Domhnall Ruad? Bí Domhnall ag dul le roc go dtí ceaptroca na Ceapaisce nuair taimis Miceál na gClear fuaig leir, agur é ag dul a d'íarrat iadu raib móra ó'n ӯfórtas.

“ Cá ӯfuit tú ag dul? ” apha Miceál.

“ Taim ag dul leir leo go dtí an ceaptroca éin é cùr bláthre beag 'ra ӯfórt. Támaoird ag tréabhadh páircein na gCloch, 1 ir ana-théacair i tréabhadh le roc atá beagán ar a ӯfórt.

“ Caisc do roc 'ra trucaill agur tar i gteac tū réin. Ir mór an ní anró na marcaítheacá.”

“ So raib marí agat, a Miceál; agur b'férdiri o taim leat-lámaí go ӯfágsfá an roc ag an gceaptócaim; abair le Tomáir é cùr fiol-beagán 'ra ӯfórt.”

“ Déanfaid é rín agur fáilte,” apha Miceál, agur d'iompuig Domhnall Ruad abaire. Acht ead do thain an cleasaíthe acht a pháid leir a' ngába roc Domhnall do cùr beagán eile ar an ӯfórt, i ghusgáid go raib a céadta go mór níor meara ná bí ré.

“ Lá eile bí Miceál a d'íarrat i gcleagáin tall ari an n-úirt m'uirde. Cár ré i gteac i n-dorar Séamus Maol. Bí Séamus 'n-a fúidé ari rtóil ari agairt an dorair i gteac é cùr taoibhín ari a ӯfórt. Ó bí an lá go han-ӯrochalláid, agur Séamus ag cùr allair de, do bain ré de réin a peirbhc agur ériod ré ari érúca é i dtaoibh tigí do'n dorair. Do thairg Miceál a fiol agur bí ré ag ghabáil dá cùid ӯfearaitheacáta, marí ba ghnáthas leir. Tar éir leat-uairi ní maruín do ӯfúid ré fiol i n-aice an dorair. Ó fán ré ag an dorar tamall beag agur a láim ari an leat-dorar. Ó fíoc ré ari an gceapaisce, ag leigint ari go raib náipe ari. 'S amhras, 'ari reircean, 'do cùir Mairé anonn mé fíocáint a ӯfagairt iarracht na huidh rín (an peirbhc) éin ceapais do cùr ag gos ann.’

“ Bí Séamus Maol ari thairis-ӯfúile, agur leim ré 'n-a fúidé, acht m'a leim bí Miceál imigste. Do cais Séamus a cárúr leir,

and I suppose he will not stop now until he reaches Owney O'Leary's forge."

"Was Tricky Mick at the forge this morning?"

"Am I not after telling you that he was, to get something done to his plow?"

"I'll bet," says James, "that it is Mick put it into Phil's head to come to you?"

"On my soul, and not putting anything bad on my soul, I believe you are right, and if such is the case, I hope it won't be long until Mick gets the reward of his good works. I told Mick himself I had no coal, and Phil had a little bag of coal in the cart with him. Without doubt Mick is the root of the mischief."

"I would not put it past him."

"I think myself he would not be happy if he were not making mischief between neighbors," says Tim.

"Tis true for you. Did you hear what he did to Daniel Roe? Daniel was going with a sock to the Cappagh forge, when Tricky Mick overtook him as he was going for a rail of turf to the bog."

"Where are you going," says Mick.

"I am going with this to the forge, to put it a little bit "in the sod." We are plowing the little stony field, and it is very hard to plow it with a sock a little out of the sod."

"Pitch the sock into the cart and come in yourself. It is a good thing to get the lift."

"Thank you, Mick; and maybe, as I am very short of hands, you would leave the sock at the forge. Tell Tom to put it just a little in the sod."

"I will do that and welcome," says Mick, and Daniel turned home. But what did the trickster do, but tell the smith to put Daniel's sock a little more out of the sod, so that his plow was far worse than before.

"Another day Mick was looking for a slaan over at Fortbee. He turned into the house of James the Bald. James was sitting on a stool opposite the door putting a patch on his shoe. As the day was sultry and James sweating, he took off his wig and hung it on a hook behind the door. Mick lit his pipe, and he was, as usual, going on with his pranks. After half an hour or so he moved down near the door. He stayed at the door a little while, with his hand on the half-door. He looked at the hook, pretending that he was ashamed. 'It is how,' says he, 'Mary sent me over to see if I could get the

áct, i n-ionad Mícel do bhualað leir an gceafúr, 'd'aimrig ré coicéan mór b' ari iarráct ag a mhaoi cún ollan do thacúsgað. Bfuit eósgan Ua Laoghaire 'na ceannasaighe mait?"

"Cá bfhiosrath-mhaí roin," aírra Taois, "n'fí go mb-áthúilír; "áct ní tháisg liom gúrach é feadhár a ceárraítheáct' atá ag tairisc na nuaime éinighe; 'ré a churo bláthair meallann iad. B' an teanga go ríleannamh mhamh aige. Bað cuma liom tá gcuimhfeadh ré ruairi do féin ag Uroiscead na Leamhna nó tiof ari a Mianúr, áct iñ tháisg liom-mhaí gúr mór an náipe tháct a ceannasa ña cupr ruairi cónaí atá cumaír tháct agus r' t'noir."

CÁIBHÍDIL 11:

Cártair na Daoine ari a céile,
Aéct ní Cártair na Cnuic ná na pléibh.

Nuaír do bhuail an bheirt Cill Áirne b' eigeann tháisg deoc bheirt aca i dtig Séamuir Uí Óruigín 'ra Spáid Nuaír, agus r' níor b' fada tháisg go mairi bhráon eile aca i Spáid na gCeapair nuaír capair oifighe bheirt n'friúr eile agus r' airt oppa. Ní mairi leat an lae caitte nuaír b' an gába rúgasach go leor.

Ní mairi Neilli i bfhad ari a' gráid gúr connacach rí a hataír agus r' ari leat-meirgse. Ir gairid do b' rí féin agus r' an cailín eile ag déanamh a ngnóta. Nuaír do biondair ullam cún teacht abailte do thain Neilli a vícheall a hataír do meallád leí, áct ní mairi maitear rí bheirt a tataint ari; 'fhan ré féin agus Séamuir ari an gráid go dtí tuitim na hoirdé agus r' go mabádair aifion ari meirgse n'friúr rí.

B' capaillin beag cneártá ag Séamur Tálliúra. B' an bóthar píreid agus r' an oirdé gseal, "n'fí go mbéad do bheirt rírtá leir an méir do b' ólta aca nuaír fágadair gráid Cill Áirne bhead do ríseal go mait aca, áct ní mabádair. Nuaír tágadair go Uroiscead na Leamhna b' deoc le bheirt aca, "n'fí go mbéad do bheirt rírtá leir an méir do b' ólta aca nuaír b' an gába ag teacht amach ari an dtílucailí tuit ré ari fleártas a òrroma ari an mbóthar, agus r'fan am céadra do cúnír juid éigín an capall ari riúbal. Cuanád an rírtá leir ari an mbóthar fáileadhair go mairi a láimh bhríte, áct ní mairi.

B' a mór an ní go mairi an dochtúir 'n-a comhnaidh ari taois an bóthar ag Uroiscead na Spiondóige; b' rí ari an baile. Táir éir péasaint ari láimh an gába 'ré duibhaint an dochtúir, "Ní'l aon chnám bhríte, áct b' ari rí tamaill go mbéid gheirid agus ari gceafúr, a Táis." Do b' fiosrath dothar; b' an gába páirt gán aon níod do déanamh mair gseall ari a láimh.

loan of that thing (the wig) to set a hen hatching in it.' James the Bald was mad; he jumped up, but if he did Mick was gone. James threw the hammer after him, but instead of hitting Mick with the hammer, he struck a big pot which his wife had borrowed to dye wool in. Is Owen O'Leary a good tradesman?"

"How do I know?" says Tim, and not sweetly; "but I don't think it is the excellence of his workmanship that is drawing the people to him; his blarney, that coaxes. He has always the slipping tongue. I would not mind had he set up at Laune Bridge, or below at Meanus, but I do think it is a shame for him to come and set up his forge so near to me as it is now."

CHAPTER II.

"People meet, but hills and mountains don't."

When the two reached Killarney they must have a drink in James Breen's house in the new street, and it was not long until they had another drop in Hen-street, where they meet three others with a thirst on them. Half the day was not spent when the smith was tipsy enough.

Nelly was not long in town when she saw her father, and he half-drunk. Herself and the other girl were but a short time doing their business. When they were ready to come home Nelly did her best to coax her father with her, but it was useless trying to persuade him. Himself and James stayed in town till nightfall, and until they were both drunk, or near it.

James Tailor had a gentle little horse. The road was good and the night bright, and had the pair been satisfied with what they had drunk when they left the town of Killarney things would have been well with them, but they were not satisfied. When they came to Laune Bridge they were to have a drink, and when the smith was coming out of the cart he fell on the flat of his back on the road, while at the same time something caused the horse to move. The wheel passed over Tim's hand. The poor man screamed so bitterly that the people ran out to him, and when they saw him stretched on the road they thought his hand was broken, but it was not. It was a great matter (it was fortunate) that the doctor was living close to

Lá'ri na hárás tarp éir lae an aonais, agus rí daonra ag teast go dtí ceártóca Táisibh b'f éireadhá go leor. Cuirtear rí gheala éin Sába na Ceapairge b'f an-mhuintearáda leir i gcomhnaidh, ag feacaint an gcuirfead rí a mac cuige ari fead reacátmáine éin go mbéad ari aige ari fead éigín eile do fólaitar.

“Sé an gneasaigha fuaire an teacáthair go hárásair ní-leat-láimhe ari an gCeapairg, acht b'f éirí i ndeireadh na reacátmáine go mbéad an feair óg ábalta ari dul ari fead lae nó tó éin cabhrúigad le Táisibh.

“An gneasaillairín rúgáis,” aifreann Táisibh, nuair a éuala rí eadnúbairt a dhúine mhuintearáda, “tá fiúr agam-ra go maith eadná t'na ceann; acht b'f éireadh an gheala go cnuasach oípm-ra nó gáisíodh-ra é.” Nuair éuala Eoghan illa laoisairé eadná do chuit amach ari aitair Neillí níor b'fada go hárás rí é ag dorar tigé an Sába. Ni hárás móráin páilte ag Táisibh roimh, acht rí ari fás rí an teinteán b'f taoibh eile ari a' gheala.

“Iar truaig liom,” aifreann Eoghan, “tura b'f éireadh mar 'tair, i gcanadon'ne agat acht tú féin. An féríodh liom-ra aon níodh do dhéanamh duit?”

“Ni feadair,” aifreann Táisibh; “iar do d'fhuil do d'fóntaí le dhéanamh agat féin, agus b'f éireadh níor mó agat aonair ó táim-ri mar a b'fhuilim.

‘An té b'fionn ríor húailtear eorú ari,
Agus an té b'fionn rúar óitair neoc ari.’”

“Ni b'f éireadh i b'fada ríor, le congnamh Dáibh; agus mó lám i f'focal duit nád b'fhuil aon tráinnit oípm-ri obair a b'friathair uait-ré. Mar a b'fhuil aon Sába eile agat ríor cuirfead-ri mo phinntrípeas éisgat san mhoill.”

“So hárás maith agat,” aifreann Táisibh, ag cuir lámháin rílán amach agus rí a b'friathair gheim d'ainmhean ari lámh Eogham.

Nuair b'f an Sába óg ag imteachtais Neillí ari lámh ari agus a dhúbairt “Mile beannachtaí oifig. Bior a' cuimhneamh oifig; b'f ríil agam leat, acht b'f eagla oípm dá dtiociadhaí féinig go mbéad m'atáir ní-éigsear leat, mar b'f fiúr agam go maith ná hárás rí mó-úrdeac' b'fiocht.”

“Ni móír i f'féríodh liom a dhéanamh, acht dhéanfar mo d'ficeall; agus tá 'r agat-ri, a Neillí, go n'fearainn móráin ari do fóin-ri.”

“Táim go han-úrdeac' b'fiocht, a Eogham,” aifreann Neillí, i luirne n'a ciomhnaidh.

Éuala an Sába óg a b'fáile 'r níor b'fada tarp éir imteachtais' do go dtáinig Séamus Táilliúra i gceáth. B'f Neillí ag an dorar.

“Cannor tá t'atáir, a Neillí?”

little Spiddogue Bridge. He was at home. After looking at the smith's hand the doctor said "there was no bone broken, but it will be a while before you can handle a hammer, Tim." "Twas true for him. The smith was three months without doing anything, owing to his hand.

Next morning after the fair, and people coming to Tim's forge, he was troubled enough. He sent a messenger to the Cappagh smith, who was always very friendly with him, to see if he would send his son to him for a week, until he had time to provide some other man.

The answer the messenger got was that they were very busy at Cappagh, but perhaps at the end of the week the young man might be able to go for a day or two to help Tim. "The little sooty sweep," says Tim, when he heard what his friend said, "I know what is in his head, but it will go hard with me or I'll be even with him."

When Owen O'Leary heard what had happened to Nelly's father it was not long until he was at the smith's door. Tim had not much welcome for him, but before he left the hearth there was another side to the story. "I am sorry," says Owen, "to see you as you are, with no one but yourself. Can I do anything for you?"

"I don't know," says Tim. "I suppose you have plenty to do yourself, and you will have more now since I am as I am.

"He that is down is trampled;
He that is up is toasted."

"You won't be long down, please God, and my hand and word to you, I do not covet the taking of your work from you. If you have no other smith yet, I will send my apprentice to you without delay."

"Thank you," says Tim, putting out his sound hand and firmly grasping the hand of Owen.

When the young smith was leaving Nelly caught him by the hand, saying, "A thousand blessings on you. I was thinking of you, but I feared that even if you did come my father would be too surly with you, for I know very well he was not too thankful to you."

"It is not much I can do, but I'll do my best, and you know, Nelly, I would do much for your sake."

"I am very grateful to you, Owen," says Nelly, and a blush on her countenance.

“ Tá ’r agat go mait canonor tá ré, a Séamus. Tá ré ’na luigé ari a leabaird agur tá eagla oípm go mbéidh ré ann go foill. Buaile fuair cuinge; táim-re ag dul a d’iarráidh cana uirge ó’n abáinn.”

Ó’fhan Séamus tamall mait agur nuair b’ré imteigthe do glaod-ais Tádhs ari Neillí cun deoc uirge fuair do cabairt do. “ Suidh ari a’ gceataoirí go foill, a Neillí, a éuro; tá fud éigin agam le pád leat.”

“ Do fuidh Neillí ari an gceataoirí ag taoisib na leabha, aict san cuinne aici cao do b’ ’n-a céann.

“ Tá eagla oípm go mbéad im’ maírtineac, a Neillí, i n-earrball mo fuaigheal; aict baoth cuma liom dá bfeicfínn turra agur do teinteáin féin agat. Ir docha dá mbéad go faijinn-pe cuinne uait ann.”

“ Táim fápta mar a bfuilim,” aifreann Neillí; “ agur ’ntaoisib turra beit ro’ maírtineac, ní mar rín a béríodh an fseal agat, le congnamh Dé.”

“ B’fériodh rín, a ghlór; aict mar rín féin baoth mait liom dá bfeicinn tú rórtá.”

“ Níl aon fonn rórtá oípm-ra, a aitair, agur dá mbéad féin ní aonair an t-áam cun beit ag cuimheas ari.”

“ Táim-re dul i n-aoir, aict baoth mór an fáramh aiginní oípm é dá mbéiteá-ra i n-áit b’fis féin. Tá feirim beag thear ag Séamus. Táilliuíra, níl cíor tróim ari, g’ tá fíor agam náic bfuil carlin eile ’ra phárráidíre do b’fearáidh le Séamus a beit mar mhaor aige ’ná tú féin.”

“ Táim an-buineas do Séamus. Ní le hearrbaird mna thíse a béríodh ré ag rórtá; tugann a mátaír aithe dor na buaile agur leatann a bfeirbhlíúr an t-aoileac ari na prístaí. An bhean-treabha aitá uair aonair ? ”

Ó’fogair Tádhs a fúile. Ní raibh aon cuinne aige ná béaladh a ingean fápta le Séamus do rórtá. Buaile a nouinairt ri an t-anáil de agur ní raibh fíor aige cao do b’fearáidh ódó do rórtá aict i gceann tamall duibhairt ré—

“ Saoilear, a Neillí, go raibhair féin agur Séamus Táilliuíra muinteरa go leor le céile.”

“ Táimíodh, ari fion náic bfuilim ró-buineas do ’ntaoisib oibhre an lae inmhe.”

“ Sodh é an leigheas a b’ aige ari ? ”

“ Dá mbéadh ré ’ra baile ag cabairt aithe dorá gnó fíor, n-áit ba cónaí ódó beit, tioceá-ra abhaile liom-ra, agur ní béríteá mar ataoi inmhe.”

“ Taoi ró-éruaird ari Séamus bocá, a Neillí. Cítheann tú gur minic a tagann ré cun congnamh a cabairt doimh-ra nuair a b’im

The young smith went home. It was not long after his departure when James Tailor came in. Nelly was at the door.

“How is your father, Nelly?”

“You know very well how he is, James. He is lying in bed. I fear he will be there awhile yet. Go up to him; I am going for a can of water to the river.”

James stayed a good while, and when he was gone Tim called Nelly to bring him a drink of cold water. “Sit on the chair awhile, Nelly dear, I have something to say to you.”

Nelly sat in the chair beside the bed, but without any notion what was in his head.

“I am afraid I shall be a cripple, Nelly, in the end of my life; but I would not mind if I saw you in possession of your own hearth. I suppose if you had it, I would get a corner from you in it.”

“I am content as I am,” says Nelly, “and as to your being a cripple, that is not how the case will be with you, with God’s help.”

“Maybe so, Nelly, my dear; but all the same, I wish I saw you married.”

“I have no notion of marrying, father, and, even if I had, this is not the time to be thinking of it.”

“I am getting into age, and it would be a great satisfaction to my mind if you were in your own place. James Tailor has a nice little farm, there is not a heavy rent on it, and I know that there is not another girl in the parish he would rather have for a wife than yourself.”

“I am very thankful to James. It is not for want of a housekeeper he will marry; his mother minds the cows, and his sister spreads the manure on the potatoes. Is it a plow-woman he wants now?”

Tim opened his eyes. He had no notion that his daughter would not be ready to marry James. What she said took his breath away, and he did not know what he had better say, but after awhile he said—

“I thought, Nelly, that you and James were very friendly with each other.”

“We are, though I am not too thankful to him as to the work of yesterday.”

“How could he help it?”

ag curi iarrhaíonn ari rochtaibh nō nuair a bionn obairi triont mara rín roibh lám' agam."

" B'fearraigh ód go mór aithe a éabhairt do phairde beag talman. Náic minic ro' béal ' An té bionn 'n-a òriochteirbíreach do féin, bionn ré 'na feirbíreach mait do na daonimh eile. ' "

" Ír beag a phaoileadh, a Neilli, ná déanfaidh iuas oípm."

" Baodh mait liom iuas a déanamh oípm, a stáirí; acht mara a mbé roibh talam a' domhain acht é féin amáin ní bheinn mara céile aige Séamus Tálliúra."

Le n-a linn rín d'fág Neilli an reómpa, agus do shol ri go fuigheas ari fead tamall.

Nuair d'fág Séamus teac an gába bí ré rírtá go leor. Sáorí ré ná raiib aonair le déanamh aige acht dul agus an " páirpeá " do bhréit abaire leir cun Neilli an gába do phróad. Bí ré gan tobac agus éar ré iptimeas i riopa Seagáin an leapa cun bláth tobac do ceannas.

" An fios," aifra Seagáin an leapa, " duriu bhrír an gába a lám ag teacht ó Cill Áiríne ariéir ? "

" Níl ré fios agus níl ré bhréasach," aifra Séamus. " Níl a lám bhríte, acht tá ri goiptigthe comh mór rín go bhríil eagla oípm ná béríl aon mait ann go neod. Tá an fead vochtu aonadach go leor, acht 'ré an iuas if mór tá curi ari aonair, gan Neilli beirt pórta."

" B'fearraigh ónuit féin i phróad, a Séamus. Ni fuailear nō tá mairle beag ariúidh ag Taobh, agus tá Neilli 'n-a carlin cíall-mair."

" B'fériorí go b-phorrainn," aifra Séamus, agus d'imíteas ré ari abaire.

Lá ari na báras bí ré leatá ari fuid na páirbíorthe go raiib cleamhnaír déanta roibh Séamus agus iníshín an gába.

Ari feadh reacstmáine tar éir goiptigthe lámhe Táisí do bhein Eoghan Ua Laogaire agus a phointíreach obair an dá ceaparócan cun go bhuairi Taobh gába ós ó Ó Baile an Muilinn. Ír beag laetea iubh na reacstmáine ná raiib Eoghan tamall ag ceaparócan Táisí agus tamall beag ag caint le Taobh féin agus b'fériorí le Neilli.

Nuair taimis an gába eile ó Ó Baile an Muilinn d'íarrí Taobh ari Eoghan teacht aonair agus ariú nuair a béal am aige, agus taimis go minic. Nuair bhoibh an beirtí ag duine aca ari gádach taobh do'n teine if mór iuas do bhoibh aca ag cur tré 'na céile, agus i mbun a ngnótha féin timcheall na círionneas. Nuair fuailear Eoghan ríseala go raiib cleamhnaír rocair roibh Neilli agus Séamus Tálliúra bí iongnaidh aill, acht b'fúthairt ré leir féin mair mara rín do bí an ríseal ná raiib ré ceaprt do-pan a beirt comh minic iptimeas 'r amach i

"If he were at home attending to his own business, where he ought to be, you would have come home with me, and you would not be as you are to-day."

"You are too hard on poor James, Nelly. You see it is often he comes to give me help when I am putting tires on wheels, or when I have other similar heavy work on hands."

"It would be much better for him to mind his little bit of land. Have I not often heard from your own mouth, 'He who is a bad servant for himself is a good one for others'?"

"I little thought, Nelly, that you would not obey me."

"I would like to obey you, father; but if there was but him alone on the face of the earth, I would not be the partner of James Tailor." With that Nelly left the room, and she cried bitterly for awhile.

When James left the smith's house, he was satisfied enough. He thought that he had nothing to do but to go and bring home the lines in order to marry the smith's Nelly. He was without tobacco, and he turned into John of the Lis to buy a bit of tobacco.

"Is it true," said John of the Lis, "that the smith broke his hand coming from Killarney last night?"

"'Tisn't true and 'tisn't lying," said James. "His hand isn't broken, but it is hurt so much that I am afraid it will never be any use. The poor man is troubled enough, and the thing that is troubling him most is Nelly to be unmarried."

"You'd better marry her yourself, James. It isn't possible but Tim has a bit of money, and Nelly is a sensible girl."

"Maybe I would," said James, and went on home.

Next morning it was spread all over the parish that there was a match made between James and the smith's daughter. For a week after the injury to Tim's hand Owen and his apprentice did the work of the two forges until Tim got a young smith from Milltown. There were few days during the week that Owen wasn't at Tim's forge, and a little time talking to Tim himself, and maybe to Nelly.

When the other smith from Milltown came, Tim asked Owen to come now and again when he had time; and he often came, when the pair of them used to be one at each side of the fire. They used to discuss many things while Nelly was about her own business in the house. When Owen heard the news, that a match was settled between Nelly and James Tailor, he was surprised; but he said to himself, if that was the case, it wasn't right for himself to be in and out so often at the forge

orthig na ceártócan. Óiméid is lá ná ód mar reo i gcaill tuílair ag Eoghan ari an gceártócan. Árra Taois le Neilli:

“A bheaca tú Eoghan inbui ná inbhe ?”

“Ní feaca,” árra Neilli.

“Tá rún agam nád bheuil aon ní aip. Ní raibh re annró ‘nig ó atánuigéad’ inbhe; ní feadóir ead tá a coimeád.”

“Níl fiúr agam-ra,” aonúbairt ríre, aet bí amhras aici, mar cuala rí ríseal an cleamhnaír.

Ir dóca ná raibh Eoghan iobh-fártá i n'aighead. Bíonn ionrath i fáit-cear aip. Baile maiti leir tuílair do éabhairt anonn go ceártócan Taois, aet mar rún fén in bheagán náipe aip gheillead go raibh bualaírt aip. Bí ré ag obairi go tian, aet ba éuma ód beitheamh inbhe ná gnótaí, níor b'férdirí leir pórta Neilli do éur aip a ceann.

Tábhánóna an tairne lá, nuaíri do bí deirfead le hobaír an lae agur an ceártócaidh duntá, buail Eoghan tréartha na páirceanna, agur bí ré ag eur de go dtáinig ré amach aip an mbótar i n-aice tighe na ceártócan. Bí Neilli ag an doílar.

“Cannor tá t'atáir, a Neilli ?” árra Eoghan.

“Tá ré dul i bhealadh. Tári iptimeas. Níl ré leat-uaip ó bí ré ag caint oírt. Bí ionsgnád aip go raibhair cónaí fada gan bualaír iptimeas cuige.”

“Ní bheadh ag dul iptimeas aonair, a Neilli. Tá deabhdh oírt.”

“Ní é rún Eoghan, a Neilli ?” árra an gába.

“Sé, a atáir.”

“Cao 'n-a taois nád bheuil ré teast iptimeas ?”

“Deirí ré go bheuil deabhdh aip, a atáir.”

“Abhair leir teast iptimeas. Tá gnó agam de.”

Do buail Eoghan iptimeas.

Árra an gába, “Cá raibhair le feáctómain ? Bíor éun ríseala eur aononn cùsgat feáctómain ead a bí oírt.”

“Ó ! ní raibh rioc oírt, aet go raibh an-gnótaí, agur gní faoilear go mbéadh ríu éigin eile b'úr gcuairt ré 'n-a céile 'ná ríb a beit a cuijmheamh oírt-ra.”

“Aet go mbéad mo lámh bacach rílán agam aipír, agur buidéadair le Dia tá rí dul éun cinn go mait, ní bheadh aon ní ag eur bualaír aipáin.”

“Go deimhín, ní cùir bualaír éad an ríseal agam aipír, aet a malaírt, agur go n-éigíseadh b'úr b'pórta inbhe,” árra Eoghan, agur tocht 'n-a epríde.

“B'úr gnó é an pórta ?” árra Taois Sába.

“Nád bheuil Neilli agur Séamus Tálliúra le beit pórta i nuaíar an Chapaigír ?”

“Fiafhras is do Neilli fén an fiúr é ná b'fearas.”

house. A day or two passed in this way without Owen taking a turn to the forge.

Says Tim to Nelly, "Did you see Owen to-day or yesterday?" "I did not," says Nelly.

"I hope there's nothing wrong with him. He wasn't here since 'ere yesterday. I don't know what's keeping him."

"I don't know," says she; but she had a suspicion, for she heard the tale of the match.

It is likely Owen wasn't very easy in his mind. He was between hope and fear. He would like to take a turn over to Tim's forge; but for all that, he was a little ashamed to admit his trouble of mind. He was working hard, but it was all the same to him whether idle or busy, he couldnt put Nelly's marriage out of his head.

On the evening of the second day, when the day's work was finished and the forge shut up, Owen went over across the fields, and was going ahead until he came out on the road close to the forge house. Nelly was at the door.

"How's your father, Nelly," says Owen.

"He's improving. Come in. It isn't half an hour since he was speaking of you. He was wondering you were so long without dropping in to him."

"I won't be going in now, Nelly, I'm in a hurry."

"Is that Owen, Nelly?" says the smith.

"Tis, father."

"Why isn't he coming in?"

"He says he is in a hurry, father."

"Tell him to come in. I want him."

Owen walked in.

Says the smith, "Where have you been this week past? I was going to send over a message to see what was wrong with you."

"Oh, there wasn't a bit wrong with me, but that I was very busy, and that I thought you would have other things to bother you than for you to be thinking of me."

"Were my lame hand but better again, and, thank God, it is going on well, there would be nothing troubling me."

"Indeed, your case is not a case of trouble, but the opposite, and I hope the marriage will be prosperous," said Owen, with a load at his heart.

"Why, then, what marriage?" said Tim the Smith.

"Are not Nelly and James Tailor to be married after Lent?"

"Ask Nelly if it is truth or falsehood."

“ An fiúr é, a Neillí ? ”

“ Níl, agur ní bérí go neod,” aifreann Neillí, agur amach an doiríar leí.

“ Ár feadó tamall níor iabair aon’ne do’n bheirt focal.”

“ B’fértoir, a Táiné,” aifreann Eoghan, “ go dtábharrfa Neillí Óamhrá ? ”

“ Sé i� feairíu tháit an ceirt rín a chuir cionci féin.”

Agur do chuir, agur ní gábaid innriant ead é an gheaghrá fuaireadh ré ó Neillí. Bí an pharróirthe ag magsaí fá Séamus Táinilíuра; acht fuaireadh ré rtoróisín beag ó Gleann na gCoileáid ná raiéis iobhais acht go raiéis fiúr páint grinnéid aici.

T A S R A :

Államóir—deafness.

Raballíní bó—miserable cows.

Ár tóigáil—“ lifting,” not able to lift themselves owing to winter want.

Ís a gáe ór gáe ní gáe—every second word, “one word borrowed another.”

I� seairíu = i� seairí = i� goairí—soon, **very soon.**

Ár m’albam—by my soul. The m is aspirated.

Ráiréadá—dispensation from banns.

Máiríle beag aithí— a little lump of **money.**

Tóct’ ná chioróe—a load at his heart.

Sean-gnósa—an old, worthless horse.

"Is it true, Nelly?"

"No, and it never will be," says Nelly, and out the door with her.

For awhile neither of the pair spoke a word.

"Maybe, Tim," says Owen, "you'd give Nelly to me?"

"You'd better put that question to herself."

And he did, and it is needless to tell the answer he got from Nelly.

The parish was laughing at James Tailor; but he got a little stump from Glennagolagh, who wasn't too young, but who had a fortune of twenty pounds.

AITHRISE AN REACÚRAIS:

A Ríg tá ari neimh *r a chruaileadh Ádam.
 'S a cùipear cár i bpreacád an uibhail,
 Oé! ríseadait oif anoir, oif árto,
 O if le do shrágra tá mé ag túil.

Tá mé i n-aoir, a'f do chéion mo bláth,
 'f iomhá lá mé ag tuis amúsh,
 Do tuit mé i bpreacád anoir náoi utarán,
 Acht tá na shrágra ari láimh an uain.

Nuair b' mé óig b'olc iad mo chéile,
 Buidh mór mo ghréip i gcleirip *r i n-easúann,
 B'fearr liom go mór ag imirt 'f ag ól
 Ari marún Dómhnais ná triall cum aifriann.

Níor b'fearr liom riúde 'n aice cailín óig
 Ná le mnaoi phórtá ag céiliúdaet tamall,
 Do mionnaid mór do b' mé tabartá
 Agus urraír no phóite níor leig mé taim.

Reacád an uibhail, mo chlád *r mo leun!
 'f é mill an raoisal mar gheall ari bheirt,
 A'f ó'r coir an ealaor atá mire riop,
 Muna b'fóirfeidh forá ari m'anam*bocht.

Ir oítm, ríaoir! tá na coirpeada mór,
 Acht nílteádach náibh má mairim tamall,
 Gac níu buail anuas ari mo choláinn fóir,
 A Ríg na Slóine *gur táiríteadh m'anam.

* Literally: O King, who art in Heaven and who createdst Adam, and who payest regard to the sin of the apple, I scream to Thee again and aloud, for it is Thy grace that I hope for. I am in age, and my bloom has withered, many a day am I going astray, I have fallen into sin more than nine fathoms (deep), but the graces are in the hands of the Lamb.

When I was young, evil were my accomplishments, great was my

RAFTERY'S REPENTANCE.

[From Douglas Hyde's edition of "Songs ascribed to Raftery," page 356.]

O King of Heaven, who didst create
 The man who ate of that sad tree,
 To Thee I cry, oh turn Thy face,
 Show heavenly grace this day to me.*

Though shed be now our bloom of youth,
 And though in truth our sense be dull,
 Though fallen in sin and shame I am,
 Yet God the Lamb is merciful.

When I was young my ways were evil,
 Caught by the devil I went astray ;
 On sacred mornings I sought not Mass,
 But I sought, alas ! to drink and play.

Married or single, grave or gay,
 Each in her way was loved by me,
 I shunned not the senses' sinful sway,
 I shunned not the body's mastery.

From the sin of the apple, the crime of two,
 Our virtues are few, our lusts run free,
 For my riotous appetite Christ alone
 From His mercy's throne can pardon me.

Ah, many a crime has indeed been mine,
 But grant to me time to repent the whole,
 Still torture my body and bruise it sorely,
 Thou King of Glory, but save the soul.

delight in quarrels and rows. I greatly preferred playing or drinking on a Sunday morning to going to Mass. I did not like better to sit beside a young girl than by a married woman on a rambling-visit awhile. To great oaths (I was) given, and lustfulness and drunkenness, I did not let (pass) me by. The sin of the apple, my destruction and my grief ! it is that which destroyed the world on account of two. Since gluttony is a crime I am down (fallen) unless Jesus shall have mercy on my poor soul.

O'Éalaig an lá a'r níor tóis mé an fál,
 No gur itealadh an báirí ann ari cuimh tóim,
 Acht a dírwo-riug an Ceirt, aonair riord mo éair,
 A'r le ríut na ngráfra fliuc mo fáil.

Ir le do ghráfra do ghlán tóim Maire,
 A'r fáor tóim Dáibhíod do minne an aithrisge,
 Do tuig tóim Maire fhlán o'n mbácaid,
 'S tá criocheasadh láidirí gur fáor tóim an gáduiríde.

Mar i fheascadh mé náic nthearna ríobh,
 Ná fórláir mór do Óna ná Muire,
 Acht fáid mo bhrón tá mo coirfeasáid níomham,
 Mar fóidil mé an ríobh ari an méar i fhuide.

A Ríg na gCíollíre tá lán de ghráfra,
 'S tóim minne beoír a'r fion de'n uifse,
 Le beagán agháin do mhar tóim an ríuaig,
 Oc! fhearrdail fóidil agur fhlánaig mire.

O a fóra Círiort a o'fúilainig an pháir,
 A'r do aghácaid, mar i do bhi tóim úmáil,
 Cuimhim cuimhriú* m'anama ari do ríáit,
 A'r ari uair mo báir ná tábairi Óam cul.

A Óamhíosdáin phárríctair, mátaír a'r maighean.
 Sgáéidí an ngráfra, aingeal a'r naomh,
 Cuimhim coraint m'anama ari do láim,
 O tóis mo pháirt, 'r bheiridh mé fáor.

* "Cuimhriú" i gConnaclais, i n-áit "comarice," .7. vívision.

It is on me, alas! that the great crimes are, but I shall reject them if I live for a while (longer), beat down everything upon my body yet, O King of Glory, but save my soul. The day has stolen away, and I have not raised the hedge, until the crop in which Thou delightedst was eaten. But, O High King of the Right, settle my case, and with the flood of graces wet mine eye. It was by Thy graces Thou didst cleanse Mary, and didst save David who made repentance, and Thou broughtest Moses safe from drowning, and, O Merciful Christ, rescue me. For I

The day is now passed, yet the fence not made,
The crop is betrayed, with its guardian by ;
O King of the Right, forgive my case,
With the tears of grace bedew mine eye.

In the flood of Thy grace was Mary laved,
And David was saved upon due repentance,
And Moses was brought through the drowning sea,
—O Christ, upon me pass gracious sentence.

For I am a sinner who set no store
By holy lore, by Christ or Mary ;
I rushed my bark through the wildest sea,
With the sails set free, unwise, unwary.

O King of Glory, O Lord divine,
Who madest wine of the common water,
Who thousands hast fed with a little bread,
Must I be led to the pen of slaughter !

O Jesus Christ—to the Father's will
Submissive still—who wast dead and buried,
I place myself in Thy gracious hands
Ere to unknown lands my soul be ferry'd.

O Queen of Paradise, mother, maiden,
Mirror of graces, angel and saint,
I lay my soul at thy feet, grief-laden,
And I make to Mary my humble plaint.

am a sinner who never made a store, or (gave) great satisfaction to God or to Mary, but, cause of my grief! my crimes are before me, since I sailed my scud (*aliter score*) upon the longest finger (*i.e.*, put things off).

O King of Glory, who art full of grace, it was Thou who madest beoir and wine of the water; with a little bread Thou didst provide for the multitude, oh, attend to, help, and save me. O Jesus Christ, who didst suffer the passion and wast buried, because Thou wast humble, I place the shelter of my soul under Thy protection, and at the hour of my death turn not Thy back upon me.

'Noir tā mé i n-aois 'r ari uthuas an uthair,
 'S is gearr an rráir go dtéigim i n-áisi,
 Aet is feairi go deiréannas ná go uthair,
 Agus r fuainghlaim páirt ari RíS na nDáil.

Ir cuaille gan mait mé i scoigríneall páit.*
 No is eorpaíil le bád mé a chail a rtiúir,
 Do bhríofidé arteas a n-aigairí earras 'ra 'bhráis!
 'S do bheirdeas dá bádád 'r na tonntaib fuair'.‡

A fóra Chríost a fuairi bár Dia n-áoine,
 A d'éiríis ariú ann do mhs gan locht,
 Nac tú tuis an trilige le aitriúise do théanam,
 'S nac beas an rmuasinead do minnearf oif!

Do thábla, ari uthair, mile 'r oet gceann,
 An ríce go beacáit, i gceann an do-déas,
 Ó'n am éinigling Chríost do piub an geataid,
 So dti an uthairdáin a ndearainnais Reacúrais an aitriúise:

* Aliter, "ir cuaille coi mé i n-éadan páit," G.

† = rathúise. Aliter, "ari uthuas na trá."

‡ Aliter, "bheirdeas 'sá bádád 'r a chailleádád a rnaid"; aliter, "reól," aliter, "rúsháil"; aet d'áitriúis mé an líne le comhluaim do théanam."

O Queen of Paradise, mother and maiden, mirror of graces, angel and saint, I place the protection of my soul in thy hand, O Mary, refuse me not, and I shall be saved.

Now I am in age, and on the brink of the death, and short is the time till I go into the ground, but better is late than never, and I appeal for kindness to (or perhaps, "I proclaim that I am on the side of") the King of the elements.

I am a worthless wattle in a corner of a hedge, or I am like a boat

Now since I am come to the brink of death
And my latest breath must soon be drawn,
May heaven, though late, be my aim and mark
From day till dark, and from dark till dawn.

I am left like a stick in a broken gap,
Or a helmless ship on a sunless shore,
Where the ruining billows pursue its track,
While the cliffs of death frown black before.

O Jesus Christ, who hast died for men,
And hast risen again without stain or spot,
Unto those who have sought it Thou shovest the way,
Ah, why in my day have I sought it not !

One thousand eight hundred years of the years,
And twenty and twelve, amid joys and fears,
Have passed since Christ burst hell's gates and defences,
To the year when Raftery made this Repentance.

that has lost its rudder, that would be beaten in against a rock in the ocean, and that would be a-drowning in the cold waves. O Jesus Christ, who didst die on a Friday, and didst rise again as a faultless King, was it not Thou who gavest me the way to make repentance, and was it not little that I thought about Thee ? There first happened one thousand and eight hundred (years), and twenty exactly, in addition to twelve, from the time that Christ descended, who burst the gates, until the year when Raftery made the "Repentance."

AN CÚIS D'Á PLEIRÓ:

(Leir an Reactúras.)

Éirígíodh rúar tā 'n cárta ag teannas iib,
 Biodh clóiríbeam a'r pleas agusib i bpraoibh gneur,
 Ir gealpí uait an Cúis, tā 'n uáta caitte,
 Marí ríomh na hAbhráil na naoim' 'r an cléir;
 Tā an coinneall le múcaid tuis línteir lárta leir,
 Aict téiríodh ari bup nglúinaih a'r iarrhaid atáinse,
 Siúidh an tUan 'r baird an lá ag na Catolcais,
 Tā an Mhúman tpe lárta 'r an Chúis d'á pleiró.

Tā 'n dā Chúisge Múman ari riubal, 'r ni rtaofair
 So leasctair uóis deacmáth a'r cior ná ríri,
 'S dā otsugfaróidh uóis congnáth a'r Éire [do] feairam
 Óneir' gáiríodh lás a'r gac beafrna ríeo.
 Óneir' gáill ari a g-cúl, a'r gan teáct ari ari aca,
 Agur 'Orangemen' bhrúisté i gciúinair* gac baile 'gáinn
 Óreiteamh a'r Júlyf i oteac cárta ag na Catolcais'
 Sacrafa marib, 'r an éróin ari Ónaeðeal.

* Sgúisibh "ingheón" ran ms. marí labhairtear a g-Connachtas é.

† 'S é "coirte" an t-ainm ceart coitcinn aict verii an Reactúras "Júly" le "comhairle," no comh-fháim, do óráinath le "cúl" agur "bhrúisté."

* *Literally:* Rise ye up, the course is drawing near to you, let ye have sword and spear with sharp edge, not-far-off from you in the [mystic number] "Five," the date is expired, as have written the apostles, the saints, and the clergy. The candle is to be quenched which Luther brought lit with him, but go ye on your knees and ask a petition. Pray ye the Lamb and the day shall be won by the Catholics, Munster is on fire, and Cúis dá plé—i.e., the cause is a-pleading.

† This wóuld make it appear that Raftery composed his song in 1833 or 1834, since the tithe war did actually come to a successful issue in 1835, and in the same year Thomas Drummond inaugurated a new régime at Dublin Castle.

‡ Pronounced "Koosh daw play," which means "the cause a-pleading." § The two provinces of Munster are afoot, and will not stop till tithes be overthrown by them, and rents according, and if help were given

THE "CUÍS DÁ' PLÉ."

(BY RAFTERY.)

(From "The Religious Songs of Connacht.")

Rise up and come, for the dawn is approaching,*
 With sword, and with spear, and with weapon to slay,
 For the hour foretold by the saints and apostles,
 The time of the "FIVE"† is not far away.
 We'll quench by *degrees* the light of the Lutherns,
 Down on your *knees*, let us pray for the Southerns,
 God we shall *please* with the prayers of the Catholics,
 Munster's afire and Cúis dá plé.‡

There's a fire afoot in the Munster provinces; §
 It's "down with the tithes and the rents we pay."||
 When we are behind her, and Munster challenges,
 The guards of England must fall away.
 Though Orangemen grudge our lives, the fanatics,
 We'll make them budge, we accept their challenges;
 We'll have jury and judge in the courts for Catholics,
 And England come down in the Cúis dá plé.

them and [we were] to stand by Ireland the [English] guards would be feeble, and every gap [made] easy. The Galis (*i.e.*, English) will be on their back, without ever returning again, and the Orangemen bruised in the borders of every town, a judge and a jury in the court-house for the Catholics, England dead, and the crown on the Gael.

|| From this verse it appears that some at least of the peasantry, even at that early period, distinctly associated the struggle against tithes with the idea of a possible struggle against rents. Very few appear to have seen this at the time, though Dr. Hamilton, the collection of whose tithes led to the sanguinary affair of Carrickshock, in Kilkenny, where no less than 28 of the police were killed and wounded, said to the spokesman of a deputation of the peasantry who waited on him, "I tell you what it is, you are refusing to pay tithes now; you will refuse to pay rents by and by." To which the spokesman of the peasantry retorted, "There is a great difference, sir, between tithes and rents; we get *some* value for the rents, we get the land anyway for them; but we get *no* value at all for the tithes." The incredibly bitter feelings engendered by the struggle at Carrickshock, in 1831, found vent in an English ballad, founded on an Irish model, one verse of which I heard from my friend Michael Cavanagh, of Washington, D.C., who was once private secretary to John O'Mahony, and author of the "Life of Meagher," who was himself "raised" in that neighbourhood. This verse struck me as being so revoltingly savage and at the same time so good a specimen of

Úr éid agairt faoi Cháirs pleárláca 'r curdeacá,
 Ól a'í imirit a'í gróirt dá neir,
 Úr éid mairg 'súr bláth agair fár ari chlannnai,
 Snuad 'súr gnáir agair tóinéct ari feir.
 Feicfír ríb fán a'í neamh-áití ari Shacraonais,
 Áit náimair le fán agair leagair a'í leap (?) oírra,
 Teinnteacha cnámh ann gáe áití ari na Catolcais,
 'S náe rín i gán bhrabas (?) an Chúir 'o'á pléird:

Ír ionrada feair bheagáis faoi an tráth ro teiltse*
 O Choiméa go h-innrír 'r go Úaire Roifre,
 Agair bualáilliúr bána le fán ag imteacá
 O fhláid Chille-Chainnis go "Bantúr Úae."
 Aict ionprócaid an cárta 'r bér é lám mairt agairt-ne
 Seárrfáid an mád ari cláir na h-imirte,
 Dá bheicfínn-re an lára o phoistláirge go Úiogra 'rra
 Sheinnfínn go deimhín an Chúir 'o'á pléird.

* Labairtear an focal ro mair "teiltse." Ír focal coitcinn, gConnaictair é. Ír ionann "ní ré teiltse" agair "Chuair bheirteanára na círe 'na agairó."

Irish vowel-rhyming, that it were a pity not to preserve it. It runs thus, as well as I can remember it—

"Oh, who could desire to see better *sporting*,
 Than the peelers *groping* among the *rocks*,
 With skulls all fractured, and eyeballs *broken*,
 Their fine long *noses* and ears cut *off*!
 Their roguish *sergeant* with heart so *hardened*,
 May thank his heels that so nimbly ran,
 But all that's past is but a *token*,
 To what we'll show them at Slieve-na-man!"

It is worth mentioning that the Kilkenny peasants who made this desperate attack gave their words of command in Irish, and, no doubt, felt that they were the "Gael" once more attacking the "Gall."

When Easter arrives we'll have mirth and revelry,*
Eating and drinking, and sport, and play,
Beautiful flowers, and trees, and foliage,
Dew on the grass through the live-long day.†
We'll set in amaze the Gall and the Sassenach,
Thronging the ways they will all fly back again,
Our fires shall blaze to the halls of the firmament,
Kindling the chorus of Cúis dá plé.

There are many fine men at this moment a-pining
From Ennis to Cork, and the town of Roscrea,
And many a Whiteboy in terror a-flying
From the streets of Kilkenny to Bantry Bay.
But there's change on the cards and we'll now take a hand again,
Our trumps show large, let us play them manfully,
Boys, when ye charge them from Birr into Waterford,
It is I who shall liit for you the Cúis dá plé.‡

Joseph Sheridan Lefanu, almost the best of our Anglo-Irish novelists, prophesied of the landlords who looked on quiescent during the tithe war: "Never mind, their time will come; rents will be attacked as tithes are now, with the same machinery and with like success." "His prophecy," says his brother, W. R. Lefanu, "was laughed at." Long after, one who had heard him said to him, "Well, Lefanu, your rent war hasn't come." All he said was, "Twill come, and soon, too," as it did.

* By Easter we shall have revelry and company, drinking and playing, and sport according; there shall be beauty and blossom and growth on trees, fairness and fineness and dew upon the grass. Ye shall see falling-off and contempt on the Sassenachs, our enemy precipitated, and overthrow and defeat (?) upon them, bonfires in every art, (i.e., point of the compass) for the Catholics, and is not that, and nothing over, the Cúis dá plé.

† The Celtic imagination of this verse, and its "revolt against the despotism of fact," is characteristic in the highest degree of the Irish peasant.

‡ There is many a fine man at this time sentenced, from Cork to Ennis and the town of Roscrea, and White Boys wandering, and departing from the street of Kilkenny to Bantry Bay. But the cards shall turn, and we shall have a good hand; the trump shall stand on the board we play at. If I were to see the race on 'hem [i.e., them driven to fly] from Waterford to Birr, I would sing you indeed the Cúis dá plé.

Éiugairde rudaí, a'r gluairidhe uile,
 Céirdiúrde ari an gcnoc agus glacáis bup ngleair,
 Ag Dia tá na ghlára a'r déiridh ré 'n bup gcuirdeachta,
 Biond agairbh meirneadach, iñ bheagán an rgeul é.
 Gníotócaidh ríb an lá ann gád áitriú de Shacranais,
 Buaillidh an cláir 'r déiridh na cártaidh teast cugairb,
 Olaírde ari láimh, aonair, ríláinte Raifteiriú,
 'S é cùirfeadh Óaois báill ari an gCúir n'a pléir.

* Rise up and proceed all of you, come upon the hill and take your equipment, God has the graces, and He shall be in your company. Let ye have courage; it is a fine story [I have to tell you], ye shall gain the

Up then and come in the might of your thousands,
Stand on the hills with your weapons to slay ;
God is around us and in our company,
Be not afraid of their might this day.
Our band is victorious, their cards are valueless,
Our victory glorious, we'll smash the Sassenachs,
Now drink ye in chorus, “ Long life to Raftery,”
For it's he who could sing you the Cúis dá plé.*

day in every quarter from the Sassenachs. Strike ye the board and the cards will be coming to you. Drink out of hand now a health to Raftery; it is he who would put success for you on the Cúis dá plé.

IS FADA O CUIREADH SÍOS:

(Leir an Reacán Úrúlaí)

Ír fada ó cuireasadh riór go dtiucraadh ré 'fan traoisai

Só n-udairiúrtaré fáil 'r go ndeaunfaradh ríleúcháin,

Do ríeirí marí ríspíosb ná náomh i mblianaí an Íaoi* tá 'n
baogál

Má gcaillimíodh do'n ríspíortáinír náomhá:

An báilla ñeuntarí fuaír ní fáinann ré a ñfaoi fuaír,

Sgíofhrann ré o'n dhois-“foundation,”

Aict an áit a ndeacláidh an t-áol ní ciorbáilidh cloch ar ciorbáid,

Tá an ñaarrasg faoi 'na ríordé náidh bpleuiríseáid.

Ír ríspíortáinír fean an Cháirt do raoileadh tanaírt ahuair

Aict 'ré meáramh-re gur níodh náidh ríordíri,

Tá Íaoimhí ñeardar le n-a ñíuasach agur Círiort [do] ñeir an ñíuasach
A'r congbóráidh riad ná h-uain le céile.

Aðaltrianur 'r dñúir do tóirais ag ríseul ari utáir,

Agur Íannraoi an t-Oéid do tóreis a céile,

Aict níosgaltar júnct a'r ñuasach ari "Orangemen" go luat
Náidh ñíuairi ariamh an "confraternation."

* Ír coimhíil go náibh an t-rean-éarrpaingíreáidh réo i g-cuirfhe ag an Reacán Úrúlaí.

Níuair éailífeas an Leóman a neart

'S an róchanán bheac a ñriúig,

Seinnírtidh an éláirfeas go binn binn

Tóir a h-oéid agur a ñaoi.

Ír coimhíil go mearrgáinn re an rígníobtárí agur rean-éarrpaingíreáidh le
céile! Labhairtear "baogál" marí "baoríseal" ann go, aict "naomhá" marí
"naomhá." Dá bhoirífeas ré o'á nann ñeunfaradh ré "baogál" ve "baogál"
agur "naomhá" ve "naomhá"!

* No doubt Raftery is alluding to the old prophecy scarcely yet forgotten, which may be thus translated:—

"When the tawny Lion shall lose its strength,
And the bracket Thistle begin to pine,
Sweet, sweet shall the wild Harp sound at length,
Between the Eight and the Nine."

HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN SAID ?

(BY ANTHONY RAFTERY, OF THE CO. MAYO.)

How long has it been said that the world should be bled,
 And blood flow red like a river?
 In the year of the "NINE," when the crimson moon shall shine,
 (It stands written in the Scripture for ever).
 The wall that has been built where no blood-cement is spilt
 Slips forth from its uncertain foundation,
 But where blood has gone and lime, it shall stand through tide
 and time,
 As a bulwark and a rock to the nation.†

Everlasting is the court that they thought to make their sport ;
 But that court can stand wind, rain, and weather?
 St. Peter is on guard, with Christ to watch and ward,
 And to gather all his lambs in, together.
 Adultery and lust began the game at first,
 When Henry the Eighth ruled the nation ;
 But shout and rout pursue that bloody Orange crew,
 Never favored by our Lord's consecration.‡

Literally : "When the Lion shall lose his strength and the speckled thistle his vigor, the harp shall play sweetly, sweetly, between the Eight and the Nine." In another poem of his called the "History of the Bush," he alludes to a prophecy that the "Gaeles would score a point in the 29th year."

† *Literally* : It is long since it was set down that it would come into the world that blood should be spilt and slaughter made, according as the saints wrote, in the year of the Nine is the danger, if we submit to the Holy Scripture. The wall which is built cold [*i.e.*, without mortar] it does not stay long up, it slips from the bad foundation, but where the lime went, a stone shall not move out of it forever; the rock is under it settled, which shall not burst.

‡ Everlasting and ancient is the Court that it was thought to bring down, but 'tis what I think, that it is a thing impossible, St. Peter is at its brink (*i.e.*, by its side), and Christ, whom the multitude crucified, and they will keep the lambs together. Adultery and lust began the story first, and Henry VIII. who forsook his consort, but vengeance, running and rout [*fall*] speedily on the Orangemen, who never got the consecration.

Ag éiríseadh óaois 'r ag luithe, rímuaidhíodh ari an mhs,
 Do chruaigh ari fad an cine daonna,
 Ir iomána corp 'ran ngsaoit, aet n iua 'ná 'ran traoisai,
 'Súr ir beag an caoi le 'bhusiúimír píreótheas;
 Ireibéil do faoil an eagsaigh tábait faoi Ólise
 Ag cuir anagaird an beata náomhá,
 Tá ri i ngséibhionn riор a'r Láiteir le n-a taois,
 'S ioc go chruaidh faoi an "reformation."*

A Dhia, náic mór an trórít an tréam do faoil ari nódhsat
 So mbuadh éiginn doisibh a bdtá do fíneadh,
 A'r William do tioncharain gleas a'r do cuir na hAedil r'a
 Utrebridh
 Ni feicfíodh riad níor mó é gcleirfta.
 Dáinreapar clois 'ran Rómh, baird teinnte cnámh a'r ceol,
 Ann 'r gac beag agus [gac] mór tré Eíriann,
 O támis Seoírlre i g-croílair tá Orlangemen faoi bhrón;
 A'r gac neart aca a rrón do fíreád.

A fóra cleirfta i gceann ná feud ari lámh an tréam
 Náir óiol an bhean o'oil tu ari aon corp,
 Aet Láiteir 'r a Ólise cam 'r an bunaidh chreidear ann
 Náic oic an ceart go bhusiúisír géilleadh.
 Már riор do Orlangemen ní'l maic do'n cleir i gcaint
 'Sa chroisighas ari fad le leigseadh ag Eíriann
 Suí euscoír fiongsaíl 'r feall agus clíreadh clainne Gall
 O'iompairis an Biobla anonn 'ran mbeapla.

* Tá rúil mór ag an Reachtúraí, mar ériomh, ann rna foclairí Áivo-Glóraca galla ro chroisneáigeas i n- "action" (= "éirinn"). Na ceo filíodh ve na hAodálaibh do fíniobh i mbeapla níosdáraí na foclair ro aisteadh ann 'r gac rann, beag-náic!

* On rising up of you and on your lying down, think ye upon the King who created, throughout, the human race; there is many a change in the wind, but not more plentiful than are in the world, and it is a little way through which we might find rescue. Isabel (i.e., Elizabeth), who thought to bring the Church under law, opposing the holy life, she is down in chains, and Luther at her side paying dearly for the Reformation.

Whene'er ye rise or lie, think upon God on high,
And practise all his virtues—we need them—
This strange world changes fast, as change both wind and blast ;
From a small thing may arise our freedom.
Elizabeth, who thought Faith might be sold and bought,
And who harassed all the just of the nation,
In chains she now is tied with Luther at her side,
They are paying for their "Reformation."*

Dear God ! but this is play ! they thought to burn and slay,
But their courage ebbs away down to zero ;
Their William clad in mail, who left in chains the Gael,
They shall never again see that hero.
A bell is rung in Rome, it says our triumph's come,
With bonfires, and music, and cheering,
Since George is on the throne the Orangemen make moan,
They run cold in every bone—they are fearing ! †

O Christ for us who died, *we* never sold Thy bride,
Do not see us set aside we beseech Thee ;
But they who sing the praise of Luther's crooked ways,
Shall their impious petitions reach Thee !
The Orangemen assert that our clergy are but dirt,
Insulting us since Luther's arrival ;
May treachery and shame be their lot who bear the blame
Of turning into English the Bible. ‡

† Oh, God ! is it not great the sport, the lot that thought to burn us, how they had to deny their vote ? And William, who began the fight, and who put the Gael out of their way, they shall see him no more prepared [for fight]. A bell shall be struck in Rome, there shall be bonfires and music in every little and in every great [place] throughout Erin. Since George came to the throne the Orangemen are under grief, and without power to blow their nose.

‡ O Jesus crucified on tree, do not see the people put down who never sold the woman who reared thee, on any consideration ; but Luther and his crooked way, and the family that believe in him, is it not a bad right that they should get submission. If it is true for the Orangemen, there is no use for the clergy in their talk, and the proof of that, Ireland has to read, that it is injustice, murder and treachery, and the deception (?) of the children of the Galls that turned the Bible over into English.

Chualasadh mé, munab bheus, go dtiucfearadh ré rian tigrasúil

Go g-cionnphróise mairgírtír leigín ann gae cúnne,

Mi bhusil 'ran scáir aict ríseim* ag meallaadh uainn an tigréid
Aigur tigúltasúil do ghnótaisíb lúiteir.

Criordó do'n cleirí 'r ná téirdír ari malairt férir,

No carraigír riib Mac Dóe 'r a cúnmacta,

'S an long ro éuairí a leig (?) má tigréann riib ann de leim
Tomprócaidh ri a' r béal riib fáite:

Altasúil le Dia, tá an t-aistír Óairtlios riár,

'S consghobáidh ré ari na cluigíleib gárra,

An rílocht i g-cáit ná i ngliat náir óiol an pháir ariamh

Aigur gearrfáidh ré anaighair Óirceáis a' r Óláis.

Tá Clanna Sall 'n ari nuaigí mar bheirdeanu maoira alla ari ríliab
Bheirí' aig iarrfáidh an t-uam do ghois ó'n máthair.

Aict [r] O Ceallaig Óeunfará a bhiadach san cù san ead san
rinnan

Le toil a' r cúnmacta riis na n-Íarla.

Mi'l físeandoirí lámh na bheirde neá ghréagaird an Óláis a las

Náic mbíonn aig riocadh bheus ari níosdair,

A mbíobla ari bárr a meáir, aig nearbhuisgead 'ran eiteas,

Aict iocfaidh riad i ndeirfe cúnre.

Fearg san piadairí san leigean a mímísear Óaois an ríseir,

Raifteiridh o' éirír le ari' duibhrial,

[S] aitheir go plaicear Dóe náic piacair neac go n-eus

Bheirdear aig plé le leabhrailb lúiteir.

* = an focal béalra "scheme."

* I heard, unless it be a lie, that it shall come in the world that a master of learning shall be placed in every corner. There is nothing in the case but a scheme deceiving the flock from us, and refuse ye the works of Luther. Believe in the clergy and go not exchanging grass, [i.e., remain on your own pasture] or ye shall lose the Son of God and His power, and this ship that went to ruin (?), if ye go into it of a leap, it will turn and ye shall be underneath it.

I heard, if it be true, a rumor strange and new,
That they mean to plant schools in each corner;
The plan is for our scaith, to steal away our faith,
And to train up the spy and suborner.
Our clergy's word is good, oh seek no other food,
Our church has God's own arm round her;
But if ye will embark on this vessel in the dark,
It shall turn in the sea and founder.*

But thanks be to the Lord, Father Bartley is our sword,
Set fast in our midst as a nail is;
'Tis he shall guard the sheep, his clan was not for sleep,
He will stand against the Burkes and the Dalys.†
The Gall is on our tracks, like wolves that rage in packs,
They seek to tear the lamb from the mother;
But O'Kelly is our hound, and to hunt them he is bound,
Till we see them fall to tear one another.‡

The man who weaves our frieze, the cobbler who tells lies,
They read learned authors now!—cause for laughter—
Their Bible on their lips and at their finger tips!
But they'll pay for it all hereafter.
A blind unlettered man expounds to you his plan,
Raftery, whose heart in him is burning,
Who bids ye all to know that none to heaven can go
On the strength of their Luther's learning.§

† The Dalys of Dunsandle, no doubt.

‡ Render thanks to God, Father Bartley [*i.e.*, Bartholomew] is in the West, and he will keep guard over the sheep, he is of the race that in battle or conflict never sold the passion [perhaps a mistake for "sold the pass"], and he will stand against Burkes and Dalys. The children of the Gall are after us, as it were wolves upon the mountains, that would be seeking to steal the lamb from the mother; but O'Kelly will hunt them without hound, horse, or bridle, by the will and the power of the King of the Graces.

§ There is not a weaver of lawn or frieze, or a cobbler after his day, that does not be picking lies out of authors, their Bible on the top of their fingers, assuring and perjuring; but they shall pay at the end of the case. A man without sight, without learning [*it is*] who expounds to you the story, Raftery, who listened to all that was said, and who says that to the heaven of God no one shall ever go who will be pleading with the books of Luther.

mallusgád an bheir ar sacsanaitib;
(Leir an "nGéasán glar.")

Δ Όια συρι γοιριο
Δην υαιρι, γη αν ια
Δ θρειριμιο Sacra
Leagta αρι ιαρι!

Δ Όια συρι γοιριο
Δην ιαρι, συρι αν υαιρι,
Δ θρειριμιο i
Δ' γη α εροιρε-ρε γο ριαρι.

Σο ριαρι α' γη γο εμπτα,
Σι εμπιριτε γαν θρις;
Γαν εορι ανη α λαμπαιθ
Γαν εορι ανη α εροιρε:

Βαινηριοξαιν θι ιντι;
Βαινηριοξαιν γαν θριον;
Δετι βαινηριμιο θι-ρε
Σο ριλι α εροιν.

Βερο αν βαινηριοξαιν άλινην
Σο εμπιριτε α' γη γο θυθας;
Οηρι γεοθαιρι γη εύτιυξαδ
Δην ιαρι, α' γη ιυαε;

Ιυαε να ροια,
Οο θοιριτ γη 'να γριτ,
Ρινι να θρεαρι θαν
Δευρι γινι να θρεαρι θυθ;

Ιυαε να γεροιρε γινι
Οο θηιριτ γη γο τιυς,
Εροιρε θι θαν
Δευρι εροιρε θι θυθ:

Ιυαε να γενάμ
Τα θ' α μθάνυξαδ ανοιν;
Ενάμια να ιθάν
Δευρι ενάμια να ιθυθ:

Ιυαε αν οεαραιρ
Σινι γη αρι θονη,
Ιυαε να θριαθηρ
Σγαοιτ γη ιε ρονη:

THE CURSE OF THE BOERS ON ENGLAND.

(TRANSLATED BY LADY GREGORY)

O God, may it come shortly,
 The hour and this day,
 When we shall see England
 Utterly overthrown.

O God, may it shortly come,
 This day and this hour,
 When we shall see her
 And her heart turned cold.

It is she was a Queen,
 A Queen without sorrow ;
 But we will take from her,
 One day her Crown.

That Queen that was beautiful
 Will be tormented and darkened,
 For she will get her reward
 In that day, and her wage.

Her wage for the blood
 She poured out on the streams ;
 Blood of the white man,
 Blood of the black man.

Her wage for those hearts
 That she broke in the end ;
 Hearts of the white man,
 Hearts of the black man.

Her wage for the bones
 That are whitening to-day ;
 Bones of the white man,
 Bones of the black man.

Her wage for the hunger
 That she put on foot ;
 Her wage for the fever,
 That is an old tale with her.

Luac na mbaintreabhad
Ó'fág rí gan fír,
Luac na ngsairgídeas
Cuirí rí ari bior.

Luac na nvilleasta
Ó'fág rí fá crád;
Luac na noibhíteas
Cait rí ari fán.

Luac na n-Indrianaid
(Tírúas a gceáir),
Luac na n-Áiríceas
Cuirí rí cum báir.

Luac na n-Éireannas
Céair rí ari érioi,
Luac gád cinnid
Ó'a nuaearnaid rí ríomor.

Luac na milliún
Do lab rí 'r do bhrí,
Luac na milliún
Fá oclúr aonair.

A Tírgealma go dtuitiú
Ari mullaet a cinn
Mallaet na nuaointe
Do tuit le n-a linn.

Mallaet na gualas
A'ri mallaet na mbeas,
Mallaet na n-anbhrann,
A'ri mallaet na las.

Ní éirteann an Tírgealma
Le mallaet na mór,
Aet éirtfriú Sé coróce
Le oína raoi ñeoir.

Éirtfriú Sé coróce
Le caoineadó na mbocht,
"S tda caointe na miltiú
Ó'a rígaointeas aonacht.

Her wage for the white villages
She has left without men ;
Her wage for the brave men
She has put to the sword.

Her wage for the orphans
She has left under pain ;
Her wage for the exiles
She has spent with wandering.

For the people of India
(Pitiful is their case) ;
For the people of Africa
She has put to death.

For the people of Ireland,
Nailed to the cross ;
Wage for each people
Her hand has destroyed.

Her wage for the thousands
She deceived and she broke ;
Her wage for the thousands
Finding death at this hour.

O Lord, let there fall
Straight down on her head
The curse of the peoples
That have fallen with us.

The curse of the mean,
And the curse of the small,
The curse of the weak
And the curse of the low.

The Lord does not listen
To the curse of the strong,
But He will listen
To sighs and to tears.

He will always listen
To the crying of the poor,
And the crying of thousands
Is abroad to-night.

Éireabánach ná clóinte
 Só Dia, tá fuař,
Ní fada so gnoípprið
 Sáe mallaest a cluas.

Úeo cùmaest, an lá rí
 Asg sáe uile ñeoir
Long-cogaíð do bátað
 'S an ñfraippsé móir.

Asgur tuitfir, marí mallaest,
 Só troma ari an luéit
Ó'fáis aifrisc 'na fáras
 A'ri ñórlais so doest.

CUMA CROÍDE CAILLÍ.

Donnéadó ná ña ñaigáin r' aíleir, 7 taoð ná ñonnéadá do éuir ríor.

A ñómnáisi ñig, má téidíri tár fáippsé
 Beir mé fén leat, ír ná ñeim do ñeapmád,
Ír úeo agat féríín lá aonais ír marjsair,
 Ír insean Rioð Spréise marí céile leapta agat.

Má téidíri-re aonónn tár comártá agam oírt;
Tá cíl fionn agur ñá fúil glara agat
Óa cocán ñeag ro' cíl buirðe bacallaç,
 Marí béal béal-na-bó nó ríor i nsgairmaité;

Ír ñeideanaç aíréir do labair an gáðair oírt;
Óo labair an naorgas 'ra' cíppaircín doimín oírt;
Ír tu ro' " ñaogairde aonair" ari fud ná scoilte;
'S so labair ñan céile so bhráit so ñraðair me.

Do gseallair ñam-ra, agur o'innriñ bhréag ñam,
Óo mbeiteá ñomam-ra as cír ná gseoiras;
Óo leigear fead agur tli cíeo gíaoðas éisgas,
'S ní bhráir ann aéit uan a' méití.

Do gseallair ñam-ra, ní ba ñeascair ñuit,
Loingear ñír fá cíann-geoil aifris;
Óa báile ñeag do báiltið marjsair;
Ír círt bhréag aolða coir taoð ná fáippsé.

That crying will rise up
To God that is above ;
It is not long till every curse
Comes to His ears.

Every single tear
Shall have power in that day,
To whelm a warship
In the great deep.

And they shall fall for a curse
Heavily upon the people
Who have left Africa a waste
And the Boers in poverty.

1901.

THE GRIEF OF A GIRL'S HEART.

O Donall og, if you go across the sea, bring myself with you and do not forget it ; and you will have a sweetheart for fair days and market days, and the daughter of the King of Greece beside you at night.

It is late last night the dog was speaking of you ; the snipe was speaking of you in her deep marsh. It is you are the lonely bird through the woods ; and that you may be without a mate until you find me.

You promised me, and you said a lie to me, that you would be before me where the sheep are flocked ; I gave a whistle and three hundred cries to you, and I found nothing there but a bleating lamb.

You promised me a thing that was hard for you, a ship of gold under a silver mast ; twelve towns with a market in all of them, and a fine white court by the side of the sea.

Do gheallair dámh-rá, ní nár b'fheiríri;
 Ón dtiubhréad láimhne do chroícean éirg dám;
 Ón dtiubhréad bhróga do chroícean éan dám;
 Ír eulair do'n tríona da údairí i nDéirinn.

A Domhnáill Óig, b'fearrí Óuit mire agat
 'ná bean uafal uaiubhréad iomairicád;
 Do chúnðraíonn dó agur do-ghéanainn cùisean Óuit;
 Ír, dá mbadh chruaidh é, do bhuailpinn buille leat.

Och, oéón, agur ní le nochtar,
 Uireadhrá b'fí, thíse, ná coitlata,
 Fá n'fearrí Óamhá Óeit tanairde truiscealda;
 Acht ghrád fír Óig ír é b'fheoirí go polluif me!

Ír moch ari marún do Connac-rá an t-Óisfearr
 Ári tuin capaill ag ghabháil an bdtair;
 Niop Óruairc ré liom ír niop éinig ré rtróidh oírm;
 'S ari mo capaill abaire Óamhá 'fí ead do ghoilear mo Ódtair:

'Nuair téidim-re féin go Tobar an Uaispír,
 Suibhim ríor ag tseanamh buaðairéad,
 Nuair cím an traoigal ír ná feicim mo buaðaill;
 Go raibh ghrád an ómaír i mbairr a ghrádána.

Sin é an Domhnac do éigear ghrád Óuit,
 An Domhnac tóireas riomh Domhnac Cárga;
 Ír mire ari mo gláinib a' leigsead na páir,
 'S ead b'fí mo Óamhá fír a ríor-éabairt an ghrád' Óuit:

Ó ! aithé, a maitírin, tábair m'fóm do,
 Ír tábair a bfuil agat do'n traoigal go leir do;
 Éigis féin ag iarráidh déirice,
 Agur ná ghabh fíar ná amair im' éileamh:

Ón báirírt mo maitírin liom gán tábairt leat
 Ínioru ná i mbáirreac ná Dia Domhnais,
 Ír oileán trácht do éig rí rogha Óamhá;
 'S é "Dúnaidh an doiríair é tair éir na rogha."

Tá mo chroíde-ge comh duib le hárne,
 Ní le gual duib a bheadh i gceárlrocaim,
 Ní le donn bhróise bheadh ari hallaibh dána;
 'S gur déinig lionn duib óiom of cionn mó fíalente:

Do bainír roimh óiom, ír do bainír fíar óiom,
 Do bainír roimh, ír do bainír im' óiataid óiom,
 Do bainír Sealaic, ír do bainír ghráin óiom,
 'S ír ró-mór m'eaigla gur bainír Dia óiom!

You promised me a thing that is not possible, that you would give me gloves of the skin of a fish ; that you would give me shoes of the skin of a bird ; and a suit of the dearest silk in Ireland.

O Donall óg, it is I would be better to you than a high, proud, spendthrift lady : I would milk the cow ; I would bring help to you ; and if you were hard pressed, I would strike a blow for you.

O, ochone, and it's not with hunger or with wanting food, or drink, or sleep, that I am growing thin, and my life is shortened ; but it is the love of a young man has withered me away.

It is early in the morning that I saw him coming, going along the road on the back of a horse ; he did not come to me ; he made nothing of me ; and it is on my way home that I cried my fill.

When I go by myself to the Well of Loneliness, I sit down and I go through my trouble ; when I see the world and do not see my boy, he that has an amber shade in his hair.

It was on that Sunday I gave my love to you ; the Sunday that is last before Easter Sunday. And myself on my knees reading the Passion ; and my two eyes giving love to you for ever.

O, aya ! my mother, give myself to him ; and give him all that you have in the world ; get out yourself to ask for alms, and do not come back and forward looking for me.

My mother said to me not to be talking with you to-day, or to-morrow, or on the Sunday ; it was a bad time she took for telling me that ; it was shutting the door after the house was robbed.

My heart is as black as the blackness of the sloe, or as the black coal that is on the smith's forge ; or as the sole of a shoe left in white halls ; it was you put that darkness over my life.

You have taken the east from me ; you have taken the west from me ; you have taken what is before me and what is behind me ; you have taken the moon, you have taken the sun from me, and my fear is great that you have taken God from me !

BÁN-ÉNÓIC ÉIREANN OS.

(Le Dónncád Mac Conmara.)

Seirbheannacht óm' ériodh go tír na h-Éireann,
 Bán-énoic Éireann os !
 Cum a marieann de siolraí i h a'r Éibhlí,
 Ári Bán-énoic Éireann os.
 An ait ait 'nári b'aoisinn binn-éit ean,
 Mar fáim-éruit éaois ag caoineadh Gaothai ;
 'Sé mo éar a bheit mile mile i gceáin,
 O Bán-énoic Éireann os.

Uiðeann bárra bog rílim ari éaois-énoic Éireann,
 Bán-énoic Éireann os !
 'S iñ fearrra ná 'n tír ro vit gac pleibhe ann,
 Bán-énoic Éireann os !
 Dob airo a coillte 'r ba díreac péir,
 'S a mbrait mar aol ari maoilinn Seug;
 Tá grád ag mo ériodh i m'íntinn réin
 Do Bán-énoic Éireann os.

Tá gárra liomhá i 'stír na h-Éireann,
 Bán-énoic Éireann os !
 A'ri fearascóni gnoiðe ná claoiðfead ceuðta
 Ári Bán-énoic Éireann os.
 M' fáontuirre ériodh 'r mo éiúinne fseult,
 Iar ag Gallarpoic riord fá gheim, mo leun i
 'S a mbaitte o'á rionn fá ciòr go daor,
 Bán-énoic Éireann os !

Iñ fairsing 'r iñ mór iar ériuasá na h-Éireann,
 Bán-énoic Éireann os !
 A gseirid meala 'sur uacraí a'gluaistreacht 'na ríaois,
 Ári Bán-énoic Éireann os.
 Racaird mé ari cuairt no iñ luac mo faoisai,
 Do'n talam beag fuaire pín iñ duai do Gaothai !
 'S go mb'fearrra liom 'ná uair d'á uairpleact e
 Bheit ari Bán-énoic Éireann os.

* Composed whilst the poet was in exile, on the Continent (at Hamburg), during the penal régime. The name Eiré (Ireland) is dissyllabic and may be pronounced as "eyrie." The bard was born at Cratloe, Clare County, about 1710, and outlived the century. In spite of the penal laws against education, he succeeded in acquiring, at home and

THE FAIR HILLS OF EIRE.

(BY DONCADH MAC CONMARA. CIRCA 1736.*)

(Translated by Dr. Sigerson in "Bards of the Gael and Gall.")

Air: "Uileacan Dub O."

Take my heart's blessing over to dear Eiré's strand—
 Fair Hills of Eiré O !
 To the Remnant that love her—Our Forefathers' Land !
 Fair Hills of Eiré O !
 How sweet sing the birds, o'er mount there and vale,
 Like soft-sounding chords, that lament for the Gael,—
 And I, o'er the surge, far, far away must wail
 The Fair Hills of Eiré O .

How fair are the flowers on the dear daring peaks,
 Fair Hills of Eiré O !
 Far o'er foreign bowers I love her barest reeks,
 Fair Hills of Eiré O !
 Triumphant her trees, that rise on ev'ry height,
 Bloom-kissed, the breeze comes odorous and bright,
 The love of my heart !—O my very soul's delight !
 The Fair Hills of Eiré O !

Still numerous and noble her sons who survive,
 Fair Hills of Eiré O !
 The true hearts in trouble,—the strong hands to strive—
 Fair Hills of Erié O !
 Ah, 'tis this makes my grief, my wounding and my woe
 To think that each chief is now a vassal low,
 And my Country divided amongst the Foreign Foe—
 The Fair Hills of Erié O !

In purple they gleam, like our High Kings of yore,
 The Fair Hills of Eiré O !
 With honey and cream are her plains flowing o'er,
 Fair Hills of Eiré O !
 Once more I will come, or very life shall fail,
 To the heart-haunted home of the ever-faithful Gael,
 Than king's boon more welcome the swift swelling sail—
 For the Fair Hills of Eiré O !

on the Continent, a mastery of classic and foreign languages. Besides short poems, he wrote a mock-heroic *Æneid*, detailing his adventures. In his old age he became blind, and the Irish teachers and pupils in Waterford, with old-time liberality and appreciativeness, laid a tribute on themselves for his maintenance.

Seaireann an t-áinéar aghair féarí ann;
 Ári Bán-énoic Éireann ós;
 Aghair taiscirt rín uibla cumhra ari gheasaib ann,
 Ári Bán-énoic Éireann ós.
 Violair aghair ramha i ngleannaithe ceo
 'S na ríota 'fan tráthra a' lathairt ari neoir;
 A'ir uisce na Siúire a' bhrúct 'na ríóis,
 Ári Bán-énoic Éireann ós.

Ir orgaite ráiteas é an áit rín Éire,
 Bán-énoic Éireann ós!
 Aghair toisír na ríáinte a mbárrí na ndéire,
 A mbán-énoic Éireann ós.
 Da bheinne 'ná meuila ari téadraib ceoil,
 Seinnm 'gur géimreast a laos 'r a mbó,
 Aghair taitneamh na ghréine oíche aorfa 'r ós
 Ári Bán-énoic Éireann ós.

The dew-drops sparkle, like diamonds on the corn,
Fair Hills of Eiré O!
Where green boughs darkle the bright apples burn
Fair Hills of Eiré O!
Behold, in the valley, cress and berries bland,
Where streams love to dally, in that Wondrous Land,
While the great River-voices roll their music grand
Round the Fair Hills of Eiré O!

Oh, 'tis welcoming, wide-hearted, that dear land of love!
Fair Hills of Eiré O!

New life unto the martyred is the pure breeze above
The Fair Hills of Eiré O!

More sweet than tune flowing o'er the chords of gold
Comes the kine's soft lowing, from the mountain fold,—
Oh, the Splendor of the Sunshine on them all,—Young and Old.
'Mid the Fair Hills of Eiré O!

SEADHNA:

(Coif na teineadó: Péig, Nollaig, Sibhniúit, Sile Ó Seag, Cáit ní Bhuaċalla).

Nóra. A Péig, innír għseul tħu inn.

Péig. B'ait liom ri! Innír fèin għseul:

Sob. Ni'l aon mait inni, a Péig; b'feajr li inn do għseul-ka.

Sile. Dēn, a Péig; beromio ana-ż-ċocajr.

Péig. Naċċ mait nāp f-ħanajr roċċajr ariġi, 'nuajr bi "Maċċa na n-Ort għ-ġor" aġġam tħad inni!

Sile. Mař ri nī għad-ġadha Cáit nī Bhuaċalla ac-ċam' pħiċċa.

Cáit. Thugħiex t'ejja! Ni jaħar-ka aċ-ċam' pħiċċa, a ġall-jeċċi!

Sob. Nā bac i-fèin, a Cáit; ni jaħi aminne' tħad pħiċċa ac-ċiex i-

ri għseul ujjix.

Sile. Do bi, ariġi; aġġur tħuna mberdeha so jaħi, ni luuġ-

fainn.

Nóra. Abajr le Péig naċċ luuġfajr anoi, a Sile, 7 innejdrar id-

ri għseul tħu inn.

Sile. Ni luuġfha, a Péig, pē ruu im-żeoċċa id-ojjm:

Péig. Ma'rif ead, ruig annej am' aċċe, i-xtreja na pħenċ-ċar

adoinne' tħu pħiċċa so jaħi.

Cáit. Bixxeda soċċall so bixxocxar id-an eż-żebi. A toċċe bi,

beridha għseul bixxas aġġadha, tħuna mberdeha tħu fèin 7 do ċu

luuġfajra.

Sob. Biex, a Cháit, no cixxippi aġġ għid i, 7 beromio għan għseul.

Ma cixxippej rejalix ari Péig, ni innejdrar id-ri aon i-ġseul anoiċ.

Sead anoi, a Péig, tħad adoinne' ciu, aġġ bixxax ari għseul uad.

Péig. Bi fejal an-nadha, 7 iż-żi ē-żinm do bi ari, Seadħna; 7

għixxu jaċċeb b'edha ē; bi tgħid beaq deaq cluċċiżi ażże, aġġ bix

ciuċċi, ari tħadha na forċċina; bi caċċaoġi fuq-ġan ażże, do tkieb

għidha obdaijr an lae q-ċiċċu uqbi; 7 'nuajr fuixxeda rē innti,

biexxeda rē ari a farraxx. Bi meaħħid minn ażże, ari qroċċa 1

n-ixxha na teinead; 7 anoi, 7 ariżi cixxippead rē a l-ġam tħalli, 7 tħoġġa

rē l-ġam a-ħalli minn, 7 biexxeda tħad id-ċoġġi ari a fuq-ġnejn.

Bi qiegħi uħall aġġ farrax ari an tħadha amniċ ġe' uqbi ażże, 7 'nuajr

biexxeda tħalli aġġ farrax ari, 7 biexxeda na teinead, cixxippead rē l-ġam tħalli

7 tħalli rē ceann de' rra h-uxxla, 7 t'ixxeda rē ē—

Sile. O a Ċhaġċi! A Péig, nāp unction ē!

Péig. Ciaco, an caċċaoġi, no an minn, no an t-uxxall, ba unction?

Sile. An t-uxxall, għan amriji!

SEADNA'S THREE WISHES.

FROM SEADNA (SHAYNA), BY FATHER PETER O'LEARY.

(BY THE FIRESIDE—PEG, NORA, GOBNET, LITTLE SHEILA,
KATE BUCKLEY.)

NORA.—Peg, tell us a story.

PEG.—I'd like that. Tell a story yourself.

GOBNET.—She is no good, Peg; we prefer your story.

SHEILA.—Do, Peg; we will be very quiet.

PEG.—How well you did not keep quiet last night, when I was telling "The dog with the eight legs."

SHEILA.—Because Kate Buckley would not stop, but pinching me.

KATE.—You lie! I was not pinching you, you little hag!

GOB.—Don't mind her, Kate. There was no one pinching her, but she pretending it.

SHEILA.—But there was; and only that there was I would not screech.

NORA.—Tell Peg that you won't screech now, and she will tell us a story.

SHEILA.—I won't screech now, Peg, whatever will happen to me.

PEG.—Well, then, sit here near me so that no one can pinch unknown to me.

KATE.—I'll engage the cat will pinch her. You little hussy, we would have a fine story but for yourself and your screeching.

GOB.—Whist! Kate, or you'll make her cry, and we'll be without a story. If Peg is made angry she will not tell a story to-night. There, now, Peg, everyone is mute, expecting a story from you.

PEG.—There was a man long ago and the name that was on him was Seadhna, and he was a shoemaker. He had a nice well-sheltered little house at the foot of a hill, on the side of the shelter. He had a chair of *soogauns* which he himself made for himself, and it was usual with him to sit in it in the evening when the work of the day used to be completed, and when he sat in it he was quite at his ease. He had a *malvogue* of meal hanging up near the fire, and now and then he used to put his hand into it and take a fist-full of the meal, and be chewing at his leisure. He had an apple-tree growing outside his door, and when he used to be thirsty from chewing the meal, he used to put his hand into that tree and take one of the apples and eat it.

Cait. B'fearrt liom-ra an min; ní bainfeadó an t-uball an t-oírlar de Údine.

Seob. B'fearrt liom-ra an éadaoir; agus cuirfíonn Peadar i n-a ruidhe inni, aig innriunt na rgeul.

Peadar. Is maist cum pláimáir tú, a Séadóna.

Seob. Is fearrt cum na rgeul túra, a Peadar. Cionnuig t'imeis le Séadóna?

Peadar. Is é a raibh ré aig déanamh bhród, túis ré fíneadh a raibh a tuille leatáir aige, ná a tuille gnáite, ná a tuille céimeas. Ói an taoibhín déiðeanaidh túar, agus ghléim déiðeanaidh círte; agus níor b' fúiláir do túil agus do fóiláir túil a bheanfád ré a tuille bhród do déanamh.

Do ghuairt ré ari maróin, agus b' é ari tairis, agus b' é ari tairis ré aict mile ó'n dtig 'nuaír bhuail duine bocht uime, aig iarrfáidh déi. "Taibhír dom déi ní ari ron an tSláinigtheora, agus le h-anmannaithe do mharb, agus ceann do pláinte," ari an duine bocht. Thus Séadóna r'gilling do, agus annraian ní raibh aige aict d'á r'gilling. Dubhairt ré leir fírin go mbféríodh go ndéanfád an d'á r'gilling a ghnó.

Ní raibh ré aict mile eile ó báile 'nuaír bhuail bean bocht uime, agus i cor-nochtuithe. "Taibhír dom congnáidh éiginn," ari ríri, "ari ron an tSláinigtheora, agus le h-anmannaithe do mharb, agus ceann do pláinte." Do ghlac t'riúairtse d'í é, agus b' é ari r'gilling d'í, agus t'imeis rí. Do b' aon r'gilling amháin annraoin aige, aict do chiomáin ré leir, agus ari go mbuailfeadh rianar éiginn uime do cuirfeadó ari a cumur a ghnó a déanamh. Níor b' fada gur earradh ari leanb é ag gur le fuaidh agus le h-oírlar. "Ari ron an tSláinigtheora," ari an leanb, "taibhír dom iuto éiginn le n-ite." Ói dtig órta i ngar doibh, agus é ari Séadóna ipteas ann, agus ceannuig ré bhríc arián agus an leinb é. 'Nuaír fuaidh an leanb an t-áirían t'áthair a ñealbh; t'fáir ré fuaidh i n-áiríde, agus do lar rolar iongantac 'n-a fúilibh agus 'n-a céanacáit, i dtíeo go dtáinig r'gannfád ari Sheadóna.

Sile, Óis linn! a Peadar, is docheas gur túit Séadóna bocht i luighe.

Peadar. Níor tuit; aict m'f éadó, ba ticeall d'ó. Chomh luat agus t'imeas ari labhairt, dubhairt ré: "Cao é an fáthar duine túra?" agus is é fheagairt fuaidh ré: "A Sheadóna, tá Óis buirdeas d'íot. Aingeal ipeadh mire. Is mé an chiomáin h-aingeal gur t'usair déi ní ari ron an tSláinigtheora, agus ari an t-áirían t'áthair a ñealbh; t'fáir ré fuaidh i n-áiríde, agus do lar rolar iongantac 'n-a fúilibh agus 'n-a céanacáit, i dtíeo go dtáinig r'gannfád ari Sheadóna."

SHEILA.—Oh, my goodness! Peg, wasn't it nice?

PEG.—Which is it; the chair or the meal or the apple, that was nice.

SHEILA.—The apple, to be sure.

KATE.—I would prefer the meal. The apple would not take the hunger off a person.

GOB.—I would prefer the chair, for I would put Peg sitting in it telling the stories.

PEG.—You are good for flattery, Gobnet.

GOB.—You are better for the stories, Peg. How did it go with Seadhna?

PEG.—One day as he was making shoes he noticed that he had no more leather nor any more thread nor any more wax. He had the last piece on, and the last stitch put, and it was necessary for him to go and provide materials before he could make any more shoes. He set out in the morning and there were three shillings in his pocket, and he was only a mile from the house when he met a poor man asking for alms. "Give me alms for the sake of the Saviour and for the souls of your dead and for your health," said the poor man. Seadhna give him one shilling, and then he had but two shillings. He said to himself that possibly two shillings would do his business. He was only another mile from home when he met a poor woman, and she barefooted. "Give me some help," said she, "for the sake of the Saviour and for the souls of your dead and for your health." He felt compassion for her and gave her a shilling, and she went away. He had one shilling then; still he went on expecting that he would meet some good fortune which would put it in his power to do his business. It was not long till he met a child and he crying with cold and hunger. "For the sake of the Saviour," said the child, "give me something to eat." There was a stage house near them and Seadhna went into it, and he bought a loaf of bread and he brought it to the child. When the child got the bread his figure changed. He grew up very tall, and light flamed in his two eyes and in his countenance, so that Seadhna became terrified.

SHEILA.—Oh! God help us! Peg, I suppose poor Seadhna fainted.

PEG.—He did not, but then, he was very near it. As soon as he could speak, he said, "What sort of person are you?" The answer he got was, "Seadhna, God is thankful to you. I am an angel. I am the third angel to whom you have given alms to-day for the sake of the Saviour. And now you have

“ Agur an nochtur liom go bprísead mo gurde ? ” aifre Seadna. “ Dteáim, gan amhras,” aifre’ an t-aingeal. “ Tá go mait,” aifre Seadna, “ tá catlaoiř beag thear fúgán agam ’ra baile, é an uile òaitin a tagann arteas, ní fuláir leir gurde inntte. An ceud duine eile a fuirobh inntte, aict mé féin, go sceanglair ré inntte ! ” “ Faire, faire ! a Sheadna,” aifre’ an t-aingeal; “ rin gurde bheag imtigte gan tairbe. Tá óa ceann eile agat, é ná dearbhúid an Trócaire.” “ Tá,” aifre Seadna, “ mealbhóisín mine agam ’ra baile, é an uile òaitin a tagann arteas, ní fuláir leir a òorpi a fáctar inntte. An ceud duine eile a círrfíod lám ’ra mealbhóis rin, aict mé féin, go sceanglair ré inntte,—feuc ! ” “ O a Sheadna, a Sheadna, níl fars agat ! ” aifre’ an t-aingeal. “ Níl agat anoir aict aon gurde amháin eile. Is é Trócaire Dhe do t’anam.” “ O, iñ riop óuit,” aifre Seadna, “ ba óibhail òom é ñearbhád. Tá crann beag uball agam i leat-taoibh mo òorpi, é an uile òaitin a tagann an tpeo, ní fuláir leir a lám do círr i n-áitde é uball do ríataid é do bheit leir. An ceud duine eile aict mé féin, a círrfíod a lám ’ra crann roin, go sceanglair ré ann—O ! a ñaoine ! ” aifre’ an t-aingeal, ag rísearteað aif gáiríde, “ nád agam a ñeid an rrórt oifre ! ”

’Nuair taimis ré aif na trítearibh, o’feuc ré ruar é b’ an t-aingeal imtigte. Óein ré a mactnáam aif féin aif fead tamall mait, Ul ré ñeirpead fías tall, duibhírt ré leir féin: “ Feuc anoir, ní’r aon amadán i n-éirinn iñ mo ioná mé ! Óa mbeirdead tríúe ceangailte agam um an dtaca ro, duine ’ra’ catlaoiř, duine ’ra’ mealbhóis, é duine ’ra’ crann, cad é an mait do ñeánfar fion doimhre é mé i ñeard ó baile, gan biað, gan deoc, gan aig gead ? ” Ní tuigse b’ an méid rin cainte riadóite aige ná tú, ré fe nochtar ór a cónáir amach, ’fan áit a riad an t-aingeal feair fada caol duibh, é ag glinneamhaint aif, é teine cneadra ag teast aif a ñá fúil ’n-a rrípeasait níme. B’ ñá aðairc aif mar beirdead aif ñocán ñabhair, é meisioll fada liat-ðóimh ñarbh aif, eirbholl mar beirdead aif mactnáam ruad, é crúb aif cóna leir mar crúb tairb. Do leat a ñeul é a ñá fúil aif Sheadna, é do ríao a caint. I gceann tamall do labhair an feair duibh. “ A Sheadna,” aif reirean, “ ní gád óuit aon eagla do ñeit oif ñóim-amra; ní’l im aif t’ do ñiogbála. Ba mian liom tairbe éigín do ñeánam óuit, ñá nglactá mo cónáipile. Do cloítear tú, anoir beag, ñá rád go ñabhair gan biað, gan deoc, gan aigsead. Ñiub-riann-’re aigsead do ñóitair duit aif aon ciongíoll beag amháin.” “ Agur gneadair t’le lám do ríseart ! ” aifre Seadna, é taimis a caint do; “ ná feuorbá an méid rin do rád gan duine do millead leo’ éirí glinneamhna, ré h-é tú féin ? ” “ Iñ cuma óuit cia h-é mé, aict beurfrað an oifre aifgíodh duit anoir agur ceannócaid

three wishes to get from the God of Glory. Ask now of God any three wishes you please, and you will get them. But I have one advice to give you. Don't forget Mercy." "And do you tell me that I shall get my wish?" said Seadhna. "I do, certainly," said the angel. "Very well," said Seadhna. "I have a nice little *soogaun* chair at home, and every *dalteen* that comes in makes it a point to sit in it. The next person that will sit in it, except myself, that he may cling in it!" "Oh, fie, fie! Seadhna," said the angel; "there is a beautiful wish gone without good. You have two more. Don't forget Mercy!" "I have," said Seadhna, "a little *malvogue* of meal at home, and every *dalteen* that comes in makes it a point to stick his fist into it. The next person that puts his hand into that *malvogue*, except myself, that he may cling in it, see!" "Oh, Seadhna, Seadhna, my son, you have not an atom of sense! you have now but one wish more. Ask the Mercy of God for your soul." "Oh, that's true for you," said Seadhna, "I was near forgetting it. I have a little apple-tree near my door and every *dalteen* that comes the way makes it a point to put up his hand and to pluck an apple and carry it away with him. The next other person, except myself, that will put his hand into that tree, that he may cling in it!—Oh! people!" said he, bursting out laughing, "isn't it I that will have the amusement at them!"

When he came out of his laughing fits and looked up, the angel was gone. He made his reflection for a considerable time, and at long last he said to himself, "See now, there is not a fool in Ireland greater than I! If there were three people stuck by this time, one in the chair, one in the *malvogue*, and one in the tree, what good would that do for me and I far from home, without food, without drink, without money?"

No sooner had he that much talk uttered than he observed opposite him, in the place where the angel had been, a long, slight, black man and he staring at him, and electric fire coming out of his two eyes in venomous sparks. There were two horns on him, as there would be on a he-goat, and a long, coarse, greyish-blue beard, a tail as there would be on a fox, and a hoof on one of his feet like a bull's hoof. Seadhna's mouth and his two eyes opened wide upon him, and his speech stopped. After a while the black man spoke: "Seadhna," said he, "you need not have any dread of me. I am not bent on your harm. I should wish to do you some good if you would accept my advice. I heard you just now say that you were without food, without drink, without money. I would

an oireadó leatáir aghair coimeádófarú ag obair tó go ceann trí mbláthaithe níos eis, ar an gcoingíoll ro—go dtiocfaír liom an uairiú rín?"

"Aghair mór píotáigim leat, caidhmeaortha an uairiú rín?" "Ca beag túint an ceirt rín do chuir, 'nuairí beirte an leatáir iorúcthe ag beirfimí ag bláthairtear?" "Táirí ghearránúireas—bíodh aghair, feic-eam an t-airgeadó." "Táirí-re ghearránúireas, feuč!" Do chuir an feairiú tuis a láimh 'n-a phóca, ag tarrainng ré amach tráthán mór, ag an tráthán do leig ré amach ar a bairí capaí beag t'oir bheag buiríde.

"Feuč!" ar feirfean; ag fín ré a láimh ag chuir ré an capaí de phíoraiú gléasaithe gléineamhla fe bhláth Seadna bhoíct. Do fín Seadna a thá láimh, ag do leatádair a thá laigh air cùm an óir. "So píotó!" ar ar an feairiú tuis, ag tarrainng ré amach tráthán mór, "níl an mairgadó déanta fóir." "Bíodh 'n-a mairgadó!" arra Seadna.

"Gan teip?" ar ar an feairiú tuis: "Gan teip," arra Seadna.

"Dári bhláth na mionn?" ar ar an feairiú tuis. "Dári bhláth na mionn," arra Seadna:

[An oirdéanach na díaití rín.]

Urra. Seadó!—a phéig—támadóirí anuifro—ar ar—tá raoisair oípm—bíor ag juc—bí eagla oípm—go mbeirfheadó an ríseul ar riubhal riomam, ag go mbeirfheadó curio de cailíte agam.

Péig. Am? bhláthair go bhráthamadóirí leat, a Urra, a laois. Níl i bhrad ó támairg gobnuit.

Gob. Marí rín do bhláthair agam tadh bheunamh, ag b' eigin doimhíra túil riapair leir an im go heul an Seapára, ag 'nuairí bíor ag teast a baile an cónáthair, do chuit an oirdéanach oípm, ag Seallamh túint gur bheinéadh pheas air. Bíor ag cuimhniúgadh ar Seadna ag an óir ag juc ag an bheagairiú tuis, ag ar na trátháin bhláthair ag teast ar a bháilis, ag mór juc a mbeirfheadóin déireanach, 'nuairí tóisair mo ceann ag caidhmeaortha aghair 'n-a feirfean ar m' aghair amach

give you money enough on one little condition." "And, torture through the middle of your lungs!" said Seadhna, as soon as he got his talk, "could you not say that much without paralysing a person with your staring, whoever you are?" "You need not care who I am; but I will give you as much money now as will buy as much leather as will keep you working for thirteen years, on this condition, that you will come with me then."

"And if I make the bargain with you, whither shall we go at that time?" "Will it not be time enough for you to ask that question when the leather is used up and we will be starting?" "You are sharp-witted. Have your way. Let us see the money." "You are sharp-witted. Look!" The black man put his hand into his pocket, and drew out a large purse, and from the purse he let out on his palm a little heap of beautiful yellow gold.

"Look!" said he, and he stretched his hand and he put the heap of exquisite glittering pieces up under the eyes of poor Seadhna. Seadhna stretched both his hands, and the fingers of the two hands opened for the gold.

"Gently!" said the black man; "the bargain is not yet made."

"Let it be a bargain," said Seadhna.

"Without fail?" said the black man.

"Without fail," said Seadhna.

"By the virtue of the Holy Things?" (shrines: *hence* oaths) said the black man.

"By the virtue of the Holy Things!" said Seadhna.

(NEXT NIGHT.)

NORA.—There!—Peg—we are here—again—. There's a *saothar* on me—. I was running. I was afraid—that the story would be going on before me, and that I would have some of it lost.

PEG.—Indeed, Nora, my dear, we would wait for you. It is not long since Gobnet came.

GOB.—Yes, for we were making a churn, and it was necessary for me to go west with the butter to Beul-an-Ghearrtha; and when I was coming home the short cut, the night fell on me, and I promise you that there was a start taken out of me. There was not the like of it of a jump ever taken out of me. I was thinking of Seadhna, and of the gold, and of the black man, and of the sparks that were coming out of his eyes, and I running before I would be late, when

— An gollán! Ár an gceoic a márc tá tuigair aip, do chiuibhrainn an leabhar go mairiú a dhára!

Nóra. A dhiamaire, a ghnóinnt, éirt do buil, agus ná b' a dhá mbochtach leis' gollánaithe agus leis' a dhára! A dhára aip an n-gollán! feic aip rún!

Seob. B'éidir, tá mbeirteáil fém ann, gur beag an fonn magairt do bheirdeas oírt.

Sile. Feic aonair! Cia atá aig eorcas an tseil? B'éidir go gcuimhneas Cait ní Únacalla oírt-raf é.

Cait: Ní chuirfidh, a Sile. Táirg aod' caillín maité aonach, agus tá ana-éion agam oírt. Mo ghrád i rún! Mo ghrád am' ériúde iarrig i!

Sile. Seo go ticeas! Táinig go mbeirteáil fearas oírt! Agus b'éidir ná d'earraí "Mo ghrád i rún!"

Nóra. Seo, reo! ríadaróidh, a caillínidé. Mire agus mo gollán fa nuaír an obair reo. Cait uait an t-toca roin, a phéas, agus tigairt cuighinn an tseul. An bhfuair Seadhna an tráthán? Tír iomána duine b' i gnuach tráthán d'fagair, agus ná bhfuair.

Phéas. Cómh luat agus tuibh aistí Seadhna an focal, "Dáir bhris ná mionn!" Tá táinig aistríodh gneáil aip an bhréar nuaibh. Do nochtar a fiacla sior agus truair, agus iarr do b' go tluite aip a céile. Táinig róirí eprónáin aip a buil, agus tairg aip Seadhna a bheanamh amach cia 'co ag gáiltíde b' iarr aip agus tigann tuigair. Aict 'nuair d'feictear rónaír an táinig fáil aip, ba thóibh aip go tigann tuigair agus tigann tuigair ceudana aip a táinig aip i tsoigear. Do chuirtear rónaír go maité aic ag gáiltíde b' iarr an tigann tuigair. Ní feacair rónaír gaothair rún aon táinig fáil ba meára 'ná iarr, aon feacaint ba malluigthe 'ná an feacaint do b' aco, aon cláir euidain crom d'áir, crom d'fhois-aisgeanta leir an gcláir euidain do b' óir a gcionn. Níor labairtear rónaír, agus do b' iarr a tigann tuigair gaothair rónaír, agus tigann tuigair an tigann tuigair. Le n-a linn rún, do leig an fear tuibh an t-óir amach aip a bair, agus do chomhaimsear.

"Seo!" aip reirean, "a Seadhna. Sin céad punt agat aip an gceoic tigilling tuigair uait inoibh. An bhfuilip rónaír?"

"Tír mór an bhréar i!" aipra Seadhna. "Dáir cónair go bhfuilim."

"Cónair ná eusgoibh," aipra an fear tuibh, "an bhfuilip rónaír?" agus do gcuimhneas agus do bhríofrúas agus do níorann tuigair.

"Ó! táinig rónaír, táinig rónaír!" aipra Seadhna, "go mairiú maité agat-raf."

"Seo! mór 'reath," aip reirean. "Sin céad eile agat aip an d'ára tigilling tuigair uait inoibh."

"Sin i an tigilling tuigair do'n mhaor a b' eorcas-nochtuigthe."

"Sin i an tigilling tuigair do'n mhaor uafair ceudana."

I raised my head, and what should I see but the thing standing out overright me—the *Gollan*! On the first look I gave it I'd swear there were horns on it.

NORA.—Oyewisha, Gobnet, whist your mouth, and don't be bothering us with your *Gollans* and your horns. Horns on a *Gollan*! Look at that!

GOB.—Maybe if you were there yourself, 'tis little of the inclination of fun would be on you.

SHEILA.—See, now! who is stopping the story? Maybe Kate Buckley would put it on me.

KATE.—I will not, Sheila; you are a good girl to-night. I am very fond of you. My darling she is! My darling in my heart within she is!

SHEILA.—Yes, indeed! Wait till you are angry, and maybe then you would not say "my darling she is."

NORA.—Come, come! stop, girls. I and my *Gollan* are the cause of this work. Throw away that stocking, Peg, and let us have the story. Did Seadhna get the purse? Many a person was on the point of getting a purse, and did not.

PEG.—As soon as Seadhna uttered the words—"By the virtue of the Holy Things!" a change of appearance came on the black man. He bared his teeth above and below, and it is they that were clenched upon each other. A sort of low sound came out of his mouth, and it failed Seadhna to make out whether it was laughing he was or growling. But when he looked up between the two eyes on him, the same terror was near coming on him that came on him at first. He understood well that it was not laughing the "lad" was. He never before then saw any two eyes that were worse than they, any look that was more malignant than the look they had, any forehead as evil-minded as the forehead that was above them. He did not speak, and he did his best to pretend that he did not notice the growling. At the same time the black man let the gold out again on his palm and counted it.

"Here!" said he, "Seadhna, there are a hundred pounds for you for the first shilling you gave away to-day. Are you paid?"

"I should think I am."

"Right or wrong!" said the black man, "are you paid?" and the growling became sharper and quicker.

"Oh! I am paid, I am paid," said Seadhna, "thank you!"

"Here! if so," said he, "there is another hundred for you, for the second shilling you gave away to-day."

“Má ba ீean uafail í, cao do ீeipí cor-noéntuigte í, γ cao do ீeipí tí mo ீsilling do ீheit uaim-re, γ han agam aét ீsilling eile i n-a viaid? ”

“Má ba ீean uafail í! Dá mbeirdead a fíor agat! Sin i an ீean uafail do mill mire! ”

Le linn na ீfocal rain do játó do, do támis eprít cor γ lám air, do jctao an tbranntán, do luis a ceann riap air a muineál, t'feuc ré ruar inír a' ீpéis, támis tormic bair air γ cloch cuipr air a ceannacaib.

’Nuairi connaic Seadna an iomparál li rín, támis ionsgnád a épíordé air.

“Ni fúláir,” air reipean, go neamhguireas, “nó ní hē reo an éadaí uairi agat ag aripleactain teacáit támairi riúd.

Do léim an feairiubh. Do buail ré buille dá épríb air an tctalamh, i dtíreó gur eprít an fóid do bí fé coir Seadna.

“Cionnphád oírt!” air’ eipean. “Eírt do ீeul no bairfear tu! ”

“Sábhaim páirbún agat, a ீuine uafail!” airra Seadna, go mordamhail, “ceapar go mb’ éidírí gur ீlraon deas do bí ólta agat, o’játó ’f gur túsair céad punt mair malaírt air ீsilling ீam.”

“Tíubhrainn—γ reacáit gceád dá dtiocaíad liom baint ó’n dtairbhe do rín’ an ீsilling céadona, aét ’nuair túsair uait i air fion an tSlánuigteóra, ní féidir a tairbhe do lot éorúde.”

“Agur,” airra Seadna, “cao i’r gád an mait do lot? Ná fuit ré com mait agad tairbhe na ீsillinge ó do o’págsbáil mair tá ré?”

“Tá an iomad cainte agat—an iomad air fad. Duibhrt leat do ீeul o’ éirteasct. Seo! rín é an ீrdráin air fad agat,” air’ an feairiubh.

“Ni hérídir, a ீuine uafail,” airra Seadna, “ná beirdead ீdoiríne na haimriple ann: I’r iomád lá i dtírí ீliaónaib ீeas. I’r iomád ீrjós beirdead deunta ag ீuine i gcaitceamh an méri rín aimpriple, γ i’r iomád cuma i n-a n-oírpfead ீsilling do.”

“Ná biod ceist oírt,” air’ an feairiubh, ag cup rímuta gáirfe air. “Tárrainng air com geup i n-éirínn γ i’r mait leat é. Beir ré com teamn an lá beirdeanac γ tá ré iníu. Ni beirb puinn gnocha agat de air rain amac.”

"That is the shilling I gave to the woman who was barefooted."

"That is the shilling you gave to the same gentlewoman."

"If she was a gentlewoman, what made her barefooted? and what made her take from me my shilling, and I having but another shilling left?"

"If she was a gentlewoman! If you only knew! she is the gentlewoman that ruined me!"

While he was saying those words a trembling of hands and feet came on him. The growling ceased. His head leaned backwards on his neck. He gazed up into the sky. An attitude of death came on him, and the stamp of a corpse came on his face.

When Seadhna saw this deadly change, the wonder of his heart came on him.

"It must be," said he, in a careless sort of way, "that this is not the first time with you hearing something about *her*."

The black man jumped. He struck a blow of his hoof on the ground, so that the sod which was under Seadhna's foot trembled.

"Mangling to you!" said he; "shut your mouth or you will be maimed!"

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Seadhna, meekly; "I thought that perhaps it was a little drop you had taken, and to say that you gave me a hundred pounds in exchange for a shilling."

"I would, and seven hundred, if I could succeed in taking from the good which that same shilling did; but when you gave it away for the sake of the Saviour it is not possible to spoil its good for ever."

"And," said Seadhna, "what need is there to spoil the good? May you not as well have the good of that shilling as it is?"

"You have too much talk; too much altogether. I told you to shut your mouth. Here! there is the purse entirely for you," said the black man.

"I suppose there is no danger, sir," said Seadhna, "that there would not be enough for the time in it. There is many a day in thirteen years. 'Tis many a shoe a man would have made in the lapse of that portion of time, and many a way he would want a shilling."

"Don't be uneasy," said the black man, putting a bit of a laugh out of him. "Draw out of it as hard as ever you can. It will be as plump the last day as it is to-day. You will not have much business of it from that forward."

“NÍ AR DIA A BUIÚEACAS.”

“Do tairriais Diaimhír a báidíon ón bhonn ar a phoca, agus do fín éinse i, agus d'iomáis i do chuid rírean annaon go meatalacán teineadó do bhrí ari bárr na tráidí, beirtear ari meastán airtí agus rírean, rírean i go tréan tuisceáil teaghlach; acht d'á tréine a anal agus tuisceáil, ní raibh maithe do ann; rírean ariú agus ailean eile níos tréine, níos tuisceáil, níos teaghlach ná ceana, acht do bhrí a ghnó n-a fáradh ari, mar do bhrí an teaghlach ion éag ari an rírean. Beirtear ari rírean eile agus rírean fúintí go feargach fuinneamhail pioctar, agus a fúintí ari chearsglarach, agus ríreanna a mhuinil cónaí aituisceáil rín go labhairt i measc a bhláracha: “Uob” fánas do a ríreanad am. Beirtear ari an rírean agus carthair i measc i gcoimhleathan an chuid i, agus ríobh, “Go ríriodh mactair an Áidhtheirgeadra tú mar teinidh!” agus tuisceáil buille d'á chuirtear do ní chuid eile do ní teinidh agus rírean ari fud an bhrí. Do chonnaic an chuid eile é chuirtear do ní le n-a línn rín, agus chuirtear aon ualadánaithe agus aon aituisceáil ríreanach na mairbh ari a n-uaigisibh. Eíriúis do uile—an méid a'ri náidh ríobh i n-a ríreanach ríobh—agus tuisceáil i n-a timcior, agus tuisceáil le leathan-ghairde agus ríreanach ari a lándhicioll. Beirtear duine ari rírean, duine eile ari rírean eile, agus mar roin doibh ríobh ríor go neartball timcior, an beag agus an mór, an t-óig agus an t-aorúta; agus reo agus ríreanad iad, ari éanamh a nuaicill, agus tuisceáil le teinidh agus teaghlach do chuir ariú i nuaicill rírean, agus é ríobh oifig, do bhríodh gur ríobh teoibh ari le gach rímeacanach ríobh beag ná o lúid labhairt.

“Ach teine im' rírean—re,” aifreann neacan éigin.

“Séirítear a buacaill!” aifreann Domhnall. “Cá bhfuil tú?—rírean teat go dtuagad éigseas.”

“Do léim ré de lúit-phreis agus tuisceáil i n-a aice—“Séirítear a buacaill!” ari ríreion, “agus ná leis an rímeacanach ion eus—rírean!—aibh do bhrí rírean!”

“Do léig an buacaill ríreanach agus do rítear de'n tríreanad.

“Tairbeáin oifig, a buacaill!” ari ríreion.

“Do chuit an buacaill ari bhríodh gairid; beirtear fén ari an rírean, le amplaí agus éan gair, tuisceáil a óirbheas agus tuisceáil an rírean uadó tuisceáil. Chuit ari an mbán; níos bhrí ríobh ari. Cuirtear a óirbheas i n-a béal le coirtear na piopad.

“Tairriais! tairriais aonair!” aifreann aillteoir éigin i n-a meairg.

“Do bhrí rítear de'n tríreanad, beirtear ari an rírean le n-a láimh clé, agus

THE THANKFULNESS OF DERMOT.

BY PATRICK O'LEARY.

DERMOT drew his dark-brown *dudeen* from his pocket and handed it to him, and he went then to a smouldering fire which was at the top of the strand. He catches a dying coal of fire out of it and blows, blows it strong, quick, fierce; but though strong his breath, and though quick his blowing, it was in vain for him. He blows again and again stronger, quicker, fiercer than before, but his labour was of no avail, for the heat had died in the ember. He seizes another ember and blows it angrily, livelily, wrathfully, his two eyes flaming, and the veins of his neck swelled to such an extent that they were ready to burst; his blowing was to no purpose, however. He catches the ember and flings it into the centre of the harbour, saying, "May the devil's mother blow you for a fire!" and deals a blow of his right leg to the rest of the fire and scatters it about the *bawn*. The others saw him just at that very moment, and they raised one wild, ringing shout that would wake the dead out of their graves. They all rise—such of them as were not standing—and they gather round him, breaking their sides with broad mirth, and laughing their level best. One catches up an ember, another another, and so on of all the rest from first to last, small and big, young and old, and they set to blowing as well as ever they could, fain to put fire and heat again into each ember, and it impossible, for warmth had parted from each little coal of them all but a few.

"There is fire in my coal," said someone.

"Blow on, my boy!" said Donal. "Where are you?—blow on till I come to you."

He jumped quickly and came to his side. "Blow! blow, you devil!" says he; "and don't let the little ember die—blow!—for your life, blow!"

The boy laughed and stopped blowing.

"Fetch it to me, aroo, you devil!" says he.

The boy burst into a fit of insuppressible laughter; himself seizes the coal through greed and burning desire for a smoke; he burns his thumb and throws down the coal all of a sudden. It fell on the *bawn*; but it did not break though. He puts his thumb in his mouth along with the pipe.

"Smoke! smoke now!" says some arch fellow in the crowd.

He was raging mad. He seizes a coal with his left hand and blows it so furious that sparks flew from it. He blows

réireasr cibh na h-ainneas róin i gurbh rppreas fí. Seirveasr aifir i lémeara rppreasaír do'n dearsc lárainr i pteas i n-a uct, marí doibh duilliac a lémeara ari leataid, agus dásar é lámheas. Do éon gairid fí an rppreis áit, agus dásar an lárainr riord i mbéal na riopa agus tarrasgeas, tarrasgeas, tarrasgeas, ari cuma guri seárrí go hainm deatac ag earráise go sojm slóinmair n-a fílamair-criobh of cionn a cinn.

Annran do b'i ré ari a toil: Do fhiadh na daoine go leir a ghrítheannuiséad ari an mór ag luairgseadh oír a gceannair, agus é ag teastáil go meaj: Do b'i Dómhnall ag tinníodh a phíora agus san aon duine ag curcúige ná uairid. Niор b'fada gurcú éiginis rítaileadh phíora amháin, do tarrraithe ré i dair píodais ari cónaí agus a thicint, aistí níor b'fianamh duitseant ari an ngeal beag báir do b'i ag teastáil amháin aistí. Annran do curcú ré ríspugad ari fén, iir rítheas nári ceangail a béal iostaíp. Dá béal uaéstaíp le doicí tarrraithe aistí ní ríab bhríos i n-a gno.

“ Fagbád óuine éigin píteoír dom—ári ron Dé fagbád! ” ár
reírion, ag do luig ré níos dálúigéite ári an tSáthair; i n-ágaird
bheit ag baint an trálaícheas ar poll na piópa, is amhlaidh bí ré os
a Óamháinigéad ann—san comeáiltear. Faoi thír-
iú, ’nuairi do fuairi ré an réan ríseapta le n-a faochart, ag go raibh
ag dul de, thá ériúne luig ré éiúse, do tóis ré an diúir ar a
béal, ag do ghlaois go haitíneadh ar óuine éigin, píteoír d’fag-
báil do. D’imcig tairír ní ceatras de bhuacailíordóibh go ruis
páiric do bí lán de chraítinimíóibh, aét do bí ré pteannn mait uair-
fáin. D’fan reírion ag feicteoirí oifíla go dtiocfaidh tairí n-aifí,
anoír ag cup na piópa ion a béal, ag aifír ag a baint ar, ag aifír
eile ag pácaid a lúidíin innti d’fheucáint a phair motáil an teairí
imcigéite aifí. ’Nuairi do chuaidh fuit tairí feicteamhantair aige, do
léim ré fén tairí clóide ipteac; reo ag cuartac é anonn ’r anall,
ag biori ári a fúilib le fagairt éin fagbála, thá mb’fíordí. Do
bí phat ion aípmón aifí fá éann tamall—fuairi ré briosu cuibhearcas
neamhar, ag do fáctuis i gceárla na piópa é go tapair. Annraon tuis
ré foigh faoi n-a tSáthair, aét d’fan an briosu mar a bí, ag ní corr-
ócadh ar a lúndorascáil. Do ériall ré an aét-uair, aét b’í an
rígéal céadra é. I n-oibríodh ríphacta ó, bhris an tráchtan go
caillte aifí, iptis i gceárla na piópa. Do léim ré i n-a caoír bhuile
tairí clóide, ní phair fúilag (=fúilang) na foirdhe aige, ag do éairí
an diúir fad a uisceair amach annraon muij móir. Ni phair méam
ar aoncheas le heagla bhrisne, mar do bí tosa an eolair aca go
léirí ári Ómhnáil, ag cad é an fagair b’eadh é, ’nuairi do bheideadh
ré amuis leir fén. D’fan na daoine go léir i n-a ríordé go

again, and a spark of the red flame jumps into his breast, for the front of his shirt was open, and it burns him immediately. He kept his hold on the coal though. He bruises the flame down into the mouth of the pipe, and draws, draws, draws, in a manner that soon smoke was rising blue and glorious in wreaths above his head.

Now was he perfectly happy. All the people sat looking at the seaweed rocking right before them, while it was coming in fast. Donal was smoking his pipe, and nobody interfering with him. But it was not long till his pipe grew sulky; he pulled it, of course, as best he could, but it would not be worth your while to look at the little dying fume that was coming out of it. He then put a long neck on himself, the lower lip all but adhered to his upper lip through the strain of pulling, but his work was to no purpose.

“ Let someone get a ‘cleaner’ for me—for God’s sake, let him! ” says he, and he applied himself more earnestly to pulling, but instead of taking the dirt out of the hole of the pipe, he was only fastening it in it—unwittingly, of course. At last, when he found success separated from his labour, and that he was failing, though energetically he set about it, he took the *diuid* out of his mouth, and called furiously to somebody to fetch him a ‘cleaner.’ Three or four boys went to a field that was full of *trahneens*, but it was a good distance from him. He remained behind waiting till they should come back, now putting the pipe in his mouth, again taking it out, and again thrusting his little finger into it to ascertain whether the feeling of heat had left it. When at length he could bear this waiting no longer, he himself jumped in over a fence, he commences searching hither and thither, and his eyes blazing through madness for finding, if possible. Luck was his in a little while. He got a pretty thick *brobh* and shoved it quickly into the tube of the pipe. He then tried to pull it back, but the *brobh* remained as it was, and would not move from its place. He tried again, but it was the very same as before. In the end of the pulling, the *trahneen* meanly broke *on him* inside in the tube of the pipe. He jumped out over the fence blazing mad; he could not keep his passion in check, and he threw the *diuid* as far as he could cast it into the great sea. There was not a tittle out of anybody for fear of a quarrel, for they all knew Donal full well, and what manner of man he was when he would happen to be ill at ease within himself.

ceann pealaíod, ag ari an bhealadh ro bhí an mór ag tóiríodh leir an dtíráis go bog rí. Táinig aon tonn aitháin, i ndeirí oí na ndála, do lion an cuan ruair go baic le mór fiosrógaí fada deaipis. Do phreab Domhnall i n-a cois-riarán ag do chait é féin ag a ghríosa aonair ari éagán do'n mór ag do bhí ag a hreitioch le fuinne, 'nuaír leo iarrteas tonn eile, do cuairt leas-riar de agus a fheud gairion cuitíneamh ari aon-níod (aict ari an mór) do gcuab ari leí amach é iorúi fuit feadó. Do bhealadh ari séanáir, níct ní náibh bheirtear deaibh ari aonair—níod náibh b'iongánaid—náibh bhríantáir a caillte cun eirion do fadaíodh.

"Cuimhniar iarratáid ari téid ruair go tis óir Óirímuird Leit," aifreann Ríarach Ríor.

"Úrdeasáir re báitte fui a gproisíteadh leatfhiúise ruair," aifreann Ríorúig Úrde.

"Cuimhniar aonair amach agus a fheud go níos meamhaiscth ré é," aifreann Miceál ós.

Le n-a linn rin do linnis an báitteasáin ag do ghlaois i n-áiríte a cinn 'ra ghnáta ag iarratáid cabhrá, ag nád, "Ari fionn Dé agus raoir mé! raoir mé! a Óaone, raoir mé! ó a Óia, tá m báitte! raoir mé, raoir mé órú!" Níor gcuairt ré do bhealadh ag callaitiúct mar rin, mar do bhí uchtas mar aige.

"Raigheann agus fheabhadh amach cuimhne," aifreann Óirímuird Mac Ámlaoidib.

"Ná teisíni," aifreann na Daoine go leir i n-aon bheal.

"Raigheann," aifreann reirion. "Ní b'urdeasáir a chuireadh ag feudaint ari aonair amairg, ag fagbáil báir ari ari gcomáin."

Rug Miceál Meata ruair ari bhróllas a leineadh agus bhuail, "Maire, go deimhní ní raigheann, iir fada ruair go gcuimhneodhainn ari tú liogaint amach cuimhne."

"Bog d'iom," aifreann Óirímuird, "bog do ghlóim d'iom."

"Ní bogfaoi," aifreann Miceál Meata, "ní beag a bhríil caillte agus fain-ri iarrteas." Óirídeas donn do bheic Domhnall de chaois-riarán amairg. "Níl aonair" caillte fóir," aifreann Óirímuird. "Bog d'iom, a deiríim leat, bog d'iom;" aict ní bogfaoi. Do gcuairt réirion é féin uad ag do chait de a chuid éadais ag do leim iarrteas 'ran tuisí agus 'ran mór; do fnaidh amach cun Domhnall do bhí beag nae tadhlaíta ag do gcuairt iarrteas leir é ari cuma éigín go dtí an tíráis. Cuit Domhnall i laige 'mair ari go dtáinig ari an dtalamh tírmh agus 'fan innti go ceann i bhráid. Nuaír táinig ré cuimhne féin, bhuail d'iom éigín leir gur ceapit do b'urdeasáir do bhealadh le Óia agus tacaibh náibh báitheadh é.

All the people remained sitting for some time, and during that time the seaweed was drawing near the strand slowly and gradually. One wave came at long-last which filled the harbour up to the brim with branchy, long, red seaweed. Donal jumped to his feet, and flung himself on his hunkers down on a heap of seaweed, and was freeing it in a great fuss, when in comes another wave which went above him, and before he could think of anything (except the seaweed) it swept him clear out. He screamed and shrieked for help, but there wasn't too much haste on anybody—a thing not to be wondered at—to go at the peril of his life in order to save him.

"Let us send up for a rope to Dermot Liath's," said Pierce Power.

"He would be drowned before one would reach half-way up," says Paddy Buidhe.

"Put out the rake, and perhaps he would catch on to it," says Mick Oge.

Just then, the drowning man screeched and called with erect head, and at the highest pitch of his voice, imploring aid, saying, "For God's sake and save me! save me! O men, save me! O God, I am drowned! save me, save me, oroo!" He never stopped but calling thus, as loud as he could, for he was long-winded.

"I'll go and swim out to him him," says Dermot MacAuliffe.

"Don't," said all the people in one voice.

"I will," said he. "I won't be any longer looking at him there outside, dying before our very eyes."

Meehawl Meata seized him by the bosom of his shirt, and said, "Wisha faith you won't. It is long, indeed, till I'd think of letting you out to him."

"Let me go," says Dermot MacAuliffe; "loose your hold of me."

"I won't," says Meehawl Meata; "there is enough lost, and let you stay inside." Just then Donal screamed with a shrill shriek outside. "There's nobody lost yet," says Dermot; "let me go, I tell you, let me go," but he wouldn't. He tore himself from him, divested himself of his clothes, and jumped into the sea and into the seaweed, swam out to Donal, who was nearly exhausted, and dragged him with him, some way or other, to the beach. Donal fell into a faint just as he reached the dry ground, and remained in it a long time. When he came to himself, somebody said to him that he ought to

“Ná bí im bhothar,” aip reiřion; “má táim rabálta, ní aip Óia a buitheasáar, mar ní mór do bí ré im cárnam; o’fágsað annraian amuig mé go mbeirinn báitte, macta, é iŋ veas an gearrabhuais do círpreas ré aip aileir, geallaim-pe óuit; acht beitheas buitheas do Ólármair MacAmhlaibh, an feap glan g’lanta, cuaid i n-eineas a caillete cun mé faoirast. A! a óuine, má táim rabálta,

Ní aip Óia a buitheasáar!”

SEATHRÚN CÉITINN.

[Leir an Aclair O’ Duinnín.]

Níl aon ughaip do juinne an oíchead le Céitinn cùm lérgeann iŋ litriúgeasct do congábail beo i meágs na ndaoineas, go mór-mór daoinne leata Mojsa. Niop b’eadh sunrí píos Seathrún reanáar pós-beasct, pós-ciminte, acht sunrí cíupi ré le céile i n-aon bholg amáin na tuairisíthe do bí le fagbáil aip Éirinn inr na reanleabhráib. Ní raibh tuairisí eile le fagbáil comhdear, comhruinntle iŋ do leat ré aip fuaidh na tíre. Ní raibh aoinne ’n-a pcoláipe foighanta ná raibh eoláip aige aip ríráip Céitinn, iŋ ní raibh críocnuigas go mbeadh macraimail déanta aige do’n “b’fhoras feara.” I meágs na otuatac rímpuirde ní leomhras aoinne amhras do cíup aip an gcuinntar tuisceann Céitinn aip ghabáil na hÉireann le Paptolan, iŋ leir an gcuirte eile do’n tréibh rín tair leap. Ní leomhras aoinne gheanach sunrí créimeadó Sædeas Gíar le nataip níme, iŋ sunrí cneamhais Maoir a cneadó ’ran Éigipt le feartasib Dé. Biodar na daoinne gealbhuigte o’fírinne na ríseal rian, iŋ bí a n-ur-mór ’n-a mbeal aca, iŋ ní raibh dán ná laoith gán taiscraighe éigin dor na mór-ghairisíb aip aip éigéad Céitinn. Iŋ doigis linn muna mbeadh sunrí ríspioibh an “fhoras feara” ná deadh cuimhne na rean-aimhríre, ná díneacána na rean-flait, ná éacsta na leoman leat comh abairt i n-aisgneasána ndaoineas iŋ biodar leit-céad bliadán ó foin.

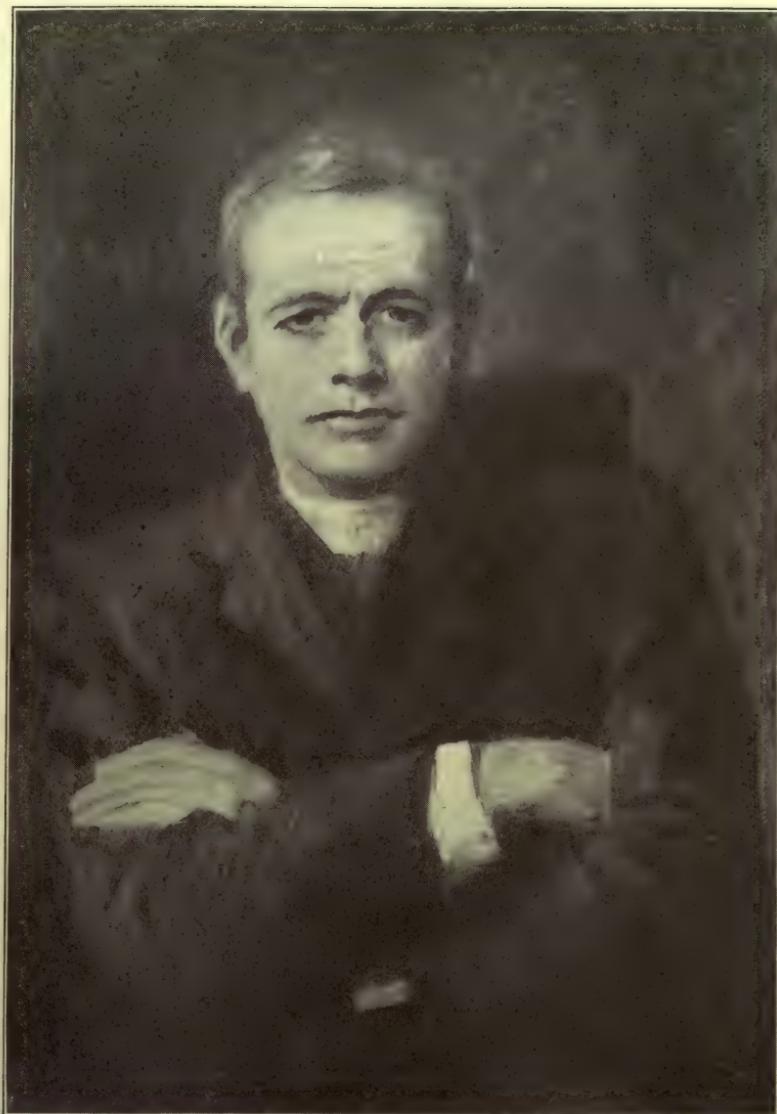
Iŋ fion, go deimhn, go raibh na neite reo i leabhráib eile aip aip tóis Seathrún iad, acht níl aip-mór dor na leabhráib reo le fagbáil i n-diu. Do cailleamair iad, iŋ tá an “fhoras feara” ’n-aip meágs, gán focal, gán litir ag teaptabáil uair. Tamall ó foin iŋ aip éigin do bí óuine uafal i gCúigeas Muirian ná raibh a macraimail do’n “fhoras feara” go ceanamhail i gcoiméad aige. Bí

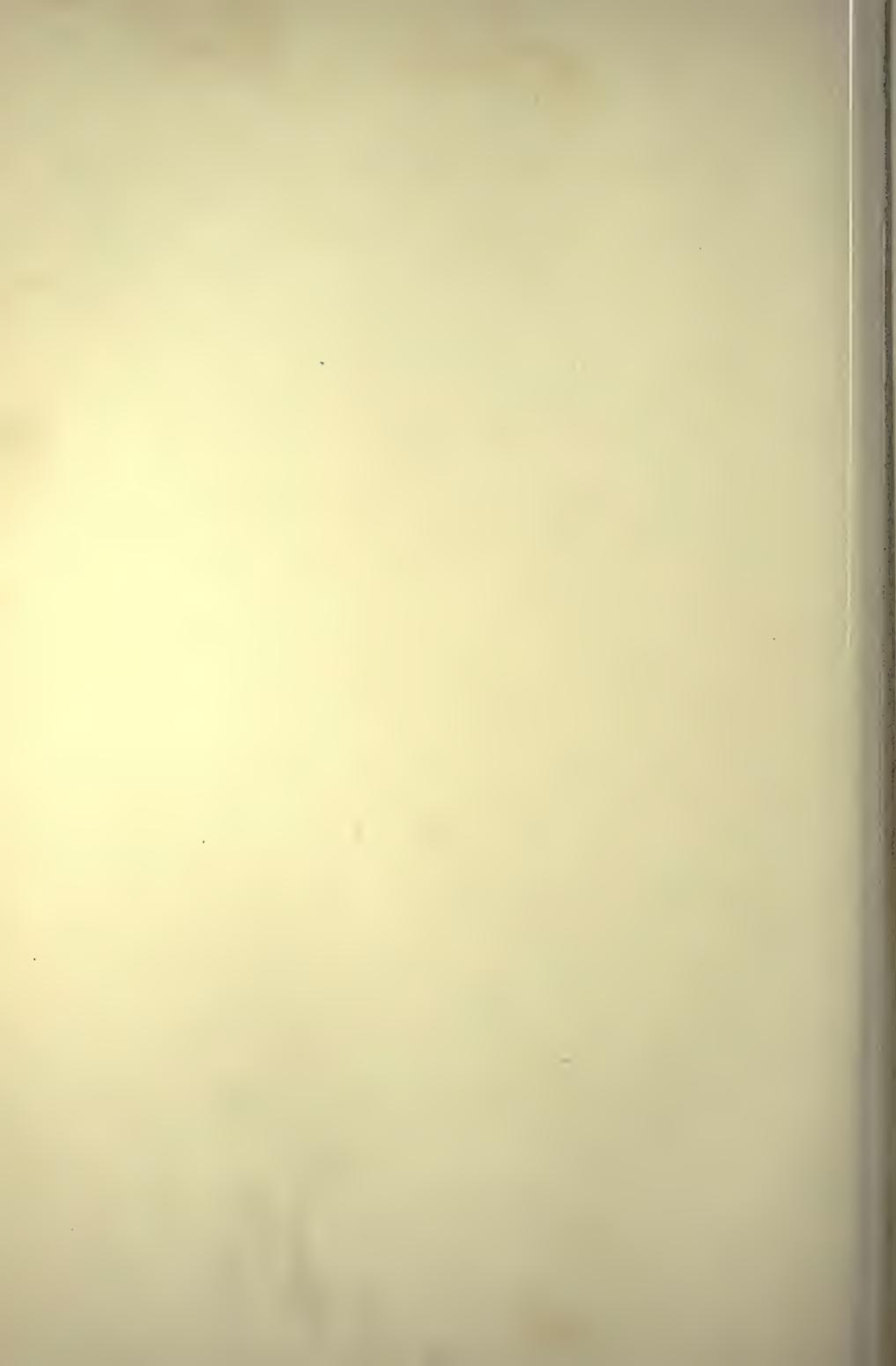


107. *Canis lupus* (Linnaeus) *Canis lupus* Linnaeus, 1758, Syst. Nat., ed. 10, p. 46. Type locality: Sweden.

THE REV. PATRICK S. DINEEN

Photographed from the painting by Jack B. Yeats





return thanks to God since he was not drowned. "Don't be bothering me," says he; "if I am saved, God is not to be thanked for it, for 'tisn't much He was in my care; He would leave me there outside till I'd be drowned and suffocated, and it is little it would affect Him, I assure you; but I will be thankful to Dermot MacAuliffe, the good, decent man, who in the face of his being lost went to save me. Why, man alive, if I am saved,

God is not to be thanked for it!"

GEOFFREY KEATING.

Extract from "Irish Prose," by Rev. PATRICK S. DINEEN.

No author has done as much as Keating to preserve literature and learning amongst the people, especially the people of Leath Mhogha. Not that Keating wrote a very accurate or critical history, but he amassed into one repository the accounts of Ireland given in the old books. There was no other record to be found so neat, so well constructed as his, and it circulated throughout the country. No one was considered a good scholar who was not acquainted with Keating's History, and at school no student was considered finished till he had made a copy of "The Forus Feasa." Amongst the simple country folk no one dared to cast a doubt on the account Keating gives of the occupation of Ireland by Partholan and the rest of that band from across the sea. No one dared deny that Gaedheal Glas was bitten by a serpent, and that Moses healed his wounds in Egypt by the power of God. The people were convinced of the truth of these stories, and the greater portion of them were ready on their lips, and there was no poem or song that did not make some reference to the great heroes of whom Keating makes mention. It seems to us that had "The Forus Feasa" not been written, the remembrance of by-gone times, or the names of the old chieftains, or the exploits of the heroes would not have been half so fresh in the minds of the people as they were some fifty years ago.

It is true, indeed, that these things were to be found in other books, from which Keating extracted them, but the greater part of these books are not to be found at the present day. These are lost to us, while "The Forus Feasa" is with us, with not even a word or a letter wanting to it. Some time

ré ag na Daoineibh voéta comh maist leis na huairib. Ír cuimhín linn fén físeanáidí voéta do mairi i nílapáir Cíappairde, nári móri i oteananta dóchain na hoirdé do b'í 'n-a feilb, do tairbheáin dom a macramair do Céitinn go ceannamhail, cartá i linn-éadach, ír gáin dul ag páirte bheict aip, ná díosgbáil aip b'í do dheanamh do. Ba gheall le leabhar naomhá é aip a meair, ír níor díomáin do b'í an leabhar rain, mar ír blasta chruinn do b'í tuairiúis aip gac leathanach de i gceann an físeanáidí, agus ba theacair aiteamh aip go mairib focal aict fírinne 'ran mheito do ríspioib Céitinn aip fenniúr feasaírad, aip Baptoil, ír an éirí eile aca. Tá cuimhne Céitinn fóir i meairg daoineadh nári leig, ír ná feacair níam a éirí raoctair. Ír dóis leis a lán go mairib dphaoiitheáct éigíne aip an nduine, ná gur ó neamh do tainig ré cum cunnatar aip rean do tabhairt d'úinn. Ni móri an t-iongnadh gur éreis na daoine nári dhuine daonna Seathrún. Do threibh Sallta do b'eadh é, aict 'n-a díairiúin b'í ré iomprí *Hiberniores Hibernicis ipsis.* Catoiliceas ó chroídeálaíac, Sagart, Doctúir Diabacta do b'eadh é. Feair leigeannta i Lairdin ír i leabharlaib na n-Altphreas do b'eadh é, ír éait ré a lán d'á faoisíal 'ran b'fíainc. Aict 'nuair d'fhill ré a baile tuig ré e fén fuaig aip fad o'obair na hÉaglaire le díosgbair iongantais gur cuireadh riugadhaití peata aip, ná gur b'éigean d'ó dul i b'fholac i gcumadhbh doilb i n'Gleann Eacaplaic. Ír é an riad ír iongantaisé i mbealtairidh Seathrún go bhrúair ré uain ír caoi aip na leabhar do teangealú uairid i gcuibí a feanáidí, do bailiugád aip fad do b'í fán ír riugadhaití aip. Do fiubairil ré go Connachtair ír go Doire, aict ní móri do meair do b'í ag feanáidí Ulaib ná ag Connachtair aip. I gceann trí ní ceatair do bhuadantaib b'í an "fórum feara" go leir cupta i gceann a céile aige (1631). Do ríspioib ré fóir d'á leabhar diaid, "Eocair Sgiat an Áiríunn," agus "Trí Bior-Áoite an Óair."

Dála an "fórum feara," toirnuigeanann ré ó'n b'frioptóras, ír tagann anuas go 1200. Tá ré lán do fean-páinnail i n-a mbailis-tear ainnmeáca na dtíreabhd do tainig go hÉiginn, ír i n-a gcuirtear le céile na hÉacta do b'ain leo. Tá a b'fhlil i bpríobh de, leis, annraír ír annraír műcta le ainnmeácaibh taoíreas ír fhlait ír a ghealaibh gheanealaic. Níor ceap Seathrún aon níod ó n-a meabhair fén; gád a dtugann ré d'úinn—na rísealta, na heac'hpairde, na ghabáiltair, na hÉacta aip muirí ír aip trí—fuaig ré iad go leir i feanleabharlaib do b'í fá meair ag ollamhnaibh ír fáidib. Ni júnne ré aict iad do cíup le céile ír d'asontusadh. Dá mbealtair ré ag ait-ríspioibh na neiteadh ríin i níos, agus a sigrneadh lán do leigeannta na haimriúise feara, ní'l dearmad ná go gcuirfeadh ré a lán ríob i leat-taoibh, do b'fhlis ná baineann fiaid le fír-feanáid. Aict do

back there was hardly a gentleman in Munster who had not his copy of "The Forus Feasa" affectionately guarded. The poor people as well as the upper classes had it. I myself remember a poor weaver who lived in West Kerry, who had little more than enough of food for the passing day, showing me his copy of Keating, which was fondly wrapt up in a linen cloth, while children were forbidden to handle it or injure it in any way whatever. He looked upon it as a sacred book. Nor did he possess it in vain, for that weaver had an accurate, perfect knowledge of every page of it in his head, and it would be difficult to persuade him that there was any error in any word Keating wrote about Fennius Fearsad, Partholan and the rest. There is a traditional remembrance of Keating still amongst the people who never saw or read his work. Many think that the man was under the spell of magic or that he came from heaven to give us an account of our ancestors. It is not so strange that the people believed that Keating was not a mere human being. He sprang from a foreign stock, yet he was among those who were "more Irish than the Irish themselves." He was a Catholic of heart-felt sincerity, a priest, a Doctor of Divinity. He was a man versed in Latin and in the works of the Fathers, and he passed a good deal of his life in France. But when he returned home he devoted himself altogether to the work of the Church with astonishing zeal, until he was hunted and was obliged to conceal himself in a gloomy cave in the Glen of Aherlow. The strangest circumstance connected with the life of Keating is that he found opportunity while in a state of flight to collect the books he required for his History. He travelled to Connaught and to Derry, but the Ulstermen and the Connaughtmen paid little heed to him. He completed the whole "Forus Feasa" within three or four years (1631). He also composed two spiritual books, "The Key-Shield of the Mass" and "The Three Shafts of Death."

As regards "The Forus Feasa," it begins at the very beginning and comes down to 1200. It is full of old verses in which the names of the tribes who came to Erin are mentioned and in which the exploits with which they were connected are recorded. The prose portion, too, is here and there over-crowded with the names of chieftains and princes and with their pedigrees. Geoffrey did not invent anything himself; what he sets before us—the tales, the adventures, the invasions, the exploits on land and sea—he found them all in old books which were held in esteem by *ollamhs* and seers. All he has

reathóibh fé an “Fórum Fórsa” tá seall le trí céad blianaibh ó roin, agus ní hiomgnaibh ná raibh an oifreaois rian amhrasair i dtaoisibh fírinne na n-éacáit ro an trácht rian. Agus iir mair an gceadána atá an rgeal ag tionscail eile: Tá a lán éacáit i rgeancáir na Roma do chroí na Románais go hiomlán i n-áimreoiri Úrgaill iir Oisidh—ná fuil ionta acáit úir rgealta na bhrileaois. Ár an nór gceadána ní géilleann aon rgealairi anoir d'éacáit aengsírt iir Nóra agus tá leitheadaibh d'éacáitairiú i rgeancáir na bhrileatáine.

Ácet 'n-a thiaróid rian, ní ceart a thearpmad go mbionn bunaibh fírinne in iur na rgealtaibh seo do ghnáit. Níor cùm na filidh rgeal ari dtúir ghnáit deallpháram éiginn do bheit airi—*nec fingunt omnia Cretæ—ciod go scuircítear leir i mór na mblianaibh, i dtíreaois ná haitneocairde é fá dhéiréaois.* B'olc an baird ari tríp ná beroí úir-rgéalta do'n trácht rian chruinniúise iir meafta tríod a curio rgeancáir. Ba comháitá é ná raibh file ná páid le ríneadaraiú i meafta a thaoineadh, iir náir mór aca a cail ná a glóir.

Iir alainn an tions-úphollac a chuirteann Seachtain le n-a “Fórum Fórsa.” O teáct an taraí Óengus anall cùsgáinn iur roimh, níor fáid ror ná fuaimeasair na húsdairi Sagartannais acáit ag curi rior bhréasá iur rgealta aitíre ari ari n-úitcear. Diopriodó de Bhríos, Stanislaus, Camden, Ó hAnnrí, iur an tseasb rian uile—ná raibh uata acáit rinn do curi fáid coir ari dtúir, iur ó teip rian opta, rinn do marluigíad i rtáirteib fallra. Agus tar éir ari bhréasairiú do baint vinn, ba bhréasúise iur ba taircailriúise do biondair 'ná mian. Do éags Seachtain fúta 'ran tions-úphollac le fuinneamh iur le feirg. Do rtoil fé ari a céile an páiméir marluigíteac do curi an Ógairneac 'n-a leabhar, níor fágair fé ruinn do Stanislaus ghnáit leabhar, iur trion é turraing a láimé ari Camden iur ari Spengeir. So deimhín iur seall le gairgítheac mór éiginn é—le Com Cúlann ná Aicill—a curio ari ghealcta 'n-a láim, éadair pláta ó mullach cinn go tróigíteib ari, iur é ag ghabáil le tionsgráir iur le tions-féirg ari na thaoineis beaga ro do thearbhúis éiteas i gcoinniú a úitceair, iur do marluigí a mhuinntear. Dá mbeadh fé ari marltean i nociu, tadhairfaidh fé faobhar bata doir na rgeancáitairiú atá anoir fáid mór-mear, ari fírounde iur ari mhaic Amhlaomh, iur ari Nume.

Adeir fé 'n-a tions-úphollac:—

“Níl rtaíriúde dá rgealbhan ari Éirinn náis ag iarráid locta agus toibéime do tadhairt do fean-Íallaibh agus do Ídeacháilairiú bho; biond a fiaidhnuire rian ari an teift do bheili Cambrennir, Spengeir, Stanislaus, Ó hAnnrí, Camden, Ógairneac, Moriúron, Ó Dáibhír, Campion, agus gac nuaibh-Íall eile dá rgealbhan uirte o

done is to put them together and reconcile them. If he were to re-write these things now, having his mind filled with the learning of to-day, there is no doubt that he would set aside a good deal of them as not pertaining to true history. But he wrote "The Forus Feasa" almost 300 years ago, and it is not strange that so little doubt was cast on the truth of these events at that period. Such, too, is the case in other counries. There are many stories and wonders in Roman History which the Romans fully believed in the time of Virgil and Ovid, but which are only the romances of the poets. In the same way no scholar now believes in the exploits of Hengist and Horsa nor in such like wonders in the History of Britain.

At the same time it should be remembered that there is usually a substratum of truth in such stories. The poets did not originally invent a story without there being some appearance of reality in it. "The Cretans even do not invent all they say"—though the tale is added to in the course of years, in such wise that one would not recognise it at last. It were not well for a country not to have romances of this kind amassed together and mingled with its history. It were a sign that there did not spring up for generations either a poet or a seer amongst her people, and that the people did not prize her honour and glory.

Geoffrey prefixes a splendid *Apologia* to his "Forus Feasa." From the coming over to us of Henry the Second and previous to that date the English authors never ceased from writing lies and disgraceful calumnies about our country. Gerald Barry, Stanihurst, Camden, Hanmer and all that tribe only wanted to trample us under foot at first, and since that failed them, to insult us by fallacious histories, and when they took our land from us, they were more lying and insulting to us than ever. Geoffrey attacked them in the *Apologia* with vigour and fury. He tore asunder the insulting rubbish Barry had put together in his book, he did not leave much of Stanihurst that he did not rend to bits; heavy is the weight of his hand falling on Camden and on Spenser. Indeed, he is like some great champion, like Cuchulainn or Achilles, his arms ready in his hands, clad in armour from head to foot, while he strikes down with zeal and fierce wrath those diminutive persons who gave false evidence against his country and who insulted his people.

Were he alive to-day he would belabour with his staff's edge the historians who are held at present in esteem, Froude, Macaulay and Hume. He says in the *Apologia*:

"There is no historian who treats of Ireland that does not

fion amach, ionnur gúrlabé nór deasnaidh an phriúmpolláin do ghnio
as ríspiochadh ari Eireannachasib Is é do ghnio eisiméad
ari bhearrasib fo-thaoineasib agus cailleac mbeas n-úirí-íreas ari
thabhairt marc-gníomh na n-úaral i n-dearbhaois, agus an méri a
baineasgur níl na ríean-Ísleabharlaib do b'í ag áitiúiseadh an oileáin seo
ma n-úabhairt na ríean-Ísail," tc.

Is minic a goirtear an Néarodotur Ísleabharla ari Seathrún,
agus is deimhín gur mór a bfuil do eisiméadach eacnamaí achaon.
Tá caint Seathrún deas, rímpliðe, milír-briatáras, marí caint
"Atá an tSeancair." Séanair achaon baoë-focail, neamh-
bhríosgára, neamh-fairmeamhla, aet 'n-a n-ionad atá fuinneamh is
tacatac i ngeas líne dá rtáiréasib. Cuiridh achaon iascaíc na húir-
rgéalta baineasgur le n-a dtír, gan amhras do éirí ari a bhríinne.
B'í Néarodotur an céad rtáiréas do éirí ríeanasgur na n-Ísleisgeas i
n-eagair is i gcuimneasgur, agus cionn gur b'fada 'n-a thiar do
rígíobh ré, b'í Céitinn an céad ríeanasgur d'óiríomh is do ceartuis
i gcláct, is i n-eagairí ríeanasgur na n-Ísleabhar. Do bain na filiúde—
na Ísleisgeas is na Románaig—a lán ari rtáiréasib Néarodotuir, agus
'fan scuma scéadna tuis Céitinn innéasgur a nódaithe dor na
filiúidib Ísleabharla, d'aoibhágán Ua Raftaille, do Seagán Cláras
Mac Domhnaill, is d'eoigan Ruad. Aet ní feicimíodh tioigheair i
ntaoibh na filiúine, na feairg éum namhao a tíre ari an n-Ísleasgas.
Bionn ré ciuin, focair, réim i gcomhúinibh i mearsg rtára is úir-
rgéil, et quidquid Græcia mendax audet in historiis, aet ní leigheas
an Ísleabharla muainne do ceart ná do cail a tíre le n-a deasg
namhao.

Obair leigheanta, doimhín is ead "Tír Bhoi-Ísaoite an Ísair,"
lán do rímuaisintibh diaibh is do mactnámh fairmeamh ari an
bheatarioi daonna, is ari a chrioc. Is iongantac ari tóis ré ari ríean-
usgáraibh is ari oibreáclibh na naomh, agus is blárta tá an obair
ari fad roinntibh leabharlaibh agus i n-altaibh. Aet is triom, lárion-
eamhail an caint atá ann ó túir go deireadh, bionn go bfuil ri
lártá ríar annró is annró le ríéal bheas Ísleannachas marí an
eacra ríain ari "Mac Reccan."

Obair an-leigheanta i n-úaral aet is i n-úarannaib na hÉigilairé is
ead "Eocair Síolat an Áifíunn." Ni leipí d'úinn aon uisgeair eile
cúirtear an oibreád ríain do tuaipírs ari neitibh baineasgur leis an
Áifíunn, comh bheáet, comh cinnte ríin i leabhar dá méri. Aet
'n-a ceanntra ríain, tá an caint comh rímpliðe, comh Ísleannanta, comh
binn, comh bhríosgáraí ríain, gan baoë-focailibh ná páistibh caifta gur
fúrlairte d'aoineasib é leigheasgur i ndiu.

endeavour to vilify and calumniate both the old English settlers and the native Irish. Of this we have proof in the accounts of Cambrensis, Spenser, Stanhurst, Hanmer, Camden, Barclay, Morrison, Davis, Campion, and every other English writer who has treated of this country since that time, so that when they write of the Irish, they appear to imitate the beetle . . . This is what they do, they dwell upon the customs of the vulgar and the stories of old women, neglecting the illustrious actions of the nobility and everything relating to old Irish who were the inhabitants of this island before the English invasion."

Geoffrey has often been called the Irish Herodotus, and, indeed, both closely resemble one another. Geoffrey's style is pretty, simple, smooth and harmonious, like that of the Father of History. Both avoid turgid, feeble, unsubstantial words, but instead there is vigour and strength in every line of their narratives. Both insert the romances that pertain to their country, without raising a doubt as to their truth. Herodotus was the first historian who gave a regular methodical history of the Greeks, and, though he came long after, Keating was the first historian who regulated and arranged in proper order the history of the Gaels. The poets, both Greek and Roman, drew largely on the accounts of Herodotus, and in the same way Keating gave food enough to the Irish poets, to Egan O'Rahilly, to John Claragh MacDonnell and to Eoghan Ruadh. But we miss zeal for his country and rage against her enemies in the Greek. He is ever calm, gentle, steady in the midst of history and romance, "and whatever lying Greece has the courage to put in her histories." But the Irishman would not let a particle of his country's fame and right go undisputed with her inveterate foe.

"The Three Shafts of Death" is a deep, learned work, full of holy thoughts and of profound meditation on human life and on its end. He has drawn with astonishing fulness on the old authors and on the works of the saints, and the entire work is neatly divided into books and sections. But from beginning to end, the style is heavy and Latin-like, though it is occasionally lit up with a humorous story like that of "Mac Reccan."

"The Key-Shield of the Mass" is a work of great learning in theology and in Church ritual. We do not know any author who gives such a full account of the things that pertain to the Mass, so exact, so accurate in a book of its size. But in addition to this, the style is so simple, so delightful, so melodious, so forceful, without turgidity of words or entangled

Ó aithris Céitinn aonair níor rghníosadh a lán do phróir buna-tharach. Do cionraíodh a dhóbar eacnamaíodh le céile agus rghéaltaí ari ghníomharthaibh aistí, agus ní mór 'n-a steananta rian. Do luigeadar na huigídar Gaeilgeachára ari manna do mheánsait, iŋ ba mhílir, aonáinnt a fheirfeadh dán iŋ aithreas.

Scoil nō fiar iŋ fearrí an baile—An Cneamháire.

(Le h-Una ni Fáirceallaigh.)

Ní raibh an fhuinneogaireacht i ńbhad ari' riubhal nuairi fleathnúis an Cneamháire amach uata a gán-fíor d'oirib.

Suair an carán leir ais teánaíodh ari taoisí na n-ailleagaird do'n oileán. Thiomáin ré aip go dtí go raibh ré ari ńbhad na tulcha. Do ríad ré annaín. Sé guri tréan láidirí an fearr é, do b'í an doirí ais teannáidh go daingean aip, agus níor thigtear ód a ríse do leigean.

Bhí an ghealas go hárdo 'ra rphéir, agus do b'féríodh an t-oileán agus an fáirfeadh d'fearcín go glan roiléir.

Do b'áluinn ciúin an t-áthairc do b'í of a comhair amach, aict iarráis i gceoidear an tréan-fíor do b'í anfach ari riubhal. B'ámlairíodh nár aipis ré a comhdear iŋ do fáilteoirí an domhan i n-aithneóill. Ní raibh a fíor aict ais Dia aithníodh ead do b'í 'gá fhuataidh.

Chírait ré a láthair of ciúin a cinn, agus aonúdairt of áit:

"Liom fén iŋ ead é! Liom-ra aithníodh! Ní fuil éan-úaint ag duine aip b'í eile leir. O'iocair go maist aip—go tian-mait!"

Aip aghaird leir aipis ais riubhal agus ais ríp-riubhal, tóipeas iŋ da mbéad 'n-a aigseadh rtoíomh a cheoidear do laghnuig ari an nór roin.

Níor b'fada ód a imtearacht marí rín go dtí go raibh ré i ngearr do na hailleagaird.

Annpoin do ríad ré go nobann, marí ba ód is leir go gcuailaird ré gur duine éigin. Chuip ré cluas le héirtearacht aip fén, agus do b'ámlaird d'éir aghaird t'amhríodh go raibh ré cinníte 'n-a taoisí. Gúr mná aghaíodh do b'eadh é, gán fós.

Aip mbhealtnúig aodh aip an áit a dtáinig an fhuaim, ba leir ód, rghácaí deas uairibh, duine éigean leagtha leir an gcuailaird.

Oícheair ré leir an áit, agus d'áitíodh ré gán moill gur b'i Mairé Ó hÍan do b'í ann roimhe.

Ní raibh a fíor aici duine ná daonraíodh do b'ítear i n-a haince, agus do phreab rí le neart rghéabin nuairi do leas ré a láthair a ceann.

expressions, that anyone might easily read it even at the present day.

From Keating's time onward not much original prose was written. A number of adventures and stories about the exploits of giants was composed but very little more. Irish authors betook themselves to the composition of verse, and sweet and delightful were the poems and songs they composed.

EAST, WEST, HOME'S BEST.

FROM "AN CNEAMHAIRE."

By UNA NI FHAIRCHEALLAIGH.

(Miss Agnes O'Farrelly.)

THE dancing had not long begun when the Cneamhaire slipped out unnoticed.

Up the path he went towards the cliff side of the island. Still onwards until he was on the top of the height. He paused there. Though a strong, stout man, age was pressing on him, and he had, perforce, to rest.

The moon was high in the sky, and the island and the sea could be plainly seen. The scene before him was beautiful and calm, but within the heart of the old man a storm was raging. Thus it was he did not notice how beautiful the world seemed about him. God only knew what was oppressing him.

He waved his arms above his head and spoke aloud:

"It is my own! Mine alone! Nobody else has any claim to it. I paid well for it—right well."

On he went again, walking, ever walking, just as if he had it in his mind thus to subdue the storm in his heart.

He was not long walking at that rate until he drew near to the cliffs.

Then he stopped suddenly, for he thought he heard somebody's voice. He set himself to listen, and after a short space of time he was certain of it. The voice of a woman crying, that it was, without doubt.

When he looked towards the place whence the sound came he saw clearly somebody leaning against the fence.

He drew near, and perceived at once that it was Máire Bhán who was there before him.

“ Ná corruiğ, a leanaith. Ná bioð fáitcear oif, cōr aip bít ! ”

Ní duibhaint Máire focal, agus réo aip aigaird é le n-a éuio éainte.

“ Ní ceart duit, a Máire, a rtóir, beit amuig i n-aonraic 7 an oirde aitá ann. Tá an comhluadair ag fuireacht leat ’ra gairdin.”

Ní mearrfaid éinneac guri b' é an Cneamháire do b' ag caint.

“ Uc ! a Shéamair ! an tuig aitá ann ? Ná bac liom ! Caithfidh mé leigint dom' éuio bhrón. Béad níor fheadar dá bárr 1 gceann tamaill.”

“ Aict duibhadtar liom, a Máire, guri tú fén aip cionnta leir an tuig aitá ann aitdear réo. Tuigse náic bfanfá ag do mátaip ’ra mbaile 7 ag peadar fada ! ”

“ Tuig, a n-ead ? tá fáid go leor leir, muir, aict cia an mait beit ag caint aonair ? ” Aip an toirt, do fíil na neabra leiti 7 érom rí aip gúlaíri.

Níor éiur an Cneamháire i gcead uirpí an fáid do lean rí aip beit ag ead, aict nuaip d' éiríug rí níor ciúine aip ball d' fiafarruis ré thí cia an fáid thí beit ag imteacht aip Eireann.

“ Ná ceil oípm éin-ceed do'n fírinne ” aip’ reirgean fa ñebrig. “ Cao faoi ndeara go bfuil tú ag imteacht uainn ? ”

“ Do bhríg go bfuil earrbaird aipgíos oípm ” aip’ an carlin bocht.

“ An t-airgead ! an t-airgead ! ” aip’ an Cneamháire go neamh-fóisighdeac, “ S' é an tseal céadna é i gcomhnaidé ; aict bioð ’fíor agat, a carlin, go bfuil a lán riordáis ’ra domhan níor fheadar 1 bfaid ’ná an t-airgead fénin.”

Ní éags Máire fheagair aip bít aip, do b' an oirpead roin iongantair uirpí.

“ Náic bfuil peadar agat ! ” aip’ reirgean “ agus náic leor duit é rín ? ”

“ Tá-peadar—agam ; if fíor duit é, “ aip’ Máire i ndeirgead na dálac, “ aict—ná tuigim tú. Náic bfuil duil agat fén ’ran airgead ? Gabaim páirduin agat, a Shéamair ; ní ’fáid éarad leat atáim, cōr aip bít.”

“ Ní fuil focal bhríge ann, a inísean ó. Ir mór i mo duil ’ran airgead le leat-céad bliadán, aict ní riab an tseal marí rín agam riám. Bhí lá eile agam Bhí mé ós 7 bior i ngrád éom mait leat-ra, 7 b' fíoróir níor domhne ’ná marí atáir-re. Bhior bocht, 7 b' fíor bocht, fheirín. D'fágðar mo céad rílán aici 7 do bairiúsear liom go h-áimeiricá le capnán aipgíos do cír aip muin a céile 7 le bean uafal do déanam dom’ gréig-bean. D’imtigear liom riari guri fíoróir leartar na Stát n-aonraicte. Chaitear poinnt bliadanta ann 7 d' éiríug an faoisgal liom go seal. Ir

She did not know that there was man or mortal near her, and she started in affright when he laid his hand on her head:

“Do not stir, child. Don’t be the least afraid.”

Máire did not say a word, and he proceeded:

“It is not right for you, Máire a stóir, to be out alone this night. The company are watching for you in the kitchen.”

Nobody would think it was the Cneamhaire who was talking.

“Och! ‘Séamas! Is it you that is in it? Don’t mind me! I must give way to my sorrow. I shall be the better of it after a little.”

“But they told me, Máire, that it is you yourself are accountable for this journey. Why would you not stay at home with your mother and with Peadar Fada?”

“Why is it? There is plenty of reason for it; but what is the use of talking now?” Her tears fell on the moment and she began to cry again.

The Cneamhaire did not disturb her whilst she wept, but when she grew calmer by-and-by, he asked her why she was leaving Ireland.

“Don’t conceal one scrap of the truth from me,” he said at last. “What is the cause of your leaving us?”

“Because I am in want of money,” said the poor girl.

“Money! money!” said the Cneamhaire impatiently. “The same story always; but know, girl, that there are plenty of things in the world better far even than money.”

Máire was so surprised that she did not answer him.

“Have you not Peadar,” he said, “and is not that enough for you?”

“I have—Peadar—it is true for you,” said Máire at long last; “but—I don’t understand you. Don’t you yourself care for money? Forgive me, Séamus; it is not upbraiding you with it I am at all.”

“There is not a word of lie in it, girl. I have been eager for money for the past fifty years; but it was not so with me always. I was once otherwise. I was young, and I was in love as well as you. I was poor, and she was poor also. I bade her a long farewell, and I took myself off to America to put some money together, and to make my sweetheart a lady. I moved on till I reached the west of the United States. I spent some years there, and the world throve with me. I used seldom get a letter from Ireland, except, now and again, a couple of words from her, to say she was well, or the like of that.

Once, a year went by, and never a word from her. I could

annam a gheibhinn leitir ó Éirinn aet amáin cípla focal anoir i aifir uaití-gean 'sá láth go raibh rí go mairt, agus a leitítear rín.

“Aon uair amáin éuairidh bliadain tábhainn i gcan focal agam uaití. Niор b'férdirí liom a fulaingh beirt gcan tuairíodh uirbhí, i gceannach ari an mbairle aifir. Cé? mo leán ghearr i mo lomad luain! ní raibh róinnt aet a huairg. 'San uairg ceadna cùiseadh na comhphair uilis nae mór, bliadain na gorta. Sáiteadh i gceile iad i n-éan-poll amáin.

“Ó a Dhuí na ngrártá! i agh faighbáil báir leir an ocras ari taoibh an bóthair i mire i bhrat uaití i gcan fmeáiríodh eolair agam ari a cár! Siúr gcan ríuo le cup i n-a béal aici i mire tall i n-dímeiriocá, mo phoca lán go béal d'airgead.”

Do fámhais éadan an tfean-fír go miliúeac fa folar na geadar aige. D'iompairis ré uaití beagán i gcomh ré ari amairc amach táir an bhráiríodh ó éuairidh.

Únú a fíor aghairt go raibh ré agh deánamh maranta ari uairg móibh bhuadna na gortaí éuair i gContae Mhuineacháin i gceannach uairg leis rí focal ari láir. I n-a leabairidh rín, i gceannach ari amairc amach táir an bhráiríodh ó éuairidh.

Únú an eailín agh baillérit aet ní fuaict na hoidhche fa ndeara é. Niор b'í an Cneamháir do b'í or a comair aet tarbhfeadh d'éigis éuici ari laethantaibh a óige.

“A Sheamair boíct! a Sheamair boíct!” aifir ríre or i gceal. Niор cíup an gean-fear éan-tfuisim innti, aet d'fan ré agh amairc amach do taoibh an Dhuí Ótheinn Déag gcan coimhseáid ari.

Úniodair mar rín ari feadáin tamall mairt aimpriú.

“B'férdirí gúrabs é an fáid go bfuil duil agam 'ran aifgeadó,” aifir an Cneamháir fa deireadh, “gúr iocar comh daorí rín i. Bionn an t-airgeadó mar fuil or comair mo bá fúil—go deaig, go deaig i gcomhnaidh. If mar rín a cím-re é.”

Do éromhain Mairé a ceann fíor i phós rí a láim. D'airg Séamair deörí agh tuitim leití.

Úniodair ari aon i n-a dtórt go ceann tamall.

“Ní imteógsaí ari an oileán, cíup ari b'í,” aifir Mairé go haibidó.

“Ní imteógsa tú, an n-ead? An é rín a n-abhrann tú? Aet an dtuigseann tú 'n-a ceapáit méad na bochtanaísta a bhearr agh goill-ead oírt anngreo, má fhanairi?”

“Ní fuil duine 'ra doimhne a chuirgeann níor fearrí 'na mire comh tróm i a bionn an gannáir i an bocánach a gábhail do mhuinntir Áthair—áet 'n-a chuiridh rín fén fánfad 'ra mbairle i n-ainm Dó.”

not bear to be without tidings of her, and since it happened, that time, that I had a good deal of money saved, I faced for home. Och! my sharp sorrow and my lasting woe! I found only her grave before me. In the same grave nearly all the neighbours were buried, the famine year. They were all cast into the one hole."

"Oh! God of Grace! she dying with hunger by the side of the road, and I far from her, without a gleam of knowledge as to her state! She without anything to put in her mouth, and I beyond in America, my pocket chock-full with money!"

The face of the old man looked wan in the light of the moon. He turned from her a little and gazed out over the sea to the north.

Máire knew that he was thinking deeply of the big grave of the famine year up in County Mayo, and she never let slip a word. Instead, she took hold of his hand. She felt it cold and nerveless and clammy.

The girl was trembling, but not from the coldness of the night. It was not the Cneamhaire who was before her, but a ghost which came to her from the days of his youth.

"Poor Séamas! poor Séamas!" she said softly. The old man did not heed her, but continued to look towards the Twelve Pins without ever stirring.

Thus they remained for a long while.

"Perhaps the reason I have such a desire for money," said the Cneamhaire at last, "is because I paid for it so dearly. Money is like blood before my two eyes—red, red, always. That is how I see it."

Máire bent her head and kissed his hand. Séamas felt a tear falling from her.

They were both silent for a time.

"I shall not leave the island at all," said Máire hastily.

"You will not go, is it, Is that what you say? But do you rightly understand the greatness of the poverty that will weigh on you if you stay?"

"There is no one in the world understands better than I do how heavy want and poverty lie on the people of Aran; but, even so, I shall stay at home, with the help of God."

"It is well," said the Cneamhaire.

* * * * *

The next morning the island folk went eastwards, one by

“ Tá go maic,” aifir’ an Cneamháire.

* * * * *

Ár maidin lá ari n-a báraí cuaódaír tuinntear an oileáin i nuaíar a céile roimh go dtí an fánán. Óná na curaí i gceáir éum na scailíni do b' le dul tarp leári do bheireann ari bhoru an long-saile.

“ Tuirge go bhfuil turá ag caoineadh ? ” aifir peadar fada nuair a’ dhruig Máire Ónáin a guth comh maic le cás. “ Iŋ tuineadh a bhearr ag caoineadh in do b'liair.”

“ Táim ag caoineadh i nuaíar na scailíni atá ari t' imteacáit, uaimh,” aifir Máire.

“ An t'á ríriú atá tú, a Mháire ? ’Ár n'ost, ní ceart tuaitheit ag fomáidí fum inbriú i ualaí ari mo chroíde.”

“ Ní ag déanamh fomáidí’ fuit atáim, muiр. Tá m'innitinn rocair agam ari fanaíct leat, cibé docht riathair tú, ní cibé an fáid a chaitífimid beirt ag feiteamh le n-a céile.”

Ní chreidfeadh peadar a cluasaí féin.

“ Iŋ ag magadh fum atá tú, tá mé ag ceartaí.”

“ Ní headh go deimhín ! Ní déanfaínn a leitíeo oírt ari an domhan.”

“ Céardim tú anoir, muiр. Aict ní tuigim an tsealí cior ari b'is. Cao a tuig oírt an t-ástarluigíodh innitinn’ seo ? ”

“ Airlíní a b' agam ariú, a rheadaír, ní bhuiongsíodh, mar aonáistí. Shaointear go raibh turá ro’ fean-féarí chomhdua gan fhuinneamh i do gheagaird ná ghlád o’ éinne’ i do chroíde. Óná tú ro’ iargairíe comhportamhail annro. Óná mire t'éis ailemeiríodá, clóca riota oírt i hata gleara go neair le pibíní agus a leitíeoí eile, aifiseadh mo b'óráint im’ grában agam i ’é uile cinedil maoín’ im’ feilb. Ónior-ra ag gábháilt rúar an bónáireán i n-aice na pojus’ i mé ag teacáit a baile. Cárth ónam annraín tú, aict níor aitín tú mé, cior ari b'is.”

“ Mire Máire Ónáin, aonúthar leat.

“ Ní tú, ” aifir turá go fearsag; “ ní tú go deimhín. Óná Máire—mo Mháire ré—i n-a car i n-ós fiacláim, agus caid mar gheall oírt-ra ? Sean-óean portamhail ghlánda tú atá cónaíteadh mar peadaróis i ngeoblaíodh fíoróil. Ní turá Máire go deimhín.”

“ U’fearáidh fíor i bpolli uifse a b' i caidil liom i do b' é fín an céad uair a’ dhruigear mé féin aorfa ghlánda; b' ari ceart agat.

“ Iŋ mire Máire Ónáin, aonúthar ariú.

“ U’fearáidh t'á oírt annraín idir an t'á fíor i do b' é fín an céad uair a’ dhruigear mé féin aorfa ghlánda.

“ Iŋ amhlaidh aonáire tú, ” aifir turá, “ aict ní céardim tú—ní turá an Mháire a’ dtuigear ghlád ari b' aorfa. Thior’ ran pojus’ úd b'fearáidh

one, towards the slip. The curachs were ready to bring the girls who were going abroad on board the steamer.

"Why are you 'caoining'?" said Peadar Fada, when Máire Bhán raised her voice like the others. "It is we who shall be 'caoining' after you."

"I am 'caoining' for the girls who are about to leave us," said Máire.

"Are you serious, Máire? In troth, it is not right for you to make fun of me to-day and a load on my heart."

"It is not making fun of you I am, maiseadh. I have my mind made up to stay with you, whether you are rich or poor, or however long we must wait for each other."

Peadar would not believe his own ears.

"It is making fun of me you are, I am thinking."

"It is not indeed! I would not do the like on you for the world."

"I believe you now, indeed! But I don't understand the story a bit. What caused you this change of mind?"

"A vision I had last night, Peadar, or a dream, as you might say. I thought that you had become an old, contrary man, without energy in your limbs, or love to anyone in your heart. You were a comfortable fisherman here. I had come back from America. I had a silk cloak on me, and a hat beautifully decked with ribbons and such like things, with plenty of money in my purse and every kind of means in my possession. You were going up the lane near the graveyard when I was on my way home. I met you there, but you did not recognise me at all."

"'I am Máire Bhán,' I said. 'You are not,' you replied angrily; 'not you, indeed. Máire—my Máire—was a fine young girl; and what about you? A proud, ugly, old woman, titivated like a peacock in silken rags! You are not Máire Bhán indeed.'

"I looked down in a pool of water beside me, and that was the first time I noticed myself old and ugly. You were right."

"'I am Máire Bhán,' I said again.

"You looked at me then between the two eyes, and as long as I was with you you did not lift your eyes from me.

"'So you say, but I don't believe,' you said. 'You are not the Máire I loved long ago. Down in the graveyard yonder I would rather her to be than to resemble you now. I don't know you at all.' And saying that, you went off. I was

Niom i' beit 'ná beit mara turfa anoir. Ni aitnísím tú eor ari bít. Agur 'sá pád rín, ar go brád leat. Bhíor fágta im' aonarán go bróna. Sin i an bhionglóid a b' agam. Ná eirtéad é?

“ Ni fuit tú ro' fean-bean róir, a rún! Do b'ágáiltear an bhionglóid dath-ra i, cibé rgeal é. Agur, an n-abhrann tú, a mhairfe, gur bhionglóid a chug ait fanaíte 'ra mbaile?”

Níor mear Mairfe gur ceart dí rgeal an Chneamháis d'innriant san cead aici uair. Mar rín aonubairt ri:—

“ É rín agur suadaí eile.”

“ Dúrdeadar mór do Dhia,” aifreáiltear.

* * * * *

“ Ná mór an t-iongantair ná mbeitead ag bráid le do b'iol mná 'fágáil? ” aonubairt atáir pheadaír leir cípla lá i n-a-bháid rín. “ Ná dear dathair an caillín i Mairfe Chatae, in-gean na baintreabhaíge tiair i gCionn an Dhaile? ”

Chuirfeadh aifreáil le héirtead aír fén. Dá mba gur éuit an ghuian aonair ar an gpréip ní euirpead ré níor mór iongantair aír.

Ní mairb ré i n-inniú oiread le focal do pád.

“ Tá ré i n-am do Cháit, pheirfin, cup fuiti i n-áit dí fén. Ni pháidtear beirt mairgírtpeáir le céile i n-éin-teac aithíne. Cao é do mear ar mhairfeach Uí Dhonncaidh. Ni fuit róid talman aige, acht mar rín fén, 'apí nád', ír bheag láidir an buachaill é. Daoine macánta a b'eadh iad a feachtáin rinnír iomhá.”

Níor fheadar aifreáil focal do éirí ari, agur níor éuit ré gatáid na ceirfe éinige 'ná ari éan-eor. So deimhn, níor éuit acht an oiread le ceap bhordáig, mar aonáirteáil, acht dá mbioibh ré do láitair 'ra feomra beag taoibh tiair do'n círfin rgeatam beag i n-a-bháid rín i'f dóbá go dtuigspead ré an t-ionglán go diannáit. Ír fean-focal é, agur ír fios, go dtairbhéanann tráthnín tréos na gaoithe.

Ari balli nuaír do b' an t-aor ós éisír ari an Muirthead, feo é an Cneamháis i'f teac cum atáir pheadaír agur mala aige i n-a-láimh.

Seo é ag tairisíng láin a glaice do piornaibh óir amach ari an mala, agur ag áilleamh tui fíordi punt ari an gcláir of a comair, agur feo é fíor 'sá pád, agur é ag féacain go glinn géar ari an bhearr eile:

“ Ni euirfeid Tomáir Sheagáin Ruairí Óg aonair a mairfe rialaige ari mo éirí aonair go deob. Dáir fiad, ni euirfeid. Ír do'n ghlád agur do'n óige atáim 'sá tábairt.

left alone, deserted and in sadness. That is the dream I had. Is it not strange?"

"You are not an old woman yet, a *rúin*! It was a lucky dream for me anyhow. And, do you say, Máire, that it was a dream caused you to stay at home?"

Máire did not think herself justified in telling the Cneamhaire's story without leave from him; so she answered:

"That and other things."

"Great thanks be to God!" said Peadar.

* * * * *

"Isn't it a great wonder you wouldn't be looking out to get a wife to suit you," said Peadar's father to him a couple of days later. "Isn't Máire Chatach, the daughter of the widow over in Cronn-an-Bhaile, a nice, good-looking girl?"

Peadar set himself to listen. If the sun fell down out of the sky it would not surprise him more. He was unable to say as much as a word.

"It is time for Cáit, too, to settle down in a place of her own. Two mistresses would not go well together in one house. What do you think of young Mac Donnchadha? He has not a sod of land, but, even so, he is a fine, strong boy. Honest people they were, his seven generations before him."

Peadar could not get out a word, and he did not understand the state of the question at all. In truth, he did not, any more than a shoemaker's last, as one might say; but if he were present in the little room beyond the kitchen afterwards, it is likely that he would understand the whole matter right well. It is an old proverb, and it is a true one, which says that a straw shows how the wind blows.

By-and-by, when the young people were down in the muirbheach, the Cneamhaire comes in to Peadar's father and a bag in his hand.

He draws the full of his hand of gold pieces from the bag, and counting out sixty pounds on the table before him, he says, looking steadily and sharply at the other man:

"Tomás Sheaghán Ruaidhri will never put the top of his dirty finger on my money. By heavens, he'll not. It is to love and to youth I am giving it."

AON UATHIN.

Siota ar an "nGIOBLACÁN."

(Uípprseal le tomář O h-Adomá.)

Úisír ag feadaint timcheall oírm an fáidh do b' i ré ag caint, ag bhealannuigheadh ari an reompla agus an éaoi 'n-a phairbh ré cuimhne le céile agus 'gá fiafarruisé im' aigseadh fém cárthuairbh ré na rúgáin ari fad nuaír d'ubairt ré:

"Tá tú ag déanamh iongantair d' em' teaghlach agus r' em' aicill-riðeácht. Nád' dearf-láiméach an duine me?"

"Seadh, ari m' focal; acht cárthuairbh na rúgáin go leir? Agus má'r uaimh atá annró, ari n' d'óig ní phairbh éin-ééal leir an mbordán ro i n-éan-corp."

"Inneoraidh mire ón ball; acht an mb'ait leat an uaimh ari fad o' feirfeint?"

"B'ait liom," aírra mire, "acht tá ré pól-luath fóir an corp do chuir fum."

"Ní'l, pioc," ari reifrean, "cómh fada i'p tá ré reo agat," agus r' tóig ré maro eisíre ó'n gcuinne agus fín ré cuigim é.

"Raighamaidh amach go fóill go bheisíodh tú mo phiosacht-ra ari fad," ari ré.

"Acht cárthuairbh an maro eisíre?" aírra mire leir.

"Cuirtear le céile i an fáidh do b' tú ro' corrlaod. Isab i leit annró anoir agus t'abhair aíre do'n eoir."

Tóig ré an trilligeán o'n mbórdh agus r' orgail ré doirlaibh deas taoibh leir an teallach agus cuaodháir ariamh i gceist. Ní fáca mé a leitíodh de phairbheach ó'n lá nuaigheadh me go dtí rín agus ní fáca mé phairbheach mar é ó fóin. Bí an reompla deas déanta go d'fheireadh glan ari an gcaoi céadra i phairbh an ceann eile, acht do b' i ré lioonta riadar go dtí an doirlaibh le hármatibh de gac cineál, agus b' iomáin go leiri cóm glan agus cóm roilligeasach fóin i'p guri b'ainneadh ari phairbheach d'iom, nád' mór, nuaír do cuaodháir i gceist ari dtúir. B' iomáin ari eisíodh aige ór cionn a céile ari na ballaibh t'arbh timcheall an tréompla cóm fada i'p b'fheidir leir rúiseach r' fágail doibh—gúinnaí deaipí agus r' riortail go leor, agus a láin de clairíomhach agus de bairgneach—agus bí curio eile aca eisíodh ari n'grioscáin ari an ubhlaibh. Bí níomhánach deas, inneodín agus níomhánach gábhann i gcuinne, agus r' d'innre agus níomhánach riúinéadra i gcuinne eile. Bí an feoir agus r' an áit ag éigise níor airtíse gac éan-nóimhínt.

"I'p d'óig liom go bheisíim fá dhraoi-riðeácht," aírra mire, nuaír do tóigear láin mo fáil d'én tréompla.

"Ní'ur, mara, i n-éan-corp," aírra an "Sioblacán."

THE CAVERN.

From the Novel "An Gioblachán," by Tomás O h-Aodha,
(i.e., Thomas Hayes).

I WAS looking round me, while he was speaking, examining the room and the manner in which it was constructed, and asking myself in my own mind where did he get all the hay-ropes, when he said:

" You are making a wonder of my dwelling and of my skill. Am I not a handy man?"

" You are, on my word; but where did you get all the hay-ropes? And if this is a cavern, there was certainly no necessity for the cabin at all."

" I'll tell you by-and-by; but would you wish to see the cavern entirely?"

" I would, indeed," I said, " but it is too soon yet to put the foot under me."

" Not a bit," he replied, " while you have this," and he took a crutch from the corner and handed it to me.

" We shall go out awhile," he said, " until you see my entire kingdom."

" But where did you get the crutch?" I said to him.

" I put it together while you were asleep. Come hither now and take care of the foot."

He took the lamp from the table, opened a little door beside the hearth, and we both went in. I did not see a sight like what I saw since I was born till then, nor did I see a sight like it since. The little room was made exactly in the same way as the other one, but it was filled to the door with arms of every description, and they were all so clean and so bright that they almost dazzled me when I entered first. They were hanging above each other, on the walls round the room, as far as he could find room for them—muskets and pistols in plenty, and many swords and bayonets—and others were stacked in heaps on the floor. There was a little furnace, an anvil, and a smith's tools in one corner, and a bench and a joiner's tools in another corner. The man and the place were getting stranger every moment.

" I think I am under some enchantment," said I, when I had taken the full of my eye of the room.

" You are not, indeed," said the Gioblachán.

He took up one of the guns and rubbed it affectionately with his hand.

To tós ré ruar ceann de na gunnaibh agus do éimil ré a gú cineálta le n-a láimh.

“ Féach,” aip reirean, “ nád vearf an uirlis i rin. Táinig ri o Amherioca agus do éimreabhdh ri pilear tré òuine nád mór mile ó baile; acht cípmhí an cura eile aca ariú. Isab i leit anndro.”

O’fhorghair ré doarf eile agus uthair ré amach oírm. Niop feadar mo láimh o’ feirfeint b’i ré comh doarfach roin. Niop éimhísear go mbáamair in a uaim agus nuair a’ feacar amach duibhfar.

“ Uc, nád doarf i an oirde !”

Leig an “ Sioblacán ” rímit gáire aip.

“ Nád doarf i an oirde,” aipra guth taobh amuig ríom. “ Há ! há !” aipra guth eile. Annroin do labhair beirt nō tríúr eile i n-éinfeacht niop fuidhe amach, “ Uc ! nád doarfca”—“ há ! há !”—“ an oirde”—“ há ! há ! há !”—“ nád”—“ nád doarfca”—“ há ! há !”—“ an oirde”—“ há ! há ! há !”—agus mar rín leibh as ríisighreacád agus ag déanamh magaird fum go mbáibh an áit ian ruar de gútannaiibh. Bliodair tios fum, tuarf or mo éionn, aip m’áigaird amach agus aip gáid taobh ríom. O’ imníseadair uaim i nuaibh a céile agus a’ iúiseadair fá dhéirfeadh aip nór na mbáibh ionnta acht riogairnaid ag crealatáid i gceáinniú na huamha.

Deir mire guri bain ré pheab aipam. Táinig ríomhriach oírm aip dtúir agus ’na mbáibh rín táinig iongadantair agus uatbáir an traois-ail oírm, aip nór nári feadar corruiúise aip an áit ’na mbáibh im feadar aip feadóid cairis níomhinte. Do uthair an “ Sioblacán ” i gceáid oírm.

“ Mac-allá,” aipra mire, nuair b’i an doarf d’uimhre aige.

“ Seab,” aip ré, “ nád b’fheab é ?”

“ Niop aipísear píamh roimhe reo éan-ruar mar é acht éan-uairi amháin; acht ní mbáibh teacht ruar aip b’fí leir reo aige. Tá an uaim go han-mór i’r oibéa.”

“ B’i cinnte de rin. Táir i’r feadarán anoir aip uthuas gádha uatbáraisge agus má tá éan-óiríolac amháin ann, tá ré ór éionn mile tróis i nuaomhneacht. Ná téigír iobh-fáda amach nuair a bheadh ag taifbeant na huamha òuit, nó b’fíordúir go uthuigthead d’uimhre i’r ceann; coinnis taobh tiair ríom-ra agus ní b’fíordúir aip b’fí oírt.”

Tós ré ríreóid giúmáire agus éiup ré rísoint uthas ’na héadair le tuairis. Annroin uthair ré ríor uthair aipíseas agus ríoscais ré i gceáid ’ran rísoint é agus earr ré an uthair aip mbaileall mar bheadh mearbóid aip uthair na ríreóise. Nuair b’i ré ríoscais go daingean aige, t’um ré an ríreóid agus an uthair aip mbaileall mar bheadh mearbóid aip uthair na ríreóise. Nuair b’i ré ríoscais go daingean aige, t’um ré an ríreóid agus an uthair aip mbaileall mar bheadh mearbóid aip uthair na ríreóise. Nuair b’i ré ríoscais go daingean aige, t’um ré an ríreóid agus an uthair aip mbaileall mar bheadh mearbóid aip uthair na ríreóise.

"Look," said he, "is not that a pretty tool? It came from America, and it would put a bullet through a person almost a mile from home; but we'll see the remainder again. Come over here."

He opened another door, and he motioned me out. I could not see my hand it was so dark. I did not recollect that we were in a cavern when I looked out, and I said:

"Ugh! is it not a dark night?"

The Gioblahán let a little laugh out of him.

"Is it not a dark night!" said a voice outside me. "Ha! ha!" said another voice. Then two or three spoke together further out. "Ugh! is it not"—"Ha! ha!"—"night"—"Ha! ha! ha!"—"Is it not"—"Is it not a dark"—"Ha! ha! ha!"—"night"—"Ha! ha! ha!"—and so on with them, mimicking and making fun of me till the place was filled with voices. They were beneath me and over my head; they were directly in front of me and on both sides. They faded away one after the other, and they lowered at last so that there was not in them but a whisper, trembling in the corners of the cavern.

I say that I was startled. Fright came on me at first, and afterwards the wonder and awe of the world came on me, so that I could not stir from the place in which I was standing for five minutes. The Gioblahán beckoned me inside.

"An echo," said I, when he had closed the door.

"Yes," said he, "is it not fine?"

"I never before heard anything like it except once, but it could not come near this at all. The cavern is very large, I suppose."

"Be sure of that. You are standing now on the brink of an awful chasm, and if it's an inch, it's over a thousand feet in depth. Do not go too far out when I am showing you the cavern, or perhaps you might get a reeling in your head. Keep behind me and there will be no fear of you."

He took a chip of pinewood, and put a split in its end with a hatchet. Then he got a wisp of tow and fixed it into the split, and twisted it into a knob just like a ball on the top of the chip. When it was firmly fixed, he dipped the chip and the tow into a pot of oil, and left them there until the oil was well soaked into them. I observed directly that he was making a torch in order to show me the cavern.

"This will give us sufficient light now," he said, and he

“ Tiuibhriald ré reo rolar ár nódaitaint dáinni anoir,” ari ré, agur éuir ré teine leir. Cuadomair amac go briuas na gága ari. Hac eoir do chuirleamair dinn do éuir an mac-all a phreasla tarp air éusgáinn. O’ airduisig an “ Sioblacán” an tóirre ór a éionn ari nór go bhusgáinn riadairc mait ari an uaim, agur do fear ré go dána amac ari briuas an phuill. Ni dianfarainn féin é tá bhusgáinn mile páint; acht, ari nódig, marí aitheir an gean-focal—“ Neath na taitise méaduiseann ré an tacsuirlre.”

Cé go dtus an tóirre rolar breas uairid níor féadair iúd ari bít o’ feircint acht amáin riomh tbeag de’n caprais ór mo éionn agur ari gád taobh díom. Amac uainn ní riab ann acht doiríeadar triom tius agur i’r dóbh liom féin náir òein an tóirre acht é do méaduiseadh. Bí ré com’ tius roim gur fadóilear go mb’ féidir liom é gealphead le rgin, no mám de tógsaint im’ láim. Bior ag riadairc bhusgáinn leis, an fad do bior ag féacaint amac, cao do bì foluigte taobh tiar de’n doiríeadar, agur do bì ré com’ diaimair spáineamhail gur éuir ré uathbár im’ ériodé.

“ Ni’l iomairca le feircint amac uainn no taobh tuar dínn,” ari’ an “ Sioblacán,” “ acht taibhbeánfaraidh mé óuit anoir doimhneacht an phuill.” Cuaird ré ari a glúinibh.

“ Luis rior agur taibhbeán faraidh amac go briuas na carraigé,” ari reirean, “ táim éun an tóirre do caiteamh rior.”

Luisgear rior marí o’ bhrusig ré agur briuisear amac go hainreac go riab mo céann tarp briuas na gága. Do òein ré féin an iúd céadna. Cait ré an tóirre amac uairid agur rior agur rior leir tríod an doiríeadar. Bior ag briat gád éan-nóimint go mbuaile-fearad ré ait tóin acht níor bhuail; agur níor taibhbeán ré éan-iúd dáinni. Bior ag riadairc aili go dtí ná riab ann acht ríriéas. Táinig rian im’ fáilibh agur dánán im’ céann ó bheit ag féacaint ari, agur do ériúear go rian. Fá òeirfead do cailleamair riadairc aili ari fad.

“ Anoir, cao òeir tú,” ari’ an “ Sioblacán” iúteas im’ cluair nuair bì an tóirre imitigte ar riadair.

“ Leis dám go fóill,” ari a mire, “ go scuirfíodh mé leitead na carraigé roim mé féin agur an poll uathbáras uio.” Agur do cuadair ag lapadáil iúteas fán mbotán. Ni leisgead an eagla dám ériúse im’ fearam go riadair iútis, agur bior marí òuine do òeirfead i n-áirde ari luargán. Táinig an “ Sioblacán” iúteas im’ òiatarid agur dún ré an doirí.

“ Ír aifreac agur i’r millteas an áit i’r reo,” ari a mire, “ agur tá gream im’ ériodé le huathbár.”

“ Bior féin marí gur ari dtúr,” ari’ an “ Sioblacán,” “ agur i’bhad níor meara ná tá tuig a anoir, marí i’r beag náir éuitear iúteas ari mullaec mo cinn fán gás an tarsna huairi do tángar

set fire to it. We went out to the brink of the chasm again. Every stir we made the echo sent us back an answer. The Gioblachán raised the torch over his head, so as that I would get a good view of the cavern, and he stood out boldly on the edge of the chasm. I would not do it myself if I got a thousand pounds; but, no doubt, as the proverb says, "Familiarity breeds contempt."

Though the torch gave fine light, I could not see a thing, except a portion of the rock above me and at each side. Out from us there was nothing but a heavy, thick darkness, and I believe myself the torch only increased it. It was so dense that I thought it possible to cut it with a knife, or to take a handful of it in my hand. I was asking myself while I was looking out what was hidden behind the darkness; for it was so hideously gloomy that it filled my heart with terror.

"There is not much to be seen in front of us or above us," said the Gioblachán; "but I shall show you the depth of the chasm now."

He went on his knees.

"Lie down and draw out to the edge of the rock," said he "I am about to fling down the torch."

I lay down as he ordered, and moved out carefully till my head was over the brink of the chasm. He did the same thing himself. He threw the torch out from him and down, down with it through the darkness. I was expecting every moment that it would strike the bottom, but it did not, and it showed us nothing. I was watching it till there was in it but a spark. A pain came in my eyes and a reeling in my head from being looking at it, and I trembled to the marrow. At last we lost sight of it altogether.

"Now what do you say?" said the Gioblachán into my ear when the torch had disappeared.

"Let me be awhile," said I, "until I put the breadth of the rock between myself and that dreadful hole," and I went crawling into the cabin. The fear would not allow me to rise until I was inside, and I felt like one who would be on a swing. The Gioblachán came in after me and shut the door.

"This is a strange and dreadful place," I said, "and there is a 'lite' in my heart with terror."

"I was like that first," said the Gioblachán, "and far worse than you are now, for it is little but I fell head foremost into the chasm the second time I came here; but I am used to it now and do not mind it."

annro ; aet ta taitise agam air anoir agur ni cuirom ruim air b'ann."

Tos re anuar b'osca agur raihead do b'i aise ran mbotan as b.

"Tairbeannfarid me le:tead na g'osca duit anoir."

Fuair re m'am b'arras agur ear re ap b'ios na raihead e agur dein re toirre de mar do dein re de'n truiheadis roimh rin. Nuair b'i a b'oscaint ola ruiste ag an mbarras, do cuirom re teine leir agur d'orchar re an dorpar. "Reas amac anoir," ap re agur r'asail re uair e trid an dorchar leir an mb'osca. Cuaidh an raihead agur an r'as b'arras ap l'asail go roilltearach amac, b'fearuig cead r'as, gan an taobh tall do b'ualas; agur annroin do cluonuig re riop i ndiaidh a c'eile agur tuit re mar do tuit an toirre, agur i gceann tamall do r'usgead i ndomhnaeact na g'osca e gan ean-ruis do tairbeant uainn. Ni m'fhe a phad gur meaduig re gao an mead iongantair do b'i im' epiordhe ceana:

Cuir re rtol' taobh amuig de'n dorpar. "Suidh riop annro go r'osil," ap reirean, "go scuireann tu aicne ap an scuireadait a b'ionn annro agam go minic."

AN MAC ALLA:

Rug re ap ceann de na gunnait agur cuirom re pileir ann: Sul a phaid a fior agam cao do b'i g'dh'feanam aise d'aprouig re an gunna agur cait re uiscear ap.

"Comhaisi D'e cuirom," appa mire, agur do pheabair im feadair leir an ngeit do b'ain re agram. Saoilear go phaid an r'isab ag tuitim i gcead oifinn. D'eluis an mac alla mar b'ladom toirnise, agur b'i an fuaim comh huathbharach roin gur motuisear an b'arras ag c'istealb fum. D'imteis re uainn agur tainig re ap air apair agur apair eile, ap nof gur b'eligin d'am mo mearacla do cuirom im' cluasait cun an "muaille buaille" do consgáilt amac. Ap dtuir b'i re comh boird b'agairtear leir an toirnise; annroin b'i re go gairb glusgairtear fa mar b'eadh fuaim na fairrse ag b'uirgead go triong ap cluasair tráise; agur n-a-dhiaidh rin b'i re an-éoraitheal leir an b'fuaim do chluasair ó clárde ag tuitim, no ó chluasailib do b'eadh ag gábháil éair b'ótar gairb; agur trid an b'fotrom agur an truitar go léiri tainig cuirom fuaim mar p'leargadh gunnait mór i b'fad uainn. Cait an "Gioibhlaean" a n-ó a trí d'urcharait eile agur b'i fonn air leanamaint do'n gno, aet d'íarraig air a cabairt gurair. B'i an mac alla go han-b'fheag air fad aet b'i mo b'oscaint agam de an uair rin go hárpiúte. Aet ní

He took down a bow-and-arrow, which he had in the cabin, saying :

“ I shall show you the breadth of the chasm now.”

He got a handful of tow, and wound it round the point of the arrow, and made a torch of it, as he did of the pinewood chip previously. When it had soaked a sufficient quantity of oil he set fire to it, and opened the door.

“ Look out now,” said he, and he sent the torch away through the darkness by means of the bow. The arrow, with the wisp of tow lighting brightly, went out, perhaps, a hundred yards without striking the other side; then it inclined downwards gradually, and fell as the torch did, and after awhile it was swallowed in the depths of the chasm without showing anything to us. It is unnecessary to say that this increased the wonder which was already in my heart.

He placed a stool outside the door.

“ Sit down here awhile,” said he, “ until you make the acquaintance of the company I have, often here.”

THE ECHO.

FROM “AN GIOBLACHÁN,” BY THOMAS HAYES.

He took one of the guns and put a cartridge in it. Before I knew what he was about he raised the gun and fired a shot.

“ The protection of God to us!” said I, and I jumped to my feet with the start he gave me. I thought the mountain was falling in on us. The echo arose like a burst of thunder, and the sound was so awful that I felt the rock trembling beneath me. It faded away and came back, again and again, so that it was necessary for me to put my fingers in my ears to keep out the roar of it. At first it was as fiercely threatening as thunder, then it was roughly rumbling, just like the sound of the sea breaking heavily on a stony shore, and afterwards it closely resembled the sound that would arise from the falling of a dry wall, or from carts going over a rough road; and through all the clamour and confusion came a noise like the explosion of big guns far away. The Gioblachán fired two or three other shots, and he was inclined to continue the business, but I asked him to desist. The echo was very fine indeed, but I had got quite enough of it, for this time at all

naibh an "Sioblaicán" rárta fór. Tós ré anuair fionn b' i ari
croicéad, de'n balla, agur cùir p' i scóip i.

"An taitneann ceol leat?" ari reirean.

"Taitneann go maic," ari mire, "tá gréig mór agam ann i
geomhúidé."

"Má'r marp' pín atá an ríseal," ari p', "Seo baird tú ceol anoir
nó miamh."

"Má tá ré marp' an ceol do tuis an mac alla uairibh ó cianaith
ná bac leir."

"Eirt," ari reirean, ag leigint gáipe ari, "agur tabhair do
bheith nuairi táim chioctuigthe."

Tornuis ré ag reinn, agur d' a mbéinn ag caint go ceann peact-
máine ní féadfainn tuararbháil ceapt' do tabhairt ari an
gcónáirfeinn d'éigis rán uaimh. B'áluinn an bheòleasáidí an
"Sioblaicán" agur b' i ré 'n-a cumar, "ó neart na taitige," if
túca, ceol do buaint ari an mac alla comh maic leir an bfrionn.
Dá mbeadh gáe éin-gléas ceol i n-éiginn bailigthe irtteas i n-éan-
halla amáin agur iad go léir ari riubal i n-éimfeacht, ní féadfaidh
riodh ceol níos binné ná níos áilne ná níos taitneamhaisge do
tabhairt uata ná an ceol do tuis an fionn agur an mac alla b'áinn
an oirdéidh úd. Tós ré an chiorde agur an t-anam ariam. Níos
mótuitgear pian ná tuigte ná eagla ná éinnid eile aict amáin
aorúnear agur rárám aiginnibh an fáid do b' i an "Sioblaicán" ag
reinn agur d' fánfainn annpoin ag éirteacht leir ari fáid lae
agur oirdéidh gan beit tuigtear é.

Níosair b' i ré rárta cùir p' uairi an fionn agur tornuis ré ag
caint ari ceol na h-éigean agur b' i cùir riop' mór agamh marp' gheall
aici. Cainteoirí áluinn doibh ead' an "Sioblaicán" agur b' ait
leat beit ag éirteacht leir. Ba liomhá agur ba leigeannta na
fmaointe do b' aige agur do tuit an ghearrán ó n-a béal comh
bhrúda le ceol. Ni phair p' dall ari éinnid. Do b'íor ag fmaoint-
eamh, anoir agur ariar, an fáid do b' i ré ag caint, ari an gcaoi 'n-a
phair p' i ré ag cairteamh a coda aimpriú agur ag fiafhrúisge d'iomhán
cad' é an fáid b' i leir. B'íor deimhneac go phair p' leat-éadrtrom
agur gur b' in é an ciáll go phair p' i ré ag imteacht, marp' a dearrá, le
haer an t-riaoisair agur ag cùir a mhuineil i gcontabhairt; aict ní
phair riop' agam an uairi pín ari an méid ari cuaidh p' tuis.

Níos leig p' óam dul iu-fada leir na fmaointibh leo marp'
tarrans p' cùige feadóis agur tornuis ré ag reinn uíppi. Dá
feabhar an ceol do buaint p' ari an bfrionn, b'feabhrí ná pín peact
n-uaire an ceol do buaint p' ari an bfeadóidí. Do fáruis p' ari
gáe uile mór d' aimpriú agur go dtí pín. Ni tiubhráid éanlaist na
cruinne d' a mbéidír go leir 'rán uaimh ag cainte le céile ceol

events. But he was not satisfied yet. He took down a fiddle which was hanging on the wall, and got it ready.

"Do you like music?" said he.

"I do, well," I said. "I always take a great delight in it."

"If that is so," said he, "you'll get music now or never."

"If it is like the music which the echo gave us awhile ago, do not mind it."

"Listen," said he, laughing, "and pass judgment when I am finished."

He began playing, and if I were speaking for a week, I could not give a proper description of the harmony which arose in the cavern. The Gioblaichán was a splendid violinist, and he was able, from experience I suppose, to take music from the echo as well as from the violin. If every musical instrument in Ireland was gathered into one great hall, and that they were all playing together, they could not give sweeter, nor more beautiful, nor more delightful, music than the fiddle and the echo gave us that night. It lifted the heart and soul out of me. I felt no pain, no weariness, no fear, no anything but delight and satisfaction of mind, while the Gioblaichán was playing, and I would stay there listening to him for a day and a night without being tired.

When he was satisfied he put aside the violin, and began to talk about the music of Ireland, and we had a long chat about it. The Gioblaichán was a splendid speaker, and you would like to be listening to him. His ideas and thoughts were refined and learned, and the Irish fell from his lips as sweetly as music. He was not ignorant about anything. I was thinking, now and again, while he was speaking, of the way in which he was spending his time, and asking myself what was the reason for it. I was certain that he was half crazy, and that was why he was drifting, as you might say, with the winds of the world, and putting his neck in danger; but I had no knowledge then of all he had suffered.

He did not let me go too far with those thoughts, for he drew out a flute and began playing on it. Though excellent the music which he extracted from the fiddle, the music which he took from the flute was seven times better. It excelled everything I had heard till then. All the birds of the universe, if they were gathered in the cavern singing together, could not give more heavenly or more delectable music. The flute brought out the echo far better than anything else.

níor neamhda ná níor aoiúne uatá. Do éus an feadógs an mac alla amach i bprao níor feadóir agus níor dinne ná éan-rua eile.

“ Cao deir tú leir rín ? ” aipr’ an “ Sioblacán ” nuair fuaire ré dá feinneamhant.

“ Ní feadóir fóir, ” aipr’ mire, “ ná fuilim fá órlaoisídeac. Ól mbeinn ag caint ari feadólae agus bliaóna, ní feadóir ainnriú duit an meád aoiúnta agus taitním agus fárlamh ériúde do éus an ceol úd dám. Níl éin-teacáit fuaig leat.”

“ Ná bac leir an bplámar aoiur, ” aipr’ an “ Sioblacán.”

“ Ní’lum ag plámar i n-éan-cóir, ” aipr’ mire, aict b’férdoirí gur círte dám a phád ná fuil éin teacáit fuaig le dearplámaict an “ Fír i n-áiríre.”

“ Tá tú ag caint go ciallmári aoiur, ” ari feirfean, ag curaíte ar.

“ B’férdoir é, ” aipr’ mire, “ aict bior éun a phád nuair bior ag éirteacáit leat—”

“ Agus leir an mac alla, ” ari feirfean.

“ Agus leir an mac alla, ari eagla an plámar—do éuirí ré i n-umair dám an tuarafgháil do leigear agus do éuálaí go minic i dtaoibh ceoil na n-ainseal i’r na flaitír.”

“ Ní’lum criochnuigte i n-éan-cóir fóir, ” ari feirfean, agus d’éiríug ré ’n-a feairamh.

Teorainis ré ag amhrán. Bí guth bheag fonnmarí ceolmári ag an “ n-Sioblacán ” agus níor caill ré éanrua i dtaoibh beirt iarráidh ran uairim. Ní feadóir féin eis aca do b’feadóir éun an mac alla do éabhairt amach—an fíor, an feadógs ná guth an “ Sioblacán ”—nó eis aca a phair an bprao aige i gcoimíreann; aict i’r dordis liom gur fáruis an guth oppa go léir. Éuálaí trí céad daoine ag gábháil amhrán i n-éirfeadáit éan-uaíri amáin i halla móri i mBaile-Átha-Cluáit; aict eis go phair an ceol agus an coimíreann go han-bheag ari phád, ní phair éin-teacáit fuaig aige le ceol an “ Sioblacán ” nuair éus ré uairid “ An Ráibh tú ag an gCaprais, ” agus nuair do bí an mac alla agus an dórto do éuirí ré fuaig ran uairim ag curfeadáint leir.

“What do you say to that?” said the Gioblachán, when he ceased playing.

“I don’t know yet, but I am under some spell,” said I. “If I were talking for a year and a day, I could not describe to you the amount of pleasure, and delight, and satisfaction of heart, that music gave me. There is no coming near you.”

“Do not mind the flattery now,” said the Gioblachán.

“I am not flattering at all,” I said; “but perhaps it would be more correct to say there is no coming near the handiwork of the Creator.”

“You are talking sensibly now,” he said, laughing.

“Perhaps so,” said I; “but I was about to say when I was listening to you—”

“And to the echo,” he said.

“And to the echo—to guard against flattery—it reminded me of the descriptions which I often read and heard about the angel music in heaven.”

“I am not finished at all yet,” he said, and he stood up.

He began to sing. The Gioblachán had a fine resonant musical voice, and it lost nothing by being in the cavern. I do not know which of them was the best to bring out the echo—the violin, the flute, or the Gioblachán’s voice—or which of them excelled in harmony; but I think his singing surpassed the others. I heard three hundred people singing together in a great hall in Dublin at one time, but though the music and the harmony were very, very fine, they could not come near the Gioblachán’s singing when he rendered “Were You at the Rock,” and when the echo and the musical murmur which he aroused in the cavern were accompanying him.

CASAÚ AN TSUGÁIN.

DRAMA AON-ÉNSIM.

NA DAOINE:—

TOMÁS O H-ANNRACÁIN, file Connachtach atá ari gearrán.
MÁIRE NI RIOSÁIN, bean an tigé.

ÚNA, ingean Máire.

SÉAMUS O H-LARAINN, atá luaróite le Úna.

SÍSTE, cómárra do Máire.

Þiobairí, cómárranna agus ñaoine eile:

ÁIT.—

Teac feilmeir i gCúige Múman céad bliadán ó roin. Tá pip agus mná ag dul tríd a céile in ran tigé, no 'na gearrann coir na mballa, amail agus ró mbeirt ñamhá epiocnuigte aca: Tá Tomáir O h-Annracáin ag caint le Úna i òriont-choraí na rítaire. Tá an ñiobairí ag fárgád a ñiobairí ari, le torugád ari feinm ari, acht do ñeiri Séamus O h-Larainn ñeois cuige; agus ríadann ré: Tagann fear òs go h-Úna le n-a tabhairt amach ari an uirláir cùm ñamhá, acht díultann rí òd.

ÚNA:—Ná b' i m' ño ñiobugád ari: Nac ñeiceann tú go ñeuri me ag éirteáct le n-a ñeuri ñeicean d'a ñiab liom. Leir an h-Annracáin: Lean leat, cao é ñin do b' tú 'jád ari ball?

TOMÁS O H-ANNRACÁIN.—Cao é do b' an bodaíc ñin d'a iarráidh ari?

ÚNA.—Ais iarráidh ñamhá oifim, do b' ré, acht ní ñiubhainn do éi:

MÁC UI H-ANN.—Iñ cinnle nac ñtiubhíctá. Iñ d'óig, ní meadarann tú go leisfinn-re do ñuine ari b'it ñamhá leat, comh fad agus ró t' a mire ann ro. A! a Úna, ní ñiab róilár ná ñoscamail agam le ñaoda go dtáinig mé ann ro ari ari agus go ñpacaird mé turá!

ÚNA.—Cao é an róilár ñuít mire?

MÁC UI H-ANN.—Ñuairí atá marde leat-óigícte in ran teine, nac ñfáisann ré róilár ñuair ñoirteári uirge ari?

ÚNA.—Iñ d'óig, ní'l turá leat-óigícte.

MÁC UI H-ANN.—Tá mé, agus ró t'í ceathramhna de mo chroide, ñoirícte agus loirícte agus caitte, ag tróid leir an ñaoisgal, agus an ñaoisgal ag tróid liom-ra.

ÚNA.—Ní fíoscann tú comh dona ñin!

MÁC UI H-ANN.—Ue! a Úna ní Ríosáin, ní'l aon eolair agus-ra ari ñeata an ñáiridh ñoict, atá gan teac gan téagád gan tios-

THE TWISTING OF THE ROPE.

HANRAHAN.—*A wandering poet.*

SHEAMUS O'HERAN.—*Engaged to OONA.*

MAURYA.—*The woman of the house.*

SHEELA.—*A neighbor.*

OONA.—*Maurya's daughter.*

Neighbors and a piper who have come to Maurya's house for a dance.

SCENE.—*A farmer's house in Munster a hundred years ago. Men and women moving about and standing round the wall as if they had just finished a dance.* HANRAHAN, in the foreground, talking to OONA.

The piper is beginning a preparatory drone for another dance, but SHEAMUS brings him a drink and he stops. A man has come and holds out his hand to OONA, as if to lead her out, but she pushes him away.

OONA.—Don't be bothering me now; don't you see I'm listening to what he **is** saying. [To HANRAHAN] Go on with what you were saying just now.

HANRAHAN.—What did that fellow want of you?

OONA.—He wanted the next dance with me, but I wouldn't give it to him.

HANRAHAN.—And why would you give it to him? Do you think I'd let you dance with anyone but myself as long as I am here. Ah, Oona, I had no comfort or satisfaction this long time until I came here to-night, and till I saw yourself.

OONA.—What comfort am I to you?

HANRAHAN.—When a stick is half-burned in the fire, does it not get comfort when water is poured on it?

OONA.—But sure, you are not half-burned?

HANRAHAN.—I am, and three-quarters of my heart is burned, and scorched and consumed, struggling with the world and the world struggling with me.

OONA.—You don't look that bad.

HANRAHAN.—Oh, Oona ni Regaun, you have not knowledge of the life of a poor bard, without house or home or havings,

Údar, acht é ag imteacáit agus ag riop-imteacáit le fán ari fud an traoðail tóirí, gan duine ari bít leir acht é féin. Ni'l maruin in ran treacáitmain nuaír ériúigim ruar naé n-abhrain liom féin go mb'feárrí Óam an uaig 'ná an reacáin. Ni'l aon fud ag reacáin Óam acht an bionntanuig do fuaír mé ó Óia—mo éuit aibhrán. Nuaír torraigim offra rín, imtigéann mo ńbón agus mo ńuaidhreacáin, agus ní éiúinigim níor mó ari mo ghearr-érláid agus ari mo mi-ád. Agus anoir, ó Connac mé turra, a Úna, cím go ńfuisil fud eile ann, níor dinne 'ná na h-abhrain féin!

ÚNAD.—Ír iongantac an bionntanuig ó Óia an ńbáruigseac. Cóm fada agus tá rín eisíod nac ńfuisil tú níor fadóibh na luict rtwic agus rctóir, luict bó agus eal aig.

MÁC UI H-ANN.—A! a Úna, if mór an beannacáit acht if mór an mallaict, leir, do ńvine é do ńbír 'ná ńbáro. Feuc mire! ńfuisil capair agam ari an fadóigal ro? ńfuisil feap b ó ari mait leir mé? ńfuisil ghláid ag ńvine ari bít oípm? Bim ag imteacáit, mo éadán docht aonphánaí, ari fud an traoðail, moí Oírin anois aig na Féinne. Bionn fuaí ag h-uile ńvine oípm, ni'l fuaí agad-ra oípm, a Úna?

ÚNAD.—Ná h-abair fud marí rín, ní férdirig go ńfuisil fuaí ag ńvine ari bít oírt-r.

MÁC UI H-ANN.—Táir liom agus fuitófimír i gceáinne an tigé le céile, agus déarphair mé ńuit an t-aibhrán do ńinne mé ńuit. If oírt-ra ńinnearf é.

[Imtigéann riad go dtí an coimheall if fadóe ón rctáid, agus riadéann riad anaice le céile.]

[Tig Sígle arteac.]

SÍGLE.—Táinig mé cugad cóm luat agus o'feud mé.

MÁIRE.—Céad fáilte rómád:

SÍGLE.—Cao tá ari riúbal ag o anoir?

MÁIRE.—Ag torugád atáimír. Bí aon foirt amáin agaínn, agus anoir tá an piobaire ag ól vige. Torócaid an dámra ari nuaír ńbídear an piobaire férí.

SÍGLE.—Tá na ńaoine ag bailliuigád arteac go mait, ńbír dámra ńbídeas agaínn.

MÁIRE.—ńbír a Sígle, acht tá feap aca ann agus o'feapri liom amuis ná airtig é! Feuc é.

SÍGLE.—Ír ari an ńfeapri fada donn atá tú ag caint, nac ead? An feapri rín atá ag cóbairdó cóm olút rín le Úna in ran gcoimheall anoir. Cár b' ari é, no cia h-é féin?

MÁIRE.—Sín é an ńfíraíte if mó táinig i n-Éirinn ariam, Tomáir O h-Annraicáin cugann riad ari, acht Tomáir Róisairé budo cónir do bailetead ari, i gceart. Óra! nac riab an mi-ád oípm, é do teact arteac cugainn, cónir ari bít, anóct!

but he going and ever going a-drifting through the wide world, without a person with him but himself. There is not a morning in the week when I rise up that I do not say to myself that it would be better to be in the grave than to be wandering. There is nothing standing to me but the gift I got from God, my share of songs; when I begin upon them, my grief and my trouble go from me, I forget my persecution and my ill luck, and now, since I saw you Oona, I see there something that is better even than the songs.

OONA.—Poetry is a wonderful gift from God, and as long as you have that, you are more rich than the people of stock and store, the people of cows and cattle.

HANRAHAN.—Ah, Oona, it is a great blessing, but it is a great curse as well for a man, he to be a poet. Look at me! have I a friend in this world? Is there a man alive who has a wish for me, is there the love of anyone at all on me? I am going like a poor lonely barnacle goose throughout the world; like Usheen after the Fenians; every person hates me. You do not hate me, Oona?

OONA.—Do not say a thing like that; it is impossible that anyone would hate you.

HANRAHAN.—Come and we will sit in the corner of the room together, and I will tell you the little song I made for you: it is for you I made it. [They go to a corner and sit down together. SHEELA comes in at the door.]

SHEELA.—I came to you as quick as I could.

MAURYA.—And a hundred welcomes to you.

SHEELA.—What have you going on now?

MAURYA.—Beginning we are; we had one jig, and now the piper is drinking a glass. They'll begin dancing again in a minute when the piper is ready.

SHEELA.—There are a good many people gathering in to you to-night. We will have a fine dance.

MAURYA.—Maybe so, Sheela, but there's a man of them there, and I'd sooner him out than in.

SHEELA.—It's about the long brown man you are talking, isn't it? The man that is in close talk with Oona in the corner. Where is he from and who is he himself?

MAURYA.—That's the greatest vagabond ever came into Ireland; Tumaus Hanrahan they call him, but it's Hanrahan the rogue he ought to have been christened by right. Aurah, wasn't there the misfortune on me, him to come in to us at all to-night.

SÍGLE.—Cia'n rórt duine e? Nac fear tdeanta aibhán ar Connachtach e? Cualaird mé caint aip, céana, agur deir riad nac bhfuil dámhróir eile i n-Eirinn comh maic leir: buidh maic liom a feicfint ag dámhra.

MÁIRE.—Bhráin go deo aip an mbiteamhnaidh! Táir agam-ra go mór maic cia 'n cineál atá ann, marí b' i rórt cárptanaír roip é fén agur an céad-fear do b' agam-ra, agur is minic cualaird mé ó Diafrumhúidh docht (go ndéanaird Dia tríobairfe aip!) cia 'n rórt duine b' i ann. B' i ré 'na máigírtíp r'goile, sior i gConnachtach, acht b' iobh n-uitle cleap aige buidh meára ná a céi e. Ag riop-ódeanamh aibhán do b' iobh ré, agur ag b' iurfe beata, agur ag cupí impír aip b' iobh amearg na gcoimíonn le n-a chuid cainte. Deir riad nac bhfuil bean in rna cíug cíugibh nac meallfadh ré. Ir meára é ná Dómhnall na Tréine rao d. Acht buidh é deirfeadh an r'gairdín iuaidis 'n r'gairdín amach aip an b'rairpháirté e aip rao. B' iadair ré áit eile ann rín, acht lean ré do na clearrannáid céaduana, b' iuaidseadh amach aipir é, agur aipir eile, leir. Agur aonair níl áit ná teac ná d'adair aige acht é beirt ag ghabhail na tíre, ag ódeanamh aibhán agur ag fágair iobairtín na h-oiríodé ó na d'aoimh. Ni thíultócaidh duine aip b'it é, marí tá faictíos oppa riomh. Ir mór an file é, agur b' ériúil go ndéanfaidh ré iann opt do gheamhaiscadh go deo b'uit, tá gcuimhneadh feairg aip.

SÍGLE.—Go b'fóiridh Dia oppíann. Acht eipeadh do tuig airtéad anuach é?

MÁIRE.—B' i ré ag taistíteal na tíre, agur cualaird ré go riabhadh dámhra le beirt ann ro, agur taimis ré airtéad, marí b' eolair aige oppíann,—b' i ré mór go leor le mo céad-fear. Ir iongantach marí tá ré ag ódeanamh amach a fágair-beata, éorí aip b'it, agur gian aige acht a chuid aibhán. Deir riad nac bhfuil áit a iascáidh ré nac dtuigann na mna gráidh, agur nac dtuigann na fír fuaidh ó.

SÍGLE [Ag bheireadh aip gualainn máire].—Tompuis do céann, a máire, feuch é aonair; é fén agur o' ingean-ra, agur an da iloigíonn buailte aip céile. Tá ré tapa eir aibhán do ódeanamh ói, agur tá ré ó'a munaodh ói ag cosáirnúis in a cluair. Óra, an b'iteamhnaidh! b'eo ré ag cupí a chuid riorthreóidh aip úna aonair.

MÁIRE.—Oc ón! go deo! Nac mi-áthairíl taimis ré! Tá ré ag caint le úna n-uitle móimíodh ó taimis ré airtéad, t'fí uaire ó fionn. Rinne mé mo thíctíoll le n-a r'gairdán ó céile, acht ceir ré oípm. Tá úna docht tuigte do n-uitle fórt fean-aibhán agur fean-páiméir de r'gairdáin, agur is binn leir an gceádúir beirt ag éirteacht leir, marí tá b'éal aige rín do b'fóiridh an g'mólaíde de'n éraoisibh. Táir agad go bhfuil an pobal péistíte roinntíste

SHEELA.—What sort of a person is he? Isn't he a man that makes songs, out of Connacht? I heard talk of him before, and they say there is not another dancer in Ireland so good as him. I would like to see him dance.

MAURYA.—Bad luck to the vagabond! It is well I know what sort he is, because there was a kind of friendship between himself and the first husband I had, and it's often I heard from poor Diarmuid—the Lord have mercy on him!—what sort of person he was. He was a schoolmaster down in Connacht, but he used to have every trick worse than another, ever making songs he used to be, and drinking whiskey and setting quarrels afoot among the neighbours with his share of talk. They say there isn't a woman in the five provinces that he wouldn't deceive. He is worse than Donal na Greina long ago. But the end of the story is that the priest routed him out of the parish altogether; he got another place then, and followed on at the same tricks until he was routed out again, and another again with it. Now he has neither place nor house nor anything, but he to be going the country, making songs and getting a night's lodging from the people. Nobody will refuse him, because they are afraid of him. He's a great poet, and maybe he'd make a rann on you that would stick to you for ever, if you were to anger him.

SHEELA.—God preserve us, but what brought him in to-night?

MAURYA.—He was traveling the country and he heard there was to be a dance here, and he came in because he knew us; he was rather great with my first husband. It is wonderful how he is making out his way of life at all, and he with nothing but his share of songs. They say that there is no place that he'll go to that the women don't love him and that the men don't hate him.

SHEELA (*catching MAURYA by the shoulder*).—Turn your head, Maurya, look at him now, himself and your daughter, and their heads together; he's whispering in her ear; he's after making a poem for her and he's whispering it in her ear. Oh, the villain, he'll be putting his spells on her now.

MAURYA.—Ohone, go deo! isn't a misfortune that he came? He's talking every moment with Oona since he came in three hours ago. I did my best to separate them from each other, but it failed me. Poor Oona is given up to every sort of old songs and old made-up stories, and she thinks it sweet to be listening to him. The marriage is settled between herself and

isír Úna agus Séamair O h-Íarlaíonn aon rún, ráite ó'n lá inoimí: feuc Séamair docht ag an dothúr agus é ag fáilte oírra. Tá bhrón agus ceannraoi airi. Is fúthu a feictear go mbuile mait le Séamair an rígráidte rún do taobhán an móimíodh reo. Tá fáitcior mór oírr go mbéid an ceann iompuigthe ari Úna le h-a chuid bhlao-daireácht. Cómh cinnte a'f tá mé beo, tuisceáidh oile ari an oíche reo.

SÍGLE.—Agus nád óréadra a chur amach?

MÁIRE.—Ó'fheáidhainn; níl duine aon ro do chuidéidéal leis, muna mbeidh bean no dó. Acht is file mór é, agus tá mallaist aige do rígoiltreacha na crainn agus do phéabharád na clocha. Deirí ríad go lobháinn an riad in rian talamh, agus go n-imteigeanann a gcuirid bainne ó na bat nuaiti túsáinn file mairi é rún a mallaist ónibh, má phuigeanann duine ari an teac é. Acht ód mbeidh ré amuis, níre mo bannuaidh nád leisfínn aitheach ari é.

SÍGLE.—Ód ríacáidh ré férin amach go toileamhail, ní beit aon bhris in a chuid mallaist aon rún?

MÁIRE.—Ní beit. Acht ní ríacáidh ré amach go toileamhail, agus ní tig liom-ra a phagáidh amach ari eagla a mallaist.

SÍGLE.—Feuc Séamair docht. Tá ré duil aonann go h-Úna:

[Eigiseann Séamair i téirdéann ré go h-Úna.]

SÉAMUS.—An nuaítróisaith tú an fíil seo liom-ra, a Úna, nuairi bhéaréar an ríobairfe píreid.

MAC UI H-ANN [ag eisge].—Is mire Tomáir O h-Annraíscáin, agus tá mé ag labhairt le Úna. Ni Ríogáin aonair, agus cóimh fad agus bhéaréar ponn uirghe-re beit ag caint liom-ra ni leisfíodh mé ódon duine eile do teac eadraíonn.

SÉAMUS [san aithe ari thac ui h-Annraíscáin].—Nád nuaítróisaith tú liom, a Úna?

MAC UI H-ANN [go fioctair].—Náir óubhairt mé leat aonair gur liom-ra do b' Úna Ni Ríogáin ag caint? Imteig leat ari an móimíodh, a b'ordáis, agus ná tóis clámpair aon ro.

SÉAMUS.—A Úna—

MAC UI H-ANN [ag bhéar].—Fág rún!

[Imteigeanann Séamair agus tig ré go dtí an bheirt fean-mhaoi.]

SÉAMUS.—A tháirfe Ó h-Annraíscáin, tá mé ag iarráidh cead oírra an rígráidte mí-dháimhail meirgeamhail rún do chaitéadán amach ari an tig. Má leigseann tú Ó ham, cuipíodh mire agus mo bheirt bhlao-daireácht amach é, agus nuairi bhéaréar ré amuis fiosróisaith mire leis.

Sheamus O'Herin there, a quarter from to-day. Look at poor Sheamus at the door, and he watching them. There is grief and hanging of the head on him; it's easy to see that he'd like to choke the vagabond this minute. I am greatly afraid that the head will be turned on Oona with his share of blathering. As sure as I am alive there will come evil out of this night.

SHEELA.—And couldn't you put him out?

MAURYA.—I could. There's no person here to help him unless there would be a woman or two; but he is a great poet, and he has a curse that would split the trees and that would burst the stones. They say the seed will rot in the ground and the milk go from the cows when a poet like him makes a curse, if a person routed him out of the house; but if he were once out, I'll go bail that I wouldn't let him in again.

SHEELA.—If himself were to go out willingly, there would be no virtue in his curse then?

MAURYA.—There would not, but he will not go out willingly, and I cannot rout him out myself for fear of his curse.

SHEELA.—Look at poor Sheamus. He is going over to her.
[**SHEAMUS** gets up and goes over to her.]

SHEAMUS.—Will you dance this reel with me, Oona, as soon as the piper is ready?

HANRAHAN (*rising up*)—I am Tumaus Hanrahan, and I am speaking now to Oona ni Regaun, and as long as she is willing to be talking to me, I will allow no living person to come between us.

SHEAMUS (*without heeding HANRAHAN*).—Will you not dance with me, Oona?

HANRAHAN (*savagely*).—Didn't I tell you now that it was to me Oona ni Regaun was talking? Leave that on the spot, you clown, and do not raise a disturbance here.

SHEAMUS.—Oona—

HANRAHAN (*shouting*).—Leave that! (**SHEAMUS** goes away and comes over to the two old women).

SHEAMUS.—Maurya Regaun, I am asking permission of you to throw that ill-mannerly, drunken vagabond out of the house. Myself and my two brothers will put him out if you will allow us; and when he's outside I'll settle with him.

MÁIRE.—O ! a Séamair, ná d'éan. Tá faintéior oírt níomhais
Tá mallaet aige rín do gsoiltearadh na cíanna, deirí ríad.

SÉAMAS.—Ír cuma liom má tá mallaet aige do leasfáid na
gréartha. Ír oírt-ra tuaitfíodh ré, agur círrim mo Óubhán faoi.
Tá marbócadh ré mé ari an móimíodh ní leigfíodh mé ódha a chuid pír-
tríodh do chur ari Úna. A mairle, tabhair 'm cead.

SÍGLE.—Ná d'éan rín, a Séamus, tá cónaipile níor feárr 'ná
rín agam-ra.

SÉAMUS.—Cia an cónaipile i rín ?

SÍGLE.—Tá rúise in mo céann agam le n-a chur amach. Tá
leanann ríb-ré mo cónaipile-ré níoscaidh ré fén amach comh rocaidh
le uan, o'á tóil fén, agur nuair gheobairidh ríb amuig é, bualaidh
an dorúr ari, agur ná leigfíodh airtseas ari gheallat é.

MÁIRE.—Rat ó Óia oírt, agur innír d'am éad é tá in do céann.

SÍGLE.—Déanfhamaois é comh dearf agur comh rímplíthe agur
connaitc tú ariamh. Cuirfímid é ag caradh rúagáin go bhfuigímid
amuig é, agur bualairfímid an dorúr ari ann rín.

MÁIRE.—Ír dorúr a labh, acht ní dorúr a déanamh. Déanfaraidh
ré leat "d'éan rúagáin, tú fén."

SÍGLE.—Déanfhamaois, ann rín, nád go bhacairidh duine ari bhit ann
go rúagáin fénír ariamh, nád go bhfuil duine ari bhit an fán thíos ari fénír
leir céann aca déanamh.

SÉAMUS.—Acht an gceisteoiríodh ré iuas marí rín—nád go bhacaimar
rúagáin nuamh ?

SÍGLE.—An gceisteoiríodh ré, an ead ? Céisteoiríodh ré iuas ari bhit,
chéisteoirfeadh ré go haisb ré fén 'ná iuas ari Éiginn nuair aca glaine
bíta aige, marí atá anois.

SÉAMUS.—Acht ead é an gceisteann círrfeadh rínne ari an
mhíleis leo, —go bhfuil rúagáin fénír ag teaghlach uainn ?

MÁIRE.—Smuaín ari gceisteonn do chur ari rín, a Séamus.

SÉAMUS.—Déanfaraidh mé go bhfuil an gaoth ag eiríse agur go
bhfuil címhaois in thíos o'á rúabhadh leir an ftoimh, agur go
fcaidhímid rúagáin éarrthainnt ari.

MÁIRE.—Acht má eirteann ré ag an dorúr bhéid fíor aige nád
dorúr gaoth ná rtoil m ann. Smuaín ari gceisteonn eile, a Séamus.

SÍGLE.—'Noir, tá an cónaipile ceart agam-ra. Abair go

MAURYA.—Sheamus, do not; I am afraid of him. That man has a curse, they say, that would split the trees.

SHEAMUS.—I don't care if he had a curse that would overthrow the heavens; it is on me it will fall, and I defy him! If he were to kill me on the moment, I will not allow him to put his spells on Oona. Give me leave, Maurya.

SHEELA.—Do not, Sheamus. I have a better advice than that.

SHEAMUS.—What advice is that?

SHEELA.—I have a way in my head to put him out. If you follow my advice he will go out himself as quiet as a lamb, and when you get him out slap the door on him, and never let him in again.

MAURYA.—Luck from God on you, Sheela, and tell us what's in your head.

SHEELA.—We will do it as nice and easy as ever you saw. We will put him to twist a hay-rope till he is outside, and then we will shut the door on him.

SHEAMUS.—It's easy to say, but not easy to do. He will say to you, "Make a hay-rope yourself."

SHEELA.—We will say then that no one ever saw a hay-rope made, that there is no one at all in the house to make the beginning of it.

SHEAMUS.—But will *he* believe that we never saw a hay-rope?

SHEELA.—Believe it, is it? He'd believe anything; he'd believe that himself is king over Ireland when he has a glass taken, as he has now.

SHEAMUS.—But what excuse can we make for saying we want a hay-rope?

MAURYA.—Can't you think of something yourself, Sheamus?

SHEAMUS.—Sure I can say the wind is rising, and I must bind the thatch, or it will be off the house.

SHEELA.—But he'll know the wind is not rising if he does but listen at the door. You must think of some other excuse, Sheamus.

SHEAMUS.—Wait, I have a good idea now; say that there is

Úrnuil cónípte leasctá ag bun an énuic, agur go úrnuil riad ag iarráití rúgáin leir an scórípte do leasrugáin. Ni feicfidh ré comhfhada rín ó'n dorúr, agur ní b'eo idh sior aige náidh sior é.

MÁIRE.—Sin é an rúgéal, a Sígle. 'Noir, a Séamus, sáibhimearsa na nuaointe agur leis an rún i ó. Inniú d'óidh cad tá aca le riad—náidh úrscárdh duine ari b'ic rán típ reo rúgán féin píam—agur cuij crioicíonn mait ari an mbhréig, tú féin.

[Imníseann Séamus ó duine go duine ag cosgráinntis leibh. Tóraíseann curu aca ag sáipe. Tágann an piobaire agur togrúiseann ré ag reinn. Éiríseann tui no ceatrlap de cíuplásait, agur togrúiseann riad ag daimh. Imníseann Séamus amach.]

MÁIC UI N-ANN. [Ag éiríse tairb éir a b'ait ag feácaint oppa ari feadó cíupla móimíod.—] Úruit! rútoparaidh! An dtugann riú daimh ari an rúparaidhreacáit rín! Tá riú ag bualaodh an uirláir mair b'ait an oipead rín d'eallaí. Tá riú comh riom le dullán, agur comh ciotaí le arail. Go dtacáin mo piobán tá mb'feadar liom b'ait ag feácaint oppraitibh 'ná ari an oipead rín laicain bacaí, ag leimníg ari leat-éoir ari fudo an tigé! Fáscaradh an t-uirláir fá úna Ni Riogáin agur fum-ra.

FEADR [atá dul ag daimh].—Agur cad fáid a b'ráisfhamaois an t-uirláir fút-ra?

MÁIC UI N-ANN.—Tá an eala ari b'ruac na toinne, tá an phoéniciar Riochá, tá péarla an b'pollaig báin, tá an Bénur amearaí na mban, tá úna Ni Riogáin ag reáramh ruair liom-ra, agur áit ari b'ic a n-éiríseann ríre ruair úmhlúigéann an ghealac agur an ghráin féin dí, agur úmhlócaidh riú-re. Tá rí ní álunn agur ní rúpíreáinail le h-aon bean eile do b'ait 'na h-aice. Aict rán go róil, rul tairbeáinamh daoirb mair gniordáinn an buacáill bheag Connachtach júnnce, déarfaraidh mé an t-abhrán daoirb do júnnce mé do Reult Cúige Mumhan—ó'úna Ni Riogáin. Éirig, a ghráin na mban, agur déarfaramaidh an t-abhrán le céile, gac le b'earra, agur ann rín mánfumitio d'óidh cad é i fí júnnce rípeannach ann.

[Éiríseann riad ag ghabháid abhrán.]

MÁIC UI N-ANN.

'Si úna báin, na ghráise buirde,
An cíulbhíonn 'éiríodh in mo lár mo épíordé,
 Ír ipe mo rún, 'r mo cumann go buan,
Ír cuma liom éordé bean aict i.

ÚNA.

A báirto na rúile duibh, iñ tú
 Fuaír buaird in rán raoisal a'í clá,
 Soráim do béal, a'í molaim tú féin,
 Do éinigír mo épíordé in mo cléibh amúsh.

a coach upset at the bottom of the hill, and that they are asking for a hay-rope to mend it with. He can't see as far as that from the door, and he won't know it's not true it is.

MAURYA.—That's the story, Sheela. Now, Sheamus, go among the people and tell them the secret. Tell them what they have to say, that no one at all in this country ever saw a hay-rope, and put a good skin on the lie yourself. (SHEAMUS goes from person to person whispering to them and some of them begin laughing. The piper has begun playing. Three or four couples rise up.)

HANRAHAN (*after looking at them for a couple of minutes*).—Whisht! Let ye sit down! Do ye call such dragging as that dancing? You are tramping the floor like so many cattle. You are as heavy as bullocks, as awkward as asses. May my throat be choked if I would not rather be looking at as many lame ducks hopping on one leg through the house. Leave the floor to Oona ni Regaun and to me.

ONE OF THE MEN GOING TO DANCE.—And for what would we leave the floor to you?

HANRAHAN.—The swan of the brink of the waves, the royal phœnix, the pearl of the white breast, the Venus amongst the women, Oona ni Regaun, is standing up with me, and any place where she rises up the sun and the moon bow to her, and so shall ye. She is too handsome, too sky-like for any other woman to be near her. But wait a while! Before I'll show you how the fine Connacht boy can dance, I will give you the poem I made on the star of the province of Munster, on Oona ni Regaun. Rise up, O sun among women, and we will sing the song together, verse about, and then we'll show them what right dancing is! (OONA rises).

HANRAHAN.—She is white Oona of the yellow hair,
The Coolin that was destroying my heart inside me;
She is my secret love and my lasting affection,
I care not for ever for any woman but her.

OONA.—O bard of the black eye, it is you
Who have found victory in the world and fame;
I call on yourself and I praise your mouth;
You have set my heart in my breast astray.

MAC UI N-ANN.

'Si úna báin na ghuaidhe óir,
Mo fheáic, mo cumann, mo ghláth, mo ríobair,
Rácaidh rí féin le n-a báir i gceim,
Do loit rí a chiorde in a cléib go mór.

ÚNA.

Níor bhrada oróche liom, ná lá,
Ag eirtseácht le do cónplaó bhréaghs:
Ír binne do béal ná reinn na n-ean;
Óm' chiorde in mo cléib do fuailear ghláth.

MAC UI N-ANN.

Do fiúbair mé féin an domhan ionlán,
Sacrafa, Éire, an Pháinc 'r an Spáinn,
Ní fíacairidh mé féin i mbaile ná 'gceim
Aon ainnír fa'n tsgreibin marí Úna báin.

ÚNA.

Do chualairidh mire an cláirgeasach binn
San tráthair rín Coircais, ag reinn linn,
Ír binne go mór liom féin do ghlór,
Ír binne go mór do béal 'ná rín.

MAC UI N-ANN.

Do b'í mé féin mo chadán docht, tráth,
Níor léirí Óam oróche éar an lá,
Do bhracairidh mé i, do ghoir mo chiorde,
A'f do thíbhir thíom mo bhrón 'r mo chláth.

ÚNA.

Do b'í mé féin ari maidin inre
Ag fiúbair coir coille le fáinne an lá,
B'í eun ann rín ag reinn go binn,
"Mo ghláth-ra an ghláth, a'f nac áluinn é!"

[Glaodh agur toípann agur bhuailteann Séamus O h-Lapáinn an doimh agur airtseácl.

SEAMUS.—Ob ob ú, oc ón i ó, go neod! Tá an cónraite mór leagtha ag bun an chnuic. Tá an mala a bhrui lítreaca na tíre ann pleáirgáth, agur níl ríseang ná téad ná ríoba ná radaidh aca le na ceangailt ariúir. Tá riad ag glaothas a maois anoir ari rugáin féir do déanamh uibh—cibé róigt riuit é rín—agur deir riad go mbéidh na litreaca i an cónraite cailte ari oairbheis rugáin féir le n-a gceangailt.

MAC UI N-ANN.—Ná b'í 's ari mbothruigáth! Tá ari n-aibhlán páirte agairinn, agur anoir támáoiúd uil ag damaíra. Ní tagann an cónraite an bealacl rín ari aon cón.

HANRAHAN.—O fair Oona of the golden hair,
My desire, my affection, my love and my store
Herself will go with her bard afar;
She has hurt his heart in his breast greatly.

OONA.—I would not think the night long nor the day,
Listening to your fine discourse;
More melodious is your mouth than the singing of birds
From my heart in my breast you have found love.

HANRAHAN.—I walked myself the entire world,
England, Ireland, France and Spain;
I never saw at home or afar
Any girl under the sun like fair Oona.

OONA.—I have heard the melodious harp
On the street of Cork playing to us;
More melodious by far did I think your voice,
More melodious by far your mouth than that.

HANRAHAN.—I was myself one time a poor barnacle goose,
The night was not plain to me more than the day
Until I beheld her, she is the love of my heart,
That banished from me my grief and my misery.

OONA.—I was myself on the morning of yesterday
Walking beside the wood at the break of day;
There was a bird there was singing sweetly
How I love love, and is it not beautiful.

(*A shout and a noise, and SHEAMUS O'HERAN rushes in.*)

SHEAMUS.—Ububu! Ohone-y-o, do deo! The big coach is overthrown at the foot of the hill! The bag in which the letters of the country are is bursted, and there is neither tie nor cord nor rope nor anything to bind it up. They are calling out now for a hay sugaun, whatever kind of thing that is; the letters and the coach will be lost for want of a hay sugaun to bind them.

HANRAHAN.—Do not be bothering us; we have our poem done and we are going to dance. The coach does not come this way at all.

SÉAMUS.—Tagann ré an dealas rín aonair—áct is ónás is buri
rthainn réamh éura, agus náicé bhusil eolair agad aip. Náicé tagann
an cónaire éar an gnoic aonair a cónaíonnáin?

1AOD uile.—Tagann go cinnite.

MÁC UI H-ANN.—Is cuma liom, a tacaíocht no gáin a tacaíocht.
Áct b'fearr liom físe cónaire beit bhríte aip an mbóthar ná go
scuillearréadh réabla an bhróllais báin ó Óamhrá Dáinn. Abair leir
an gcoirteodh níora do cáradh ób fénim.

SÉAMUS.—O muirdeir, ní tig leir, tá an oifearad rín de,
fhuinneamh agus de tacaí agus de ríreacanad agus de lár in rna
caplaibh aigeanta rín go gcaitíodh mo cónaireodh docht bhríte aip a
gceann. Is aip éigin-bairf is féidir leir a gceapadh ná a gcongabáil.
Tá fáitcior a gnoic' aip go n-eipeobaidh riad in a mullaic, agus
go n-imteobaidh riad uaird de mhaig. Tá gac uile feitheadh aige,
ní fácadh tú mham a leitheadh de caplaibh fiadáiné!

MÁC UI H-ANN.—Má tá, tá daoinne eile inír an gcoirteodh a
dheanfar níora má'r éiginn do'n cónaireodh beit ag ceann na
scapall: fág rín agus leig Dáinn Óamhrá.

SÉAMUS.—Tá; tá tráth eile ann, áct mairidh le ceann aca,
tá ré aip leat-láimh, agus feair eile aca,—tá ré ag críte agus ag
cratád leir an tsgáinniadh fuaire ré, ní tig leir feairfón aip a dá
coir leir an eagla atá aip; agus mairidh leir an tríomhád feair
ní'l duine aip bít rín tír do leigfeadh an focal rín "nóra" aip a
bheul in a fiadáiníre, mar náicé le níora do chrocaidh a atáin féin
anuarras, mar gheall aip cásairis do ghoird.

MÁC UI H-ANN.—Cáradh feair agair fén rugán ób, marí rín,
agus fágaird an t-úpláir fúinn-ne. [Le linn] 'Noir, a péilte na mbán
tarbheán ónibh marí imtigseann lúnó imeachas na n-oíche, no Helen
fá'n' tsgáinniadh an Tráoi. Dáir mo láimh, ó d'éag Dáirghe, fá'n'
cuipeadh Naoise mac Uírmhíos éum bairf, ní'l a hoíche i n-éiginn
mionú áct tu féin. Togácamaoiro.

SÉAMUS.—Ná tográis, go mbéiridh an rugán agair. Ní tig
linn-ne rugán cáradh. Ní'l duine aip bít ann ro aip féidir leir níora
dheanamh!!

MÁC UI H-ANN.—Ní'l duine aip bít ann ro aip féidir leir níora
dheanamh!!

1AOD uile.—Ní'l.

SÍGHLÉ.—Agus is fíor Óaois rín. Ní Óearpnaithe duine aip bít
inír an tír seo rugán féirí ariamh, ní mearainn go bhusil duine in
rín tig seo do connaic ceann aca, fénim, áct mire. Is mair
cúimníosimh-re, nuair náicé riab éonnam áct gíreacan bheag go bpacaird
mí ceann aca aip gheall do rús mo fean-atair leir aip Connac-

SHEAMUS.—The coach does come this way now, but sure you're a stranger and you don't know. Doesn't the coach come over the hill now, neighbors?

ALL.—It does, it does, surely.

HANRAHAN.—I don't care whether it does come or whether it doesn't. I would sooner twenty coaches to be overthrown on the road than the pearl of the white breast to be stopped from dancing to us. Tell the coachman to twist a rope for himself.

SHEAMUS.—Oh, murder, he can't. There's that much vigor and fire and activity and courage in the horses that my poor coachman must take them by the heads; it's on the pinch of his life he's able to control them; he's afraid of his soul they'll go from him of a rout. They are neighing like anything; you never saw the like of them for wild horses.

HANRAHAN.—Are there no other people in the coach that will make a rope, if the coachman has to be at the horses' heads? Leave that, and let us dance.

SHEAMUS.—There are three others in it, but as to one of them, he is one-handed, and another man of them, he's shaking and trembling with the fright he got; its not in him now to stand up on his two feet with the fear that's on him; and as for the third man, there isn't a person in this country would speak to him about a rope at all, for his own father was hanged with a rope last year for stealing sheep.

HANRAHAN.—Then let one of yourselves twist a rope so, and leave the floor to us. [To OONA] Now, O star of women, show me how Juno goes among the gods, or Helen for whom Troy was destroyed. By my word, since Deirdre died, for whom Naoise, son of Usnech, was put to death, her heir is not in Ireland to-day but yourself. Let us begin.

SHEAMUS.—Do not begin until we have a rope; we are not able to twist a rope; there's nobody here can twist a rope.

HANRAHAN.—There's nobody here is able to twist a rope?

ALL.—Nobody at all.

SHEELA.—And that's true; nobody in this place ever made a hay sugaun. I don't believe there's a person in this house who ever saw one itself but me. It's well I remember when I was a little girsha that I saw one of them on a goat that my

taibh: Bhois na daoine uile ag riad, "Ara! cia 'n t-áirítear é iarrán éorí ari bith?" agus tuilleadh rírean gur rúgáin do b'í ann, agus go gníomhach na daoine a leitítear iarrán fíor i gConnacáistí. Tuilleadh rírean fíor aca ag conspóidil an fíor agus feapar eile ó dhá caraí. Congbóiscáidh mire an feapar aonair, mór tairdeann turas ó dhá caraí.

SEAMUS.—Óráifearaidh mire glac fíor airtéas:

[Imtríseann rírean amach.]

MAC UI H-ANN [ag sathairn].—

Óráifearaidh mé cárneadh cúigé Mumhan,
Ní fágann riad an t-áirítear fúinn;
Níl ionta caraí rúgáin, fíor!
Cúigé Mumhan gan rnaír gan reún!

Íriain go deo ari cúigé Mumhan,
Nac bhíonn riad an t-áirítear fúinn;
Cúigé Mumhan na mbailíreoirí mbhléan,
Nac dtig leibhí caraí rúgáin, fíor!

SEAMUS [ari aif].—Seo an feapar aonair:

MAC UI H-ANN.—Tábhair 'm ann ro é. Táirbeánpaird mire òaoisibh eadó dhéanfar an Connacáistí òeagasc-mhínte òearpláiméac, an Connacáistí cibír clíre ciallúiní, a bhríl lúit agus lán-rtuaim aige in a láimh, agus ciall in a ceann, agus coínlíte in a chroíde, aict gur feobl mi-áidh agus mbíonn aitíreanach an traoisail é ameáidí leibhí-dhíni cúigé Mumhan, atá gan doiríde gan uairle, atá gan eolair ari an eala éap an laéchain, no ari an óir éap an bhríl, no ari an uile éap an bhróchanán, no ari neult na mbán óis, agus ari péarla an bhróllais báin, éap a gcuimhneachas agus giosadh fíor. Tábhair 'm cipín!

[Sineann feapar marbh òis, cuimheann rírean rop fíor timéíoll aif; torairgeann rírean ò dhá caraí, agus Sígle ag tábhairt amach an fíor òis.]

MAC UI H-ANN [ag sathairn].—

Tá péarla mná 'tábhairt folairt dúninn;
Iar i mo Íriain, iar i mo rún,
'S i Úna báin, an mhg-óean cíuin,
'S ní tuigidh na Mumhanis leat a rtuaim:

Atá na Mumhanis reo dallta ag Dia,
Ní aitnísigh eala éap laea liat,
Aictiúnpaird rí liom-ra, mo hÉlen bhréag,
Mair a molfar a peapra 'r a ríseim go bhráit:

Ara! mire! mire! mire! Nac é reo an baile bhréag iad gach; nac é reo an baile éap báirí, an baile a mbionn an oícheadh iarrán

grandfather brought with him out of Connacht. All the people used to be saying: Aurah, what sort of thing is that at all? And he said that it was a sugaun that was in it, and that people used to make the like of that down in Connacht. He said that one man would go holding the hay, and another man twisting it. I'll hold the hay now, and you'll go twisting it.

SHEAMUS.—I'll bring in a lock of hay. [*He goes out.*]

HANRAHAN.—I will make a dispraising of the province of Munster :
They do not leave the floor to us,
It isn't in them to twist even a sugaun ;
The province of Munster without nicety, without
prosperity.
Disgust for ever on the province of Munster,
That they do not leave us the floor ;
The province of Munster of the foul clumsy people.
They cannot even twist a sugaun !

SHEAMUS (*coming back*).—Here's the hay now.

HANRAHAN.—Give it here to me; I'll show ye what the well-learned, handy, honest, clever, sensible Connachtman will do, who has activity and full deftness in his hands, and sense in his head, and courage in his heart, but that the misfortune and the great trouble of the world directed him among the *lebidins* of the province of Munster, without honor, without nobility, without knowledge of the swan beyond the duck, or of the gold beyond the brass, or of the lily beyond the thistle, or of the star of young women and the pearl of the white breast beyond their own share of sluts and slatterns. Give me a kippeen. [*A man hands him a stick. He puts a wisp of hay round it, and begins twisting it, and SHEELA giving him out the hay.*]

HANRAHAN.—There is a pearl of a woman giving light to us ;
She is my love ; she is my desire ;
She is fair Oona, the gentle queen-woman.
And the Munstermen do not understand half her courtesy.
These Munstermen are blinded by God.
They do not recognise the swan beyond the grey duck,
But she will come with me, my fine Helen,
Where her person and her beauty shall be praised for ever.

Arrah, wisha, wisha, wisha, isn't this the fine village, isn't this the exceeding village! the village where there be that

rioscáipe crosca ainn nád mbíonn aon earráidh riórda ari na ndaoimíb, leir an méad riórda giordeann riad ón gcroscáipe. Cráithítearán atá ionnta. Tá na riórdaí aca agus ní tuisann riad uaita iad—áct go gcuireann riad an Connachtach bocá ag carad rúsgáin dhoibh! Níor éar riad rúsgáin féir in ran mbaile reo ariamh—agus an méad rúsgáin cnáibe atá aca de bhrí an croscáipe!

Giordeann Connachtach ciatlánar
Róra ód féin,
Áct giordeann an Muimhneach
Ó'n gcroscáipe é!
So bheicióth mé riórda
Bheagc cnáibe go fóill
O'd fárgaí ari fósáigib
Hac aoinne ainn ro!

Mar gheall ari aon mnaoi amáin d'imirgeanadar na hÉireannais, agus níor ríoradair agus níor mór-cóimhneisceanadar no guri ríomhordair an Tríaoi, agus mar gheall ari aon mnaoi amáin bérí an baile reo dhamanta go nead na ndeáir agus go bhuinne an bhráca, le Dia na ngráir, go ríorímuide rúctain, nuaír náir tuisgeanadar guri ab i Úna ní Riocháin an daara Helen do rúgad in a meairg, agus go rúis rí bárr aille ari Helen agus ari Déanur, ari a dtáinis poimpi agus ari dtiucfáir 'na viais.

Áct tiucfáidh rí liom mo féarla mná
Go cíigé Connacht na nuaione bheag;
Geobaird rí féarla fion a'f feón,
Rinnceanna árda, rróirí a'f ceol.

O! mui're! mui're! náir éirísgíth an tSíman ari an mbaile reo, agus náir láráidh nealta ari, agus náir—

[Tá ré ran am ro amuisig éar an doirí. Éirígeann na fír uile agus náinír é d'aon rúasig amáin ari. Tuisann Úna leim éum an doirí, áct bheiridh na mná uirí. Téidéann Séamus anónn éuici.]

ÚNÁ.—O! O! O! ná cuirísgíde amach é. Leig ari ari é. Sin Tomáir O h-Annracáin, iñ file é, iñ bárr é, iñ feair iongantach é. O leig ari ari é, ná déan fín ari!

SÉAMUS.—A Úna bán, agus a cuirle oilear, leig do. Tá ré imnígthe arioir agus a cuir pírtreós leir. Bérí ré imnígthe ari do ceann amáraí, agus bérí turá imnígthe ari a ceann-ran. Nád bhusil fíor agus go maíte go mb'feairí liom tu 'ná céad mile Déiríre, agus guri turá m'aon féarla mná amáin d'a bhusil in ran doirí.

MÁC UI h-ANN [amuisig, ag bualaí ari an doirí].—Forsair! forsair! forsair! forsair! leigíth airtéad mé. O mo feart gceád mile mallaíte oírlaibh,

many rogues hanged that the people have no want of ropes with all the ropes that they steal from the hangman!

The sensible Connachtman makes
A rope for himself;
But the Munsterman steals it
From the hangman;
That I may see a fine rope,
A rope of hemp yet
A stretching on the throats
Of every person here!

On account of one woman only the Greeks departed, and they never stopped, and they never greatly stayed, till they destroyed Troy; and on account of one woman only this village shall be damned; go deo, na ndeór, and to the womb of judgment, by God of the graces, eternally and everlasting, because they did not understand that Oona ni Regaun is the second Helen, who was born in their midst, and that she overcame in beauty Deirdre and Venus, and all that came before or that will come after her!

But she will come with me, my pearl of a woman,
To the province of Connacht of the fine people,
She will receive feast, wine and meat,
High dances, sport and music!

Oh wisha, wisha, that the sun may never rise upon this village, and that the stars may never shine on it, and that—. [*He is by this time outside the door. All the men make a rush at the door, and shut it. OONA runs towards the door, but the women seize her. SHEAMUS goes over to her.*]

OONA.—Oh, oh, oh, do not put him out, let him back, that is Tumaus Hanrahan; he is a poet, he is a bard, he is a wonderful man. Oh, let him back, do not do that to him.

SHEAMUS.—Oh, Oona bawn, acushla deelish, let him be, he is gone now, and his share of spells with him. He will be gone out of your head to-morrow, and you will be gone out of his head. Don't you know that I like you better than a hundred thousand Deirdres, and that you are my one pearl of a woman in the world.

HANRAHAN (*outside, beating on the door*).—Open, open, open, let me in! Oh, my seven hundred thousand curses on you, the curse of the weak and of the strong, the curse of the poets and of the bards upon you! The curse of the priests on you

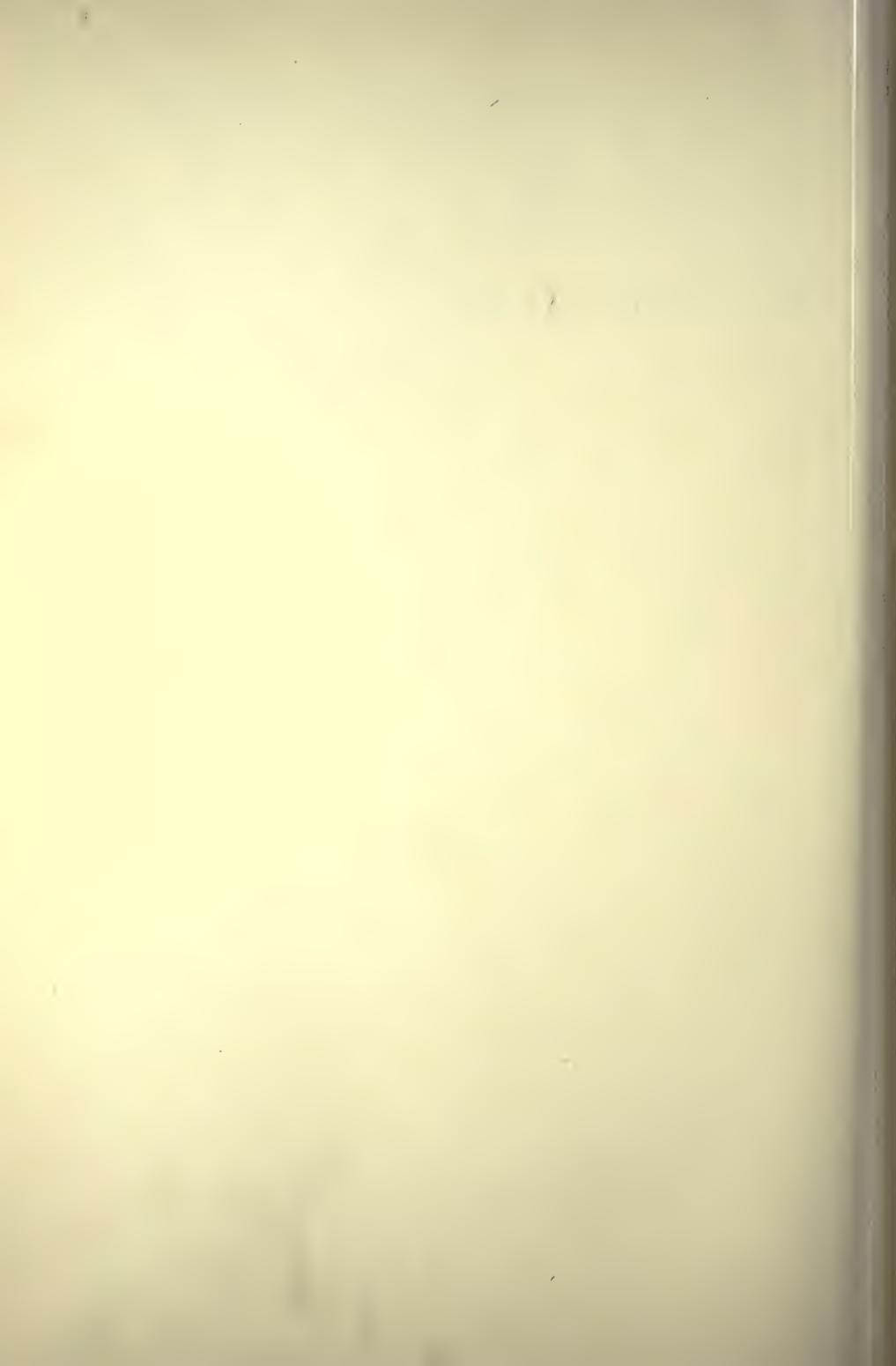
[Buaireann sé an doras ariúr agus ariúr eile:]

Mallact na lág oírlaist 'r na láitír,
 Mallact na rásair agus na mbrácaí,
 Mallact na n-éarbhail agus an bhára,
 Mallact na mbaintreabhaí 'r na nsgairleásc:
 Fórgair! fórgair! fórgair!

SEAMUS.—Tá mé buitheas thíb a cónaranná, agus b' eisí Úna
 buitheas thíb amaraí. Buail leat, a ríspaire! 'Seán do Óamhrá
 leat féin amuiseann rín, anoir! Ni bhfuigíodh tú arteas ann ro!
 Óra, a cónaranná ná e bheag é, duine do bheit ag éirteas leir
 an rtoirí taoibh amuise, agus é féin go rocaír lártá comh na tem-
 eád. Buail leat! Bheas leat. Cá uil Connacht anoir?

and the friars! The curse of the bishops upon you and the Pope! The curse of the widows on you and the children! Open! [He beats at the door again and again.]

SHEAMUS.—I am thankful to ye, neighbors, and Oona will be thankful to ye to-morrow. Beat away, you vagabond! Do your dancing out there by yourself now! Isn't it a fine thing for a man to be listening to the storm outside, and himself quiet and easy beside the fire? Beat away, storm away! Where's Connacht now?



*EARLY IRISH AUTHORS, TRANSLATIONS OF
WHOSE WORKS OCCUR IN VOLUMES ONE
TO NINE OF IRISH LITERATURE.*

MAURICE DUGAN.

(About 1641.)

MAURICE DUGAN, or O'DUGAN, lived near Benburb, in County Tyrone, about the year 1641, and he wrote the song to the air of "The Coolin," which was even in his time old, and which is, as Hardiman says, considered by many "the finest in the whole circle of Irish music." He was supposed to be descended from the O'Dugans, hereditary bards and historians, one of whom wrote the "Typography of Ancient Ireland," which was extensively used by the Four Masters in their "Annals." O'Reilly, in his "Irish Writers," mentions four other poems, the production of O'Dugan, namely, "Set your Fleet in Motion," "Owen was in a Rage," "Erin has Lost her Lawful Spouse," "Fodhla (Ireland) is a Woman in Decay." The translation of "The Coolin" will be found among the works of Sir Samuel Ferguson.

MAURICE FITZGERALD.

(About 1612.)

MAURICE FITZGERALD lived in Munster in the time of Elizabeth. He was the son of David *duff* (the black) Fitzgerald, and he seems to have been a man of considerable education and of refined taste. Several of his works exist, but the facts of his life are shrouded in darkness. It is supposed that he died in Spain, where many of the most eminent Irishmen of his time found an exile's home. His journey thither probably suggested the "Ode on his Ship," though as Miss Brooke says in her "Reliques of Irish Poetry," it is possible the third ode of Horace deserves that credit. In O'Reilly's "Irish Writers" is a list of seven poems by Fitzgerald which were in O'Reilly's possession in 1820. The translation of his "Ode on his Ship" will be found with the work of Miss Brooke.

THOMAS FLAVELL

Is the supposed author of "County Mayo" or "The Lament of Thomas Flavell," the English translation of which by George Fox will be found in its place under that author's name. He was a

native of Bophin, an island on the western coast of Ireland, and lived in the seventeenth or eighteenth century. Hardiman says of the poem that "it is only remarkable for being combined with one of our sweetest native melodies—the very soul of Irish music."

GEOFFRY KEATING.

(1570—1650.)

"GEOFFRY KEATING, the Herodotus of Ireland," says Dr. Douglas Hyde in his "Literary History of Ireland," "the Four Masters, and Duard MacFirbis were men of whom any age or country might be proud, men who, amid the war, rapine, and conflagration that rolled through the country at the heels of the English soldiers, still strove to save from the general wreck those records of their country which to-day make the name of Ireland honorable for her antiquities, traditions, and history in the eyes of the scholars of Europe.

"Of these men, Keating, as a prose writer, was the greatest. He was a man of literature, a poet, professor, theologian, and historian, in one. He brought the art of writing limpid Irish to its highest perfection, and ever since the publication of his 'History of Ireland,' some two hundred and fifty years ago, the modern language may be said to have been stereotyped. . . . I consider him (Keating) the first Irish historian and trained scholar who . . . wrote for the masses, not the classes, and he had his reward in the thousands of copies of his popular history made and read throughout all Ireland."

He was born at Tubbrid, near Clogheen, in County Tipperary, about the year 1570. At an early age he was sent to Spain, and he studied for twenty-three years in the College of Salamanca. On his return he was received with great respect by all classes of his countrymen, and after a tour through the country was appointed to the ministry of his native parish. Here he soon became famous for his eloquence, and crowds came to hear him from the neighboring towns of Cashel and Clonmel. Owing to his plain speaking in the pulpit, he was in danger of being arrested, and he fled for safety into the Galtee mountains.

Here he caused to be brought to him the materials he had been collecting for years, and here wrote his well-known and important "History of Ireland," ultimately completed about the year 1625. It begins from the earliest period (namely, the arrival of the three daughters of Cain, the eldest named Banba, who gave her name to Ireland, which was called "the Isle of Banba"), and extends to the Anglo-Norman invasion. In 1603, Keating was enabled to return to his parish, where he found a coadjutor, with whom he lived and labored peacefully for many years. One of the joint works of the two men was the erection of a church in 1644, over the door of which may yet be seen an inscription speaking of them as founders, and beside which was placed afterwards the following epitaph on the poet-historian:

“ In Tybrid, hid from mortal eye,
A priest, a poet, and a prophet lie ;
All these and more than in one man could be
Concentrated was in famous Jeoffry.”

Of the other works of Keating many were a few years ago, and possibly still are, well known traditionally to the peasantry of Munster. Among them are “Thoughts on Innisfail,” which D’Arcy Magee has translated; “A Farewell to Ireland,” a poem addressed to his harper; “An Elegy on the Death of Lord de Decies,” the “Three Shafts of Death,” a treatise in Irish prose, which Irish soldiers, we are told, have long held in admiration. He died about 1650.

TEIGE MACDAIRE.

(1570—1650.)

TEIGE MACDAIRE, son of Daire MacBrody, was born about 1570. He was principal poet to Donogh O’Brian, fourth Earl of Thomond, and held as his appanage the Castle of Dunogan, in Clare, with its lands. In accordance with the bardic usage, he wrote his elegant “Advice to a Prince” to his chief when the latter attained to the title. This is the most elaborate of his poems. Dr. Douglas Hyde in his “Literary History of Ireland” tells us that his poetry is all written in elaborate and highly wrought classical meters, and that there are still extant some 3,400 lines.

We give among the selections from the work of Dr. Hyde a few of the verses translated by him into the exact equivalent of the meter in which they are written.

MacDaire was assassinated by a marauding soldier of Cromwell’s army, who, as he treacherously flung the poet over a precipice, mocked him in Irish, crying: “Go, make your songs now, little man !” This was one of MacDaire’s own countrymen.

JOHN MACDONNELL.

(1691—1754.)

JOHN MACDONNELL, “perhaps the finest poet of the first half of the eighteenth century,” says Dr. Douglas Hyde, was born near Charleville, in the County Cork, in the year 1691. He has generally been called MacDonnell Claragh, from Claragh, the name of the residence of his family. O’Halloran in his “History of Ireland” speaks of him as “a man of great erudition, and a profound Irish antiquarian and poet,” and says that he “had made valuable collections, and was writing in his native tongue a ‘History of Ireland,’ ” which failing health, however, prevented him completing. He also proposed translating Homer’s Iliad into Irish, and had at least proceeded so far as to produce several highly praised specimens of what his work would be. But this, as well as the “History of Ireland,”

was put a stop to by his illness and death, and MacDonnell's fame must now rest on his poems alone. He died in the year 1754.

Hardiman ranks him in Irish as equal to Pope in English, and believes that had he lived to complete his translation of the *Iliad* it would have been as successful in a literary sense as was that of Pope. "If," he continues, "the latter had been an Irishman, and had written in the language of the country, it would be a matter of difficulty to determine which would be entitled to the prize. But, fortunately for his genius and fame, Pope was born on the right side of the Channel."

MacDonnell was, it seems, a "rank Jacobite" in politics, and, poet and genius though he was, had often by hasty flights to save his life from the hands of the "hunters of the bards." We give a translation of one of his poems by an anonymous hand. Others, by D'Alton, will be found among the examples of his work.

GRANU WAIL AND QUEEN ELIZABETH.¹

Mild as the rose its sweets will breathe,
Tho' gems all bright its bloom enwreathe ;
Undeck'd by gold or diamond rare,
Near Albion's throne stood Grana fair.

The vestal queen in wonder view'd
The hand that grasp'd the falchion rude—
The azure eye, whose light could prove
The equal power in war or love.

" Some boon," she cried, " thou lady brave,
From Albion's queen in pity crave :
E'en name the rank of countess high,
Nor fear the suit I'll e'er deny."

" Nay, sister-queen," the fair replied,
" A sov'reign, and an hero's bride
No fate shall e'er of pride bereave—
I'll honors give, but none receive.

" But grant to him—whose infant sleep
Is lull'd by rocking o'er the deep—
Those gifts, which now for Erin's sake
Thro' pride of soul I dare not take."

The queen on Grana gazed and smil'd,
And honor'd soon the stranger child
With titles brave, to grace a name
Of Erin's isle in herald fame.

¹This ballad celebrates a real historical scene, the visit of the famous Grace O'Malley to Queen Elizabeth. In the "Anthologia Hibernica" the visit is thus described: "The Queen, surrounded by her ladies, received her in great state. Grana was introduced in the dress of her country: a long, uncouth mantle covered her head and body; her hair was gathered on her crown, and fastened with a bodkin; her breast was bare, and she had a yellow bodice and petticoat. The court stared with surprise at so strange a figure."—"Grana Wail" or "Grana Uile" was one of the typical names of Ireland, and, as Lover remarks, the mere playing of the air with that name has still a political significance. (See also the examples of the work of Cæsar Otway.)

DUALD MACFIRBIS.

(1585—1670.)

THIS famous scholar was born in County Sligo. He was the author of "The Branches of Relationship," or "Volumes of Pedigrees." The autograph copy of this vast compilation, generally known as "The Book of MacFirbis," is now in the library of the Earl of Roden. He assisted Sir James Ware by transcribing and translating from the Irish for him. His "Collection of Glossaries" has been published by Dr. Whitley Stokes. His autograph "Martyrology," or "Litany of the Saints" in verse, is preserved in the British Museum. The fragment of his Treatise on "Irish Authors" is in the Royal Irish Academy. His transcription of the "Chronicum Scotorum" was translated by the late Mr. W. M. Hennessy, and published in 1867. His "Annals of Ireland" has been translated and edited by O'Donovan, and published by the Irish Archaeological Society. A transcript of his catalogue of "Extinct Irish Bishoprics," by Mr. Hennessy, is in the collection of the Royal Irish Academy. In the Transactions of the Kilkenny Archaeological Society may be found his English version of the "Registry of Clonmacnoise," compiled in the year 1216. Some extracts from his works translated by Professor O'Donovan will be found among the examples from that gentleman's work.

ANDREW MAGRATH.

(1723 —)

ANDREW MAGRATH was born in Limerick about 1723. He was one of the most gay, careless, and rollicking of the Jacobite poets, and one of the last who wrote in his native tongue. He wrote many songs and poems, of politics, of love, and of drinking. He was, like so many of his fellows, a wild liver ; and his name survives yet among the peasantry of his native Munster, among whom he is remembered as the Mangaire Sugach, or Merry Monger. The date of his death is not known, but he is said to lie buried in Killmallock Churchyard.

We append anonymous translations of two of his poems. None of them have, however, been adequately rendered into the English language.

THE COMING OF PRINCE CHARLIE.

Too long have the churls in dark bondage oppressed me,
Too long have I cursed them in anguish and gloom ;
Yet Hope with no vision of comfort has blessed me—
The cave is my shelter—the rude rock my home.
Save Doun¹ and his kindred, my sorrow had shaken
All friends from my side, when at evening, forsaken,
I sought the lone fort, proud to hear him awaken,
The hymn of deliverance breathing for me.

¹ The ruler of the Munster fairies.

He told how the heroes were fallen and degraded
 And scorn dashed the tear their affliction would claim ;
 But Phelim and Heber,¹ whose children betrayed it,
 The land shall relume with the light of their fame.
 The fleet is prepared, proud Charles² is commanding,
 And wide o'er the wave the white sail is expanding,
 The dark brood of Luther shall quail at their landing,
 The Gael like a tempest shall burst on the foe.

The bards shall exult, and the harp-strings shall tremble,
 And love and devotion be poured in the strain ;
 Ere "Samhain"³ our chiefs shall in Temor⁴ assemble,
 The "Lion" protect our own pastors again.
 The Gael shall redeem every shrine's desecration,
 In song shall exhale our warm heart's adoration,
 Confusion shall light on the foe's usurpation,
 And Erin shine out yet triumphant and free.

The secrets of destiny now are before you—
 Away ! to each heart the proud tidings to tell :
 Your Charles is at hand, let the green flag spread o'er you !
 The treaty they broke your deep vengeance shall swell.
 The hour is arrived, and in loyalty blending,
 Surround him ! sustain ! Shall the gorged goal descending
 Deter you, your own sacred monarch defending ?
 Rush on like a tempest and scatter the foe !

MY GRAND RECREATION.

I sell the best brandy and sherry,
 To make my good customers merry ;
 But at times their finances
 Run short, as it chances,
 And then I feel very sad, very !

Here's brandy ! Come, fill up your tumbler ;
 Or ale, if your liking be humbler ;
 And, while you've a shilling,
 Keep filling and swilling—
 A fig for the growls of the grumbler !

I like, when I'm quite at my leisure,
 Mirth, music, and all sorts of pleasure ;
 When Margery's bringing
 The glass, I like singing
 With bards—if they drink within measure.

Libation ! I pour a libation,
 I sing the past fame of our nation ;
 For valorous glory,
 For song and for story,
 This, this, is my grand recreation.

¹ Renegade Irish who joined the foe. ² The Pretender.

³ The 1st of November, the festival of Baal-Samen, so called by the Druids. ⁴ Tara.

GERALD NUGENT.

(About 1588.)

GERALD NUGENT was one of those Irishmen of English descent of whom it was complained that they became more Irish than the Irish themselves. In the reign of King John the barony of Devlin in Meath was granted to Gilbert de Nugent. By the time of Elizabeth the Nugents had taken to the Irish language, like many other inhabitants of the Pale, and Gerald Nugent was a bard and harpist. He composed in Irish, and flinging aside his harp he joined with the Irish in their attempt to throw off the yoke of the conquerors. Of course the result was failure, and Nugent became an exile. In his grief at leaving the land of his birth, he composed the ode or lamentation, a translation of which by the Rev. W. H. Drummond is given under that gentleman's name. This is the only one of his poems that has been preserved. When and where Gerald Nugent died we have been unable to discover.

TURLOUGH O'CAROLAN.

(1670—1738.)

TURLOUGH CAROLAN, or O'CAROLAN, commonly called the last of the bards, was born in the year 1670 at the village of Baile-Nusah, or Newton, in the County Westmeath, and went to school at Cruise-town, County Longford. When about fifteen (some say eighteen and others twenty-two) he lost his sight through an attack of smallpox. While at school he made the acquaintance of Bridget Cruise, whose name he made famous in one of his songs.

Many years later Carolan went on a pilgrimage to what is called St. Patrick's Purgatory, a cave in an island on Lough Dearg in County Donegal. While standing on the shore he began to assist some of his fellow-pilgrims into a boat, and chancing to take hold of a lady's hand he suddenly exclaimed, "By the hand of my gossip ! this is the hand of Bridget Cruise !" So it was, but the fair one was still deaf to his suit.

Carolan moved with his father to Carrick-on-Shannon, and there a Mrs. M'Dermott-Roe had him carefully instructed in Irish and also to some extent in English. She also caused him to learn how to play the harp, not with the view to his becoming a harper, but simply as an accomplishment. In his twenty-second year he suddenly determined to become a harper, and, his benefactress providing him with a couple of horses and an attendant to carry the harp, he started on a round of visits to the neighboring gentry, to most of whom he was already known; and for years he wandered all over the country, gladly received wherever he came, and seldom forgetting to pay for his entertainment by song in praise of his host.

In about middle life he married Miss Mary Maguire, a young lady

of good family. With her he lived very happily and learned to love her tenderly, though she was haughty and extravagant. On his marriage he built a neat house at Moshill in County Leitrim, and there entertained his friends with more liberality than prudence. The income of his little farm was soon swallowed up, and he fell into embarrassments which haunted him the rest of his life. On this he took to his wanderings again, while his wife stayed at home and busied herself with the education of their rather numerous family. In 1733 she was removed by death, and a melancholy fell upon him which remained until the end. He did not survive his wife long. In 1738 he paid a visit to the house of his early benefactress, Mrs. M'Dermott-Roe, and there he fell ill and died.

Dr. Douglas Hyde says in his "Literary History of Ireland": "He composed over two hundred airs, many of them very lively, and usually addressed to his patrons, chiefly to those of the old Irish families. He composed his own words to suit his music, and these have given him the reputation of a poet. They are full of curious turns and twists of meter to suit his airs, to which they are admirably wed, and very few are in regular stanzas. They are mostly of Pindaric nature, addressed to patrons or to fair ladies; there are some exceptions however, such as his celebrated ode to whisky, one of the finest bacchanalian songs in any language, and his much more famed but immeasurably inferior 'Receipt for Drinking.' Very many of his airs and nearly all his poetry with the exception of about thirty pieces are lost."

Examples of his poetry will be found in translations by John D'Alton, Arthur Dawson, Sir Samuel Ferguson, Thomas Furlong, and Dr. George Sigerson.

There is a well-known portrait of him by the Dutch painter, Vanderhagen, which bears some resemblance to the portraits of Shakespeare.

MICHAEL O'CLERY.

(1580—1643.)

REFERRING to "The Annals of the Four Masters," Dr. Douglas Hyde says in his "Literary History of Ireland": "This mighty work is chiefly due to the herculean labors of the learned Franciscan brother, Michael O'Clery," who was born in Donegal about the year 1580. He was descended from a learned family who had been for centuries hereditary historians to the O'Donnells, princes of Tyrconnell, and at an early age became distinguished for his abilities. While yet young he retired to the Irish Franciscan monastery at Louvain, where he soon attracted the attention of the learned Hugh Ward, a native of his own country and a lecturer at the Irish College. His perfect knowledge of the Irish language and history caused him to be employed by Ward to carry out a project that enthusiastic monk had formed for rescuing the annals and antiquities of his country from oblivion.

O'Clery then returned to Ireland, where for many years he busied himself collecting manuscripts and other works and transmitting them to Louvain. In 1635 Ward died, but some time before he managed to publish from O'Clery's materials "The Life of St. Ru-mold," "Irish Martyrology," and a treatise on the "Names of Ireland." John Colgan, also a native of Donegal, afterwards made large use of O'Clery's manuscripts in his works on the Irish saints, "Trias Thaumaturga" and "Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ." Even before Ward's death, however, O'Clery had commenced his great work, which at first went by the name of "The Annals of Donegal," then by the title of "The Ulster Annals," and is now known over the world as "The Annals of the Four Masters," as he and his assistants, Peregrine O'Clery, Conary O'Clery, and Peregrine O'Duigenan, a learned antiquary of Kilronan, were named. He had also some little help from the hereditary historians to the kings of Connaught, two members of the old and learned family of the O'Maolconerys.

The work states that it was entirely composed in the convent of the Brothers of Donegal, who supplied the requirements of the transcribers while their labors were in progress. Fergal O'Gara, a member for Sligo in the Parliament of 1634, is also said to have liberally rewarded O'Clery's assistants, while it was his advice and influence that prevailed on O'Clery to bring them together and proceed with the work. In the "Testimonials" are also stated the names of the books and manuscripts from which the "Annals" were compiled, and there also we find the information that the first volume was begun on the 22d January, 1632, and the last finished on the 10th August, 1636. To the "Testimonials," which is a kind of guarantee of the faithfulness of the work, are subscribed the names of the Superior and two of the monks, together with the countersignature of O'Donnell, Prince of Tyrconnell.

After the completion of the "Annals" O'Clery returned to Louvain, where in 1643 he published a "Vocabulary of the Irish Language." This seems to have been the last of his works, and this year the last year of his life.

"The Annals of the Four Masters" begin at the earliest period of Irish history, about A.D. 1171, and end A.D. 1616, covering a period of 444 years. The "Annals" were published in Dublin by Bryan Geraghty in 1846.

Examples of the translations by Owen Connellan and O'Donovan will be found among the work of these writers, also a translation by O'Donovan from the "Annals."

DIARMUD O'CURNAIN.

(1740—1825.)

DIARMUD O'CURNAIN was born in Cork in 1740, and died in Modeligo, Waterford, in the first quarter of the present century. He was a tall, handsome farmer. He traveled to Cork to purchase wedding presents for his betrothed, but was met on his way home by the news that she had married a wealthy suitor. He flung

all his presents into the fire, and from the shock lost his reason, which he never recovered.

A translation of an Irish poem of his by Dr. Sigerson is given among the examples of the work of that gentleman.

JOHN O'NEACHTAN.

(1695?—1720?)

JOHN O'NEACHTAN was still alive in 1715. He was a native of County Meath, but beyond this little is known about him. "He was," says Dr. Douglas Hyde in his "Literary History of Ireland," "one of the earliest writers of Jacobite poetry, and perhaps the most voluminous man of letters of his day among the native Irish. One of his early poems was written immediately after the battle of the Boyne, when the English soldiery stripped him of everything he possessed in the world, except one small Irish book. Between forty and fifty of his pieces are enumerated by O'Reilly, and I have seen others in a manuscript in private hands. These included a poem in imitation of those called 'Ossianic,' of 1,296 lines, and a tale written about 1717 in imitation of the so-called Fenian tales, an amusing allegoric story called the 'Adventures of Edmund O'Clery,' and a curious but extravagant tale called the 'Strong-armed Wrestler.'

"Hardiman had in his possession a closely written Irish treatise by O'Neachtan of five hundred pages on general geography, containing many interesting particulars concerning Ireland, and a volume of 'Annals of Ireland' from 1167 to 1700. He also translated a great many church hymns, and, I believe, prose books from Latin. His elegy on Mary D'Este, widow of James II., is one of the most musical pieces I have ever seen, even in Irish :

"' SLOW cause of my fear
NO pause to my tear,
The brightest and whitest
LOW lies on her bier.

FAIR Islets of green,
RARE sights to be seen,
Both highlands and Islands
THERE sigh for the Queen.'"

A translation by Thomas Furlong of O'Neachtan's famous song "Maggy Laidir" is given with the examples of the writings of that gentleman.

OSSIAN.

"SIDE by side with the numerous prose sagas which fall under the title of 'Fenian,'" says Dr. Douglas Hyde in his "Literary History of Ireland," "there exists an enormous mass of poems, chiefly

narrative, of a minor epic type, or else semi-dramatic épopées, usually introduced by a dialogue between St. Patrick and the poet Ossian. Ossian¹ was the son of Finn mac Cúmhail, vulgarly 'Cool,' and he was fabled to have lived in Tír na n-óg, the country of the ever-young, the Irish Elysium, for three hundred years, thus surviving all his Fenian contemporaries and living to hold colloquy with St. Patrick. The so-called Ossianic poems are extraordinarily numerous, and were they all collected would probably (between those preserved in Scotch-Gaelic and in Irish) amount to some 80,000 lines. . . . The most of them, in the form in which they have come down to us at the present day, seem to have been composed in rather loose metres . . . and they were even down to our fathers' time exceedingly popular, both in Ireland and in the Scotch Highlands, in which latter country Ian Campbell, the great folk-lorist, made the huge collection which he called *Leabhar na Féinne*, or the Book of the Fenians.

"Some of the Ossianic poems relate the exploits of the Fenians; others describe conflicts between members of that body and worms, wild beasts, and dragons; others fights with monsters and with strangers come from across the sea; others detail how Finn and his companions suffered from the enchantments of wizards and the efforts made to release them; one enumerates the Fenians who fell at Cnoc-an-áir; another gives the names of about three hundred of the Fenian hounds; another gives Ossian's account of his three hundred years in the Land of the Young and his return; many more consist largely of semi-humorous dialogues between the saint and the old warrior; another is called Ossian's madness; another is Ossian's account of the battle of Gabhra, which made an end of the Fenians, and so on. . . .

"There is a considerable thread of narrative running through these poems and connecting them in a kind of series, so that several of them might be divided into the various books of a Gaelic epic of the Odyssean type, containing, instead of the wanderings and final restoration of Ulysses, the adventures and final destruction of the Fenians, except that the books would be rather more disjointed. There is, moreover, splendid material for an ample epic in the division between the Fenians of Munster and Connacht and the gradual estrangement of the High King, leading up to the fatal battle of Gabhra; but the material for this last exists chiefly in prose texts, not in the Ossianic lays. . . .

"The Ossianic lays are almost the only narrative poems which exist in the language, for although lyrical, elegiac, and didactic poetry abounds, the Irish never produced, except in the case of the Ossianic épopées, anything of importance in a narrative and ballad form, anything, for instance, of the nature of the glorious ballad poetry of the Scotch Lowlands.

"The Ossianic meters, too, are the eminently epic ones of Ireland. . . .

"Of the authorship of the Ossianic poems nothing is known. In the Book of Leinster are three short pieces ascribed to Ossian

¹ In Irish *Oisin*, pronounced "Esheen," or "Ussheen."

himself, and five to Finn, and other old MSS. contain poems ascribed to Caoilte, Ossian's companion and fellow survivor, and to Fergus, another son of Finn ; but of the great mass of the many thousand lines which we have in seventeenth and eighteenth century MSS. there is not much which is placed in Ossian's mouth as first hand, the pieces, as I have said, generally beginning with a dialogue, from which Ossian proceeds to recount his tale. But this dramatic form of the lay shows that no pretense was kept up of Ossian's being the singer of his own exploits. From the paucity of the pieces attributed to him in the oldest MSS. it is probable that the Gaelic race only gradually singled him out as their typical pagan poet, instead of Fergus or Caoilte or any other of his alleged contemporaries, just as they singled out his father Finn as the typical pagan leader of their race ; and it is likely that a large part of our Ossianic lay and literature is post-Danish, while the great mass of the Red Branch saga is in its birth many centuries anterior to the Norsemen's invasion."

A. RAFTERY.

(1780?—1840?)

THE story of the discovery of the writings of Raftery by Dr. Douglas Hyde and Lady Gregory is one of the most curious and interesting in the annals of literature. We have not space for it in detail ; in brief it was on this wise : Some time in the seventies Dr. Hyde heard an old man singing a song at the door of his cottage. The old man, at his request, taught Dr. Hyde the song and the latter went away.

Twelve years after, when Dr. Hyde was working in the Royal Irish Academy, he came across some old manuscript containing a number of poems ascribed to a man named Raftery, and among them the very song that he had learned on that morning long ago.

Seven years more elapsed, and Dr. Hyde one day met an old blind man begging. He gave him a penny, and passed on, when it suddenly occurred to him that he should have spoken to him in Irish. He did so and conversed with him for an hour. Among other things they talked about was Raftery, and Dr. Hyde learned much about the poet from the old man.

This set him upon the track of the poet, and the final result was the recovery of most of his poems and considerable material for his biography, which would otherwise have been absolutely lost. Had it not been for the fact that the poems were so well known up and down the country, it would have been impossible to recover many of them.

Raftery was born about 1780 or 1790 at Cilleaden, County Mayo, of very poor parents. He was early in life deprived of his sight by smallpox, so that he never had any better occupation by which to make a living than that of a fiddler. Though he was absolutely destitute and practically dependent upon alms, no poet of the people

ever exercised so widespread an influence upon those among whom he lived. He was never taught either to read or to write; he had no access to books of any kind, or any form of literature, except what he was able to pick up through his ears as he traveled from cottage to cottage, with his bag over his shoulder, picking up his day's meals as he went.

Lady Gregory in her "Poets and Dreamers" deals very fully with his work, and from the examples which she gives we are justified in claiming for this, the last of Irish bards, the name of an inspired one. It is said that he spent the last years of his life in making prayers and religious songs, of which Lady Gregory gives some interesting examples, and of which "The Confession," printed in the present volume, is typical.

He died at an advanced age, about 1840, and is buried at Killeenan, County Mayo, where there is a stone over his grave, and where the people from all parts round about gather in August of every year to do honor to his memory.

RICHARD STANIHURST.

(1545—1618.)

RICHARD STANIHURST was born in Dublin, and in his eighteenth year went to University College, Oxford. He studied law at Furnival's Inn and Lincoln's Inn; and, returning to Ireland, married a daughter of Sir Charles Barnewell. About 1579 he took up his residence in Leyden, entered holy orders, and became chaplain to Albert, Archduke of Austria and Governor of the Spanish Netherlands. A great portion of his writings are in Latin. His first work, which was published in London in 1570, in folio, is entitled "Harmonia, seu catena dialectica Porphyrium," and is spoken of with particular praise by Edmund Campion, then a student at St. John's College, Oxford. His other works are "De rebus in Hibernia gestis" (Antwerp, 1584, 4to); "Descriptio Hiberniae," which is to be found in "Holinshed's Chronicle," of which it formed a part of the second volume; "De Vita S. Patricii" (Antwerp, 1587, 12mo); "Hebdomada Mariana" (Antwerp, 1609, 8vo); "Hebdomada Eucharistica" (Douay, 1614, 8vo); "Brevis premonitio pro futura commentatione cum Jacobo Ussorio" (Douay, 1615, 8vo); "The Principles of the Catholic Religion"; "The First Four Books of Virgil's *Æneid* in English Hexameters" (1583, small 8vo, black letter); with which are printed the four first Psalms, "certayne poetical conceites" in Latin and English, and some epitaphs.

OWEN WARD.

(About 1600 or 1610.)

LITTLE is known of Owen Roe Mac an Bhaird, or Red Owen Ward, beyond the fact that he was the bard of the O'Donnells, and

accompanied the princes of Tyrconnell and Tyrone when they fled from Ireland in 1607. In O'Reilly's "Irish Writers" the names of nine lengthy and still extant poems of his are given. The "Lament," translated by J. Clarence Mangan, will be found among that author's contributions to this work; it is addressed to Nuala, sister of O'Donnell, the Prince of Tyrconnell, who died in Rome, and was interred in the same grave with O'Neill, Prince of Tyrone. Ward was the descendant of a long line of bards and poets of the same name.

MODERN IRISH AUTHORS, WHOSE WORK, ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED, APPEARS IN VOLUME TEN OF IRISH LITERATURE.

FATHER DINNEEN. .

FATHER DINNEEN is a native of the district adjoining Killarney, in East Kerry, a district that has produced a crop of distinguished poets such as Egan O'Rahilly, Geoffrey O'Donoghue, Eoghan Ruadh O'Sullivan, Finneen O'Scannell. He drank in the traditional lore of this region during his boyhood, and always held the Irish language in special veneration. University and ecclesiastical studies, however, engrossed the best years of his youth and early manhood, and it was only when the enemies of Ireland's honor came forward at the Intermediate Education Commission, held in Dublin a few years ago, and sought to vilify Irish literature, to show that whatever little of it survived was either "silly" or "indecent," that he set seriously to work to lay before the world the collected works of several modern Irish poets, including those named above.

Besides collecting from manuscripts and editing for the first time the works of some six distinguished poets, Father Dinneen has in three or four years written several prose works in Irish, including an historical novel, "Cormac Va Conaill," a description of Killarney, and several plays. He has also finished a dictionary of the modern Irish language, with explanations in English. He is perhaps the most earnest writer of the Gaelic movement, and his *editiones principes* of the Munster poets are of the greatest value.

JAMES J. DOYLE.

MR. JAMES J. DOYLE, the most unwearying worker and, with the single exception, perhaps, of Father O'Leary, the raciest writer of Irish dialogue living, was born at Cooleanig, Tuogh, County Kerry, forty-five years ago. The son of a well-connected, well-disposed, well-to-do farmer, he had the advantage of spending his boyhood in a singularly bilingual atmosphere; but it was only on leaving the local National school to enter the Revenue Service at the age of nineteen that he commenced to study the literature of his race. To Mr. David Connyn he attributes much of his earlier interest in Ireland's hallowed literature, an interest which has been steadily deepening for upwards of a quarter of a century.

Owing to circumstances with which our readers are unhappily only too familiar, Mr. Doyle remained unknown as a writer until the Oireachtas of 1898. On this occasion, however, he leisurely carried off a prize for three humorous Irish stories, and again at the

Oireachtas of 1900 he won the "Independent" prize for a story of modern Irish life. Still later, at the "Feis Uladh," he received first prize for a paper on "Ulster Local Names." This latter is one of his pet subjects, and has constituted the theme of many a lecture delivered in the interest of the Gaelic League.

Mr. Doyle also won first prize in the "Irish Phrase-Book Competition" at the recent Oireachtas, 1901, and though not a teacher was fourth in the competition (open to all Ireland) for Archbishop Walsh's prize of £25 (\$125) for a bilingual school programme.

In 1881 he married Miss Mary A. Joyce, sister to Dr. King Joyce, of Dublin. She, like her devoted husband, is also bilingual, and it is not to be wondered at that they are, as the *Claidheamh* is wont to say, "bringing up seven sturdy, enthusiastic young bilingualists."

His numerous relatives and friends in the United States will share his own manifest gratification at the fact that his parents are still hale and hearty, and, as he himself is practically in the prime of life just now, there seems every hope that the readers of *An Claidheamh*—and probably of other Irish journals—will have access to his inimitable contributions for many a year to come.

As in the case of several of the most active members of the Gaelic League, his position of Supervisor in the Inland Revenue does not prevent him from rendering very efficient, if undemonstrative, service to his country. He resides at present in Derry, and is possibly the most energetic organizer in all Ulster. His assistance to Mr. Concannon has been simply invaluable.

"Cathair Conroi," children's stories, won the first prize at 1902 Oireachtas.

He was one of the original founders of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language in 1876, and subsequently of the Gaelic Union, which founded the *Gaelic Journal* in 1882, and which might be said to have paved the way for the Gaelic League.

Mr. Doyle is the author of the following books, published by the Gaelic League: "Beert Fhear o' n-Tuath," or "Two Men from the Country," a series of snapshots of Irish rural life in the form of dialogue; "Taahg Gabha," "Tim the Smith," a racy story of Kerry life; "Cathair Conroi," and other stories suitable for children; an "Irish-English Phrase Book."

AGNES O'FARRELLY.

MISS AGNES O'FARRELLY, or in Irish Una ni Thearghaille, comes from one of the oldest and most respected families in the County Cavan. She was born at Kiffenny House, East Breffin. She was the first lady candidate to take up Irish as subject for the M.A. examination in the Royal University, which she passed with the highest honors. She has spent much time in the Arran Islands learning to speak the language colloquially, and in 1899 she attended a course of lectures in Old Irish by Monsieur de Jubainville in Paris at the Collège de France. She has been for years one of the most prom-

inent members of the Coisde Griothá, or Executive of the Gaelic League. She is chief examiner in Celtic to the Board of Intermediate Education. Her principal writings are a propagandist tract in English called "The Reign of Humbug," and two stories in Irish, one called "Grádh agus Crádh," the other an Arran story called "The Cneamhaire," from which we give an extract, and, lastly, the splendid "Life of Father O'Growney," which has just been published and which is full of interest and information about the rise of the Irish Revival. She has nearly completed the collecting and editing of the text of John O'Neachtan's poems, and the editing of a very difficult text from the library of the Franciscans, containing an account of the wanderings of O'Neill and O'Donnell in Spain. She is an indefatigable worker in the cause of Irish Ireland.

THOMAS HAYES.

THOMAS HAYES was born in Miltown Malbay on Nov. 2, 1866, where his father was a master cooper in comfortable circumstances.

He was educated in the National school. Both his parents were very good Irish speakers, and his home language was Irish. His house was always a great rendezvous for the neighbors, who used to meet there to tell stories, and the boy with mouth, and eyes, and ears open drank in a great many of the local tales and legends. Indeed, the house during this period was more like a branch of the Gaelic League than anything else.

His father was a member of the Fenian Brotherhood, and his mother was intensely Irish.

In 1886 he was appointed as assistant teacher in Harold's Cross National School, Dublin. He went through a course in St. Patrick's Training College, Drumcondra, in 1891-92, and in 1895 was appointed principal of St. Gabriel's Boys' School, Aughrim Street.

He is a good amateur musician, and carried off two first prizes at the R. I. A. M. School Choirs competitions in 1898 and 1901; the Oireachtas Gold Medal for singing, and also the prize for the best original air to "Caoinead An Guinn" at the Oireachtas, besides several second prizes at the R. I. A. M. Oireachtas and Leinster Feis.

In 1893 he joined the Gaelic League, and was soon after co-opted on the Executive Committee, of which he has since remained a member. He threw himself enthusiastically into the work of the League, and devoted a considerable portion of his spare time for several years to teaching Irish and singing in different branches of the League. He was the first teacher in Ireland to apply the Tonic Sol-Fa system to the teaching of Irish songs. His first attempt at Irish prose composition was published in the *Gaelic Journal* in 1894, and since then he has been in evidence more or less over his own name; but much of his work in Irish in the shape of articles, etc., has been unsigned.

PATRICK O'LEARY.

PATRICK O'LEARY, like his friend, Donnchall Pleinnionn of Cork, was one of the first martyrs of the Irish Revival. He died early, to the great loss of the movement, chiefly from overwork connected with it. His principal effort was the collection of Munster folk tales, called *Sgeuligheacht Chírige Mumham*, chiefly from his native place near Eyeries, in the extreme south of Ireland. He was the first to collect the folk tales of Munster, having been incited thereto, as he says in his preface, by the Connaught collections of the "Craoibhín." He published many excellent things in the *Gaelic Journal*, and possibly elsewhere. He was a complete master of the language, and if he had lived would have undoubtedly become one of our ablest writers.

FATHER PETER O'LEARY.

FATHER PETER O'LEARY was born in the year 1840, in the middle of a wild and mountainous district, about midway between Mill-street and Macroom, in the County Cork. Irish was at that time the language of that district. The people spoke scarcely any English. In that way it happened that Father O'Leary's childhood and youth were impregnated with Irish. He was fortunate in another way also. His mother was a highly educated woman, as well as a very talented one. When she spoke English to her children it was the best and the most correct English, and when she spoke Irish to them it was the best and the purest and the most correct Irish. His father had not received an English education, but the mastery which he had of the Irish language and the force and power with which he could use it were exceptional, even in a district where the language was, at that time, very copious and very powerful.

It is not to be wondered at that a person whose childhood and early youth were passed in the midst of such opportunities should have now the knowledge of the Irish language which Father O'Leary has. During that childhood and early youth he often passed considerable periods of time without ever speaking an English word.

The chief part of his English education was obtained at home from his mother. Having gone to a classical school in Macroom and learned some Latin and Greek, he went to the newly established College of St. Colman in Fermoy. Then he went on to Maynooth, and was ordained in 1867.

He never thought there was the remotest danger of the death of the Irish language until he went into Maynooth. When he got among the students in Maynooth he was astonished to find that there were many of them who could not speak a word of Irish. Not only that, but that there were large districts of the country where no word of Irish was spoken, and that such districts were growing larger each year, while those districts where Irish was

spoken were growing each year smaller. It was easy to see where that would end, and that the end was not very far off.

He then turned his attention to the study of Irish, determined to keep alive at least one man's share of the national speech.

Having been ordained and sent on the mission, he made it a point to preach in Irish and to speak Irish to the people whenever and wherever it was possible to do so.

But the Irish-speaking districts continued to grow small, and the English-speaking districts continued to expand, and the case continued to grow more and more hopeless every day and every hour.

At last the Gaelic League made its appearance. The moment it did Father O'Leary went into the work, determined to do at least one man's share. He has continued to do so.

Father Peter is the "good old man" of the Munster Revival. His influence in that province is unbounded. Two of his plays, the "Ghost" and "Tadhg Saor," are constantly acted in Munster, and his writings, of which "Seadhna" is perhaps the best known, are acknowledged to be the most idiomatic of those of any Irish writer. He is very prolific, and every week sees something new from his pen, either in the Cork papers or in the Dublin *Leader*. He is one of the two vice-presidents of the Gaelic League.

P. J. O'SHEA.

MR. P. J. O'SHEA is a Kerry man, from the parish of An Team-pole Nuadh. He worked for many years as a Custom House officer in Belfast, and is at present in England. Over the signature of "Conán Maol," he has contributed an immense quantity of fine idiomatic Irish to the *Claidheamh Solnis* and other papers. He is of splendid physique and immense personal strength, and is descended from a race famous for their prowess and bravery in old times. His sketch of O'Neill in this library is a fair specimen of his style.



MAP OF IRELAND IN THE PRESENT DAY

After Joyce and others

MAP OF IRELAND IN THE PRESENT DAY.

After a work done by General

EXCELSIOR



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GLOSSARY.

A BOCHAL (<i>A bhuaachaill</i>)	Boy, my boy.
ABOO, ABÚ!	To victory! Hurrah!
A CHARA, A CHORRA	Friend, my friend.
A COOLIN BAWN (<i>a chuilin ban</i>)	her fair-colored flowing hair.
ACUSHLA (<i>a chuisle</i>) vein—ACUSHLA MA-CHREE	Pulse of my heart.
A CUSHLA AGUS ASTHORE MACHREE (<i>a chuisle agus a stoir mo chroidhe</i>)	O pulse and treasure of my heart!
A CUSHLA GAL MO CHREE (<i>a chuisle geal mo chroidhe</i>)	O bright pulse of my heart.
AGRA, AGRADH (<i>a ghradh</i>)	Love, my love.
A-HAGUR (<i>a theagair</i>)	O dear friend! Comforter.
AILEEN AROON (<i>Eibhlin a ruin</i>)	Ellen, dear.
ALANNA (<i>a leinbh</i>)	child.
ALAUN	a lout.
ALPEEN (<i>alpin</i>)	a stick.
AN CHAITEOG	The Winnowing Sheet (name of Irish air).
ANCHUIL-FHIONN (<i>an chuileann</i>)	the white or fair-haired maiden.
ANGASHORE (<i>aindiseoir</i>)	a stingy person, a miser.
AN SMACHTAOIN CRON	the copper-colored stick of tobacco.
AN SPAILPIN FANACH	wandering laborer, a strapping fellow.
A'RA GAL (<i>a ghradh geal</i>)	O bright love!
AROON (<i>a ruin</i>)	O secret love! beloved, sweet-heart.
ARRAH (<i>ar' eadh</i>)	(literally, Was it?) Indeed!
ARTH-LOOGHRA (<i>arc luachra or arc-sleibhe</i>)	a lizard.
ASTHORE (<i>a stoir</i>)	Treasure.
A-STOIR MO CHROIDHE (<i>a stoir mo chroidhe</i>)	Treasure of my heart.
ASTOR GRA GEAL MACHREE (<i>a stoir gradh geal mo chroidhe</i>)	Treasure, bright love of my heart.
A SUILISH MACHREE (<i>a sholais mo chroidhe</i>)	Light of my heart.
A THAISGE	Treasure, my darling, my comfort.
AULAGONE (<i>ullagon</i>). See HULLAGONE.	
AVIC (<i>a mhic</i>)	Son, my son.
AVOURNEEN (<i>a mhuirnin</i>)	Darling.
BAITHERSHIN (<i>b'fheidir sin</i>)	That is possible! Likely, indeed! Perhaps.
BALLYRAGGIN	scolding, defaming.
BAN-A-T'GEE (<i>bean-an-tighe</i>)	woman of the house.
BANSHEE (<i>bean-sidhe</i>) (literally, fairy-woman)	the death-warning spirit of the old Irish families.

BANSHEE (<i>bean sidhe</i>)	fairy woman.
BAUMASH, <i>raimeis</i>	nonsense.
BAWN (<i>ban</i>)	fair, white, bright, a park.
BAWN, BADHUN	cattle-yard or cow-fortress.
BEAL-AN-ATHA-BUID (<i>beal an atha buidhe</i>)	Mouth of the Yellow Ford.
BEAN AN FIR RUAIÐH	the red-haired man's wife.
BEANNACT DE LA T'ANAM (<i>beanacht De le d'anam</i>)	The blessing of God on your soul!
BEAN SHEE (<i>bean sidhe</i>).	See BANSHEE.
BEINNSIN LAUCHRA	little bunch of rushes (Irish air).
B'EÐER SIN (<i>B'fheidir sin</i>)	See BAITHERSHIN.
BIREDH (<i>baireadh</i>)	a cap.
BLADDHERANG — BLATHERING (from <i>blad-aire</i>)	flattering.
BLASTHOGUE (<i>blastog</i>)	persuasive speech, a sweet-mouthed woman.
BOCCAGH (<i>bacach</i>)	a cripple, a beggar.
BOCCATY (<i>bacaide</i>)	anything lame.
BODACH (<i>bodagh</i>)	a churl; also a well-to-do man.
BOLIAUN BWEE (<i>buachallan bhuidhe</i>)	ragwort.
BOLIAUN DHAS (<i>buachallan deas</i>)	the ox-eye daisy.
BOLLIHOUS	rumpus.
BONNOCHT (<i>buanaidh</i>)	a billeted soldier.
BOREEN (<i>boithrin</i>)	a little road, a lane (a diminutive of <i>bothar</i> , a road).
BOSTHOON (<i>bastamhan</i>)	a blockhead; also a stick made of rushes.
BOthered (<i>bodhar</i>)	deaf, bothered.
BOUCHAL (<i>buachaill</i>)	a boy.
BOUCHELLEN BAWN (<i>buachaillín ban</i>)	white (haired) little boy.
BREHONS (<i>breitheamhain</i>)	the hereditary judges of the Irish Septs.
BRIGHDIN BAN MO STORE (<i>brighidin ban mo stor</i>)	White (haired) Bridget, my treasure.
BRISHE (brisheadh)	breaking; a battle.
BROCHANS (<i>brochan</i>)	gruel, porridge.
BROGUE (<i>brog</i>)	a shoe.
BRUGAID (<i>brughaidh</i>)	a keeper of a house of public hospitality.
BRUIGHEAN	a fair mansion, a pavilion, a court.
BRUSHNA (<i>brosna</i>)	broken sticks for firewood.
BUNNAUN (<i>buinnean</i>)	a stick, a sapling.
CAILIN DEAS	a pretty girl.
CAILIN DEAS CRUIDHE NA MBO (<i>cailin deas crudhete na m-bo</i>)	the pretty milkmaid.
CAILIN OG	a young girl.
CAILIN RUADH	a red (haired) girl.
CAIRDERGA (<i>cuoire dearga</i>)	a red berry, the rowan berry.
CAISH (<i>ceis</i>)	a young female pig.
CAISTLA-NA-KIRKA	Castlekerke.
CALLIAGH (<i>cailleach</i>)	a hag, a witch.
CANATS	a term of supreme contempt.
CANAWAUN (<i>ceanna-bhan</i>)	bog cotton.
CAOCH	blind, blind of one eye.
CAOINE (<i>caoineadh</i>)	a keen, a wail, a lament.

CAPPAIN D'YARRAG (<i>caipin dearg</i>)	a red cap.
CASADH AN TSUGAIN	the twisting of the straw rope.
CAUBEEN (<i>caibin</i>)	a hat, literally "little cap," the diminutive of <i>caib</i> , a cape, cope, or hood.
CEAD MILE FAILTE	A hundred thousand welcomes!
CEANBHAN (<i>ceanna-bhan</i>)	bog cotton. See <i>Cannawaun</i> .
CEAN DUBH DEELISH (<i>acheann dubh dhilis</i>)	Faithful black head, dear dark-haired girl.
CLAIRSEACH	harp.
CLEAVE (<i>cliabh</i>)	a basket, a creel.
CLOCHAUN (<i>clochan</i>)	a stone-built cell, stepping-stones.
COATAMORE (<i>cota mor</i>)	a great coat, an overcoat.
CODHLADH AN TSIONNAIGH	The Fox's Sleep (name of Irish air). Pretending death.
COLLAUNEEN (<i>coileainin</i>)	a little pup.
COLLEAGH CUSHMOR (<i>cailleach cos-mor</i>)	a big-footed hag.
COLLEEN BAWN (<i>cailin ban</i>)	a fair-haired girl.
COLLEEN DHAS	pretty girl.
COLLEEN DHAS CROOTHA NABO (<i>cailin deas eruidhete na m-bo</i>)	the pretty milkmaid.
COLLEEN DHOWN	a brown-haired girl. "Dhown" is the Munster pronunciation of <i>donn</i> , brown.
COLLEEN RUE (<i>cailin ruadh</i>)	a red-haired girl.
COLLIPOCH (<i>cailleach</i>)	an old hag, a witch.
COLLOGUE	collogue, whispering; probably from colloquy.
COLLOGUIN	talking together, colloquy.
COLUIM CUIL (<i>St. Columbcille</i>)	St. Columba of the cells. The dove of the cell.
COMEDHER (<i>comether</i>)	Come hither.
CONN CEAD CATHA	Conn of the hundred battles, King of Ireland in the second century.
COOLIN (<i>cuin</i>)	flowing 'tresses, or back hair. From <i>cul</i> , back.
COOM (<i>cum</i>)	hollow, valley.
COTAMORE. See COATAMORE.	
COULAAN (<i>cuileann</i>)	a head of hair.
CREEPIE	a three-legged stool, a form or bench.
CREEVEEN EEVEEN (<i>Chraobhín aoibhinn</i>)	Delightful Little Branch.
CROMMEAL (<i>croimbheal</i>)	a mustache.
CRONAN	the bass in music, a deep note, a humming.
CROOSHEENIN	whispering.
CROPIES	the democratic party—alluding to their short hair, or round heads.
CROSSANS (<i>croasan</i>)	gleeman, gleemen.
CROUBS (<i>erub</i>)	a paw, clumsy fingers.
CRUACH	a conical-topped mountain, a stack.
CRUACHAN NA FEINNE	Croghan of the Fena of Erin.
CRUADABHILL	Dabhilla's rock, a lookout on the coast of Dublin.

CRUISKEEN (<i>cruiscin</i>)	a flask, a little jar, a cruet.
CRUINSTIN	throwing.
CRUIT	a harp.
CUBRETON (<i>cu-Breatan</i>)	a man's name, the hero of Britain.
CUR CODDOIGH	comfortable.
CURP AN DUOUL (<i>corp o'n diabhal</i>)	Body to the devil!
CUSHLA MACHREE (<i>a chuisle mo chroidhe</i>)	Pulse of my heart.
CUSSAMUCK (<i>cusamuc</i>)	leavings, rubbish, remains.
DALTHEEN (<i>dailtin</i>)	a foster child ; also a puppy.
DAR-A-CHREESTH (<i>Dar Criost</i>)	By Christ !
DAUNY (<i>dona</i>)	puny, weak.
DAWNSHEE (<i>from damhainsi</i>)	acuteness.
DEESHY	small, delicate.
DEOCH AN DORAI\$	the parting drink, the stirrup-cup.
DEOCH SHLAINTE AN RIOGH	Health to the King !
DHUEEN (<i>duidin</i>)	a short pipe, what the French call <i>brûle-gueule</i> .
DHURAGH (<i>duthracht</i>)	a generous spirit, something extra.
DILSK, DULSE (<i>duileasc</i>)	sea-grass, dulse.
DINA MAGH (<i>Daoine maithe</i>)	the good people, the fairies.
DOONY. See DAUNY.	
DRAHERIN O MACHREE (<i>Dreabhraithrin o' mo chroidhe</i>)	O little brother of my heart.
DRIMIN DON DILIS (<i>Dhruimeann donn dhi-leas</i>)	Dear brown cow.
DRIMMIN (<i>dhruimeann</i>)	a white-backed cow.
DRIMMIN DHU DHEELISH (literally, the dear cow with the white back, but used figuratively in Ireland)	name of a famous Irish air.
DRIMMIN DUBH DHEELISH (<i>Dhruimeann dubh dhileas</i>)	white-back cow.
DRINAWN DHUNN (<i>droighnean donn</i>)	brown blackthorn.
DROOLEEN (<i>dreoilin</i>)	the wren.
DROOTH	thirst (cf. "drought").
EIBHLIN A RUIN	Dear Ellen.
EIBHUL (<i>uibéal</i>)	clew.
ERENACH (<i>airechinneach</i>)	a steward of church lands, a caretaker.
ERIC (<i>eiric</i>)	a compensation or fine, a ransom.
ERIN SLANGTHAGAL GO BRAGH (<i>Eire Sláinte geal go brath</i>)	Erin, a bright health forever.
FADH (<i>fada</i>)	tall, long.
FAG-A-BEALACH (<i>Fag an Bealach</i>)	Clear the way ! Sometimes <i>Faugh a Ballagh !</i>
FAUGHED	despised.
FAYSH (<i>feis</i>)	a festival.
FEADAIM MA'S AIL LIOM	I Can if I Please (name of Irish air).
FEASCOR (<i>feascar</i>)	evening.
FEURGORTACH (<i>fear gortach</i>)	hungry-grass : a species of mountain grass, supposed to cause fainting if trod upon.
FLAUGHOLOCH (<i>flaitheamhlach</i>)	princely, liberal.

FOOSTHER.....	fumbling.
FOOTY.....	small, mean, insignificant.
FOSGAIL AN DORUS	Open the Door (name of Irish air).
FRECHANS (<i>fraochan</i>)	a mountain berry; huckle-berries.
FUILLELUAH (<i>fuil a liugh</i>)	an exclamation.
FUIRSEOIR	a juggler, buffoon.
 GAD.....	withe, etc., for attaching cows.
GANCANERS. See GEAN-CANACH.	
GARNAVILLA (<i>Gardha an bhlé</i>)	The Garden of the Tree; a place near Caher.
GARRAN MORE (<i>gearran mor</i>)	<i>Garran</i> , a hack horse, a gelding; <i>more</i> , "big."
GARRON (<i>gearan</i>)	hack or gelding, a horse.
GEALL	a pledge, a hostage.
GEAN-CANACH	a love talker; a kind of fairy appearing in lonesome valleys.
GEASA.....	an obligation, vow, bond.
GEERSHA (<i>girseach</i>)	a little girl.
GEOCACH.....	a gluttonous stroller.
GILLY (<i>giolla</i>)	servant; hence the names Gilchrist, Gilpatrick, Kilpatrick, Gilbride, Kilbride, etc. (<i>Giolla-Chriosda</i> , servant of Christ; <i>giolla-Phaidrig</i> , servant of Patrick, etc.).
 GIRSHA. See GEERSHA.	
GO-DE-THU, MAVOURNEEN SLAUN (<i>Go dteith tu mo mhuiirnin slan</i>)	May you go safe, my darling; <i>i.e.</i> Farewell.
GO LEOR.....	plenty, a sufficiency, enough.
GOLLAM (<i>Golamh</i>)	a name of Milesius, the Spanish progenitor of the Irish Milesians.
GOMERAL	a fool, an oaf.
GOMMOCH (<i>gamach</i>)	a stupid fellow.
GOMSH.....	otherwise "gumption"—sense, acuteness.
GORSOON, GOSSOON (<i>garsun</i>)	a boy; an attendant (<i>cf.</i> French <i>garçon</i>).
GOSTHER (<i>gastuir</i>)	prate, foolish talk.
GOULOQUE (<i>gabhalog</i>)	a forked stick.
GRACIE OG MO CHROIDHE	Young Gracie of my heart.
GRAH (<i>gradh</i>)	love.
GRAMACHREE (<i>gradh mo chroidhe</i>)	Love of my heart.
GRAMACHREE MA COLLEEN OGE, MOLLY ASTHORE (<i>gradh mo chroidhe mo cailin og, Molly a stoir</i>)	Love of my heart is my young girl, Molly, my treasure.
GRAMMACHREE MA CRUISKEEN (<i>gradh mo chroidhe, etc.</i>)	Love of my heart my little jug.
GRAWLS	children.
GREENAN (<i>grianan</i>)	a summer house, a veranda, a sunny parlor.
GUSHAS. See GEERSHA.	

HULLAGONE (<i>Uaill a chan</i>)	an Irish wail, grief, woe.
IAR CONNAUGHT	Western Connaught.
INAGH (<i>An-eadh</i>)	Is it? Indeed.
INCH (<i>inse</i>)	an island.
IRISHIAN	(English word) one skilled in the Irish language.
JACKEEN	a fop, a cad, a trickster.
KATHALEEN BAWN (<i>Caitlin ban</i>)	Fair-haired Kathleen.
KEAD MILLE FAULTE (<i>cead mile failte</i>)	A hundred thousand welcomes!
KEEN. See CAOINE	the death-cry or lament over the dead.
KIERAWAUN ABOO	Kirwan forever! Hurrah for Kirwan!
KIMMEENS	sly tricks.
KINKORA (<i>Cionn Coradh</i>)	"The Head of the Weir," the royal residence of Brian Boru.
KIPEEN (<i>cipin</i>)	a bit of a stick.
KISH (<i>ceis</i>)	a large wicker basket.
KISHOGUE (<i>cuseog</i>)	a wisp of straw, a stem of corn, a blade of grass.
KITCHEN	anything eaten with food, a condiment.
KITHOGUE (<i>ciotog</i>)	the left hand.
KNOCKAWN (<i>cnocan</i>)	a hillock.
KNOCK CUHTHE (<i>cnoc coise</i>)	the mountain-like foot.
LAN	full.
LANNA	<i>i.e.</i> <i>alanna</i> , child (which see).
LAUNAH WALLAH (<i>Lan an Mhala</i>)	the full of the bag.
LEANAN SIDHE	Fairy sweetheart.
LEIBHIONNA	a platform or deck.
LENAUN (<i>leanan</i>)	a sweetheart, or a fairy lover.
LEPRECHAUN	a mischievous elf or fairy. ¹
LONNEYS	expression of surprise.
ULLALO (<i>Liugh liugh leo</i>)	Scream, scream with them! (Burthen-words in lullaby.)
LUSMORES (<i>lus mor</i>)	a foxglove, fairy-finger plant.
MA BOUCHAL (<i>Mo bhuaachaill</i>)	My boy.
MACHREE (<i>mo chroidhe</i>)	My heart.
MA COLLEEN DHAS CRUTHEEN NA MBHO	"The Pretty Girl Milking her Cow," a famous Irish air.
MAGHA BRAGH (<i>amach go bragh</i>)	out for ever.
MAHURP ON DUOUL (<i>Mo chorp on deabhal</i>)	My body to the devil!
MALAVOGUE	to trounce, to maul.
MAVOURNEEN (<i>Mo mhuirnnin</i>)	My darling.
MERIN (<i>meirin</i>)	a boundary, a mark.
MILLE MURDHER (<i>mile murder</i>)	A thousand murders!
MILLIA MURTHER	A thousand murders (a common ejaculation).
MO BHRON	My sorrow.
MO BHUAICHLIN BUIDHE	My yellow-haired little boy.
MO BOUCHAL (<i>Mo bhuaachaill</i>)	My boy.
MO CRAOIBHAN CNO (<i>Mo chraoibhin cno</i>)	My little branch of nuts.

¹ The popular idea in Ireland is that if you catch one working at his usual occupation (behind a hedge) of shoemaking, and do not take your eyes off him, which he endeavors to induce his captor by various ruses to do, he will discover where treasure is hidden.

MO CROIDHE (<i>Mo chroidhe</i>)	My heart.
MOIDHERED	same as "bothered."
MO LEUN (<i>Mo lean</i>)	My sorrow.
MO MHUIRNIN	My darling.
MONADAUN (<i>monadan</i>)	a bog berry.
MONONIA (MUNSTER)	Latinized form of Irish <i>Mumhan</i> , pronounced "Moo-an."
MOREEN (<i>morrin</i>)	the diminutive of <i>Mor</i> , a woman's name, now obsolete.
	Grandmother.
MORYAH (<i>mar 'dh eadh</i>)	but for.
MOY MELL (<i>Magh meall</i>)	The Plain of Knolls—a druidic paradise.
MULVATHERED	worried.
MUSHA (<i>Ma is eadh</i>)	well (in such phrases as "Well, how are you?" "Well, how are all?") Also, If it is! Well indeed!
NACH MBAINEANN SIN DO	(him) whom that does not concern (Irish air).
NEIL DHUV (<i>Niall Dubh</i>)	black-haired Neil.
NHARROUGH (<i>narrach</i>)	cross, ill-tempered.
NIIGI (<i>naoi</i>)	nine.
NI MHEALLFAR ME ARIS	I shall not be deceived again.
NORA CREINA (<i>Nora chrionna</i>)	Wise Norah (an Irish air).
OCH HONE	exclamation expressing grief.
OCHONE MACHREE (<i>Ochon mo chroidhe</i>)	Alas, my heart!
OGE (<i>og</i>)	young.
OH, MAGRA HU, MA GRIENCHREE HU (<i>O mo ghradh thu! Mo ghraidhín eroidhe thu!</i>)	O my love thou art! My heart's loving pity thou art!
OLLAVES (<i>ollamh</i>)	a doctor of learning, professor.
OMADHAUN (<i>amadan</i>)	a fool, a simpleton.
ORO	an exclamation.
OWNA BWEE (<i>Amain bhuidhe</i>)	Yellow river.
OWNY NA COPPAL (<i>Eoghan na capall</i>)	Owen of the horses.
PADHEREENS (<i>paidrin</i> , from <i>paidir</i> , the pater)	the Rosary beads.
PASTHEEN FINN (<i>paistin fionn</i>)	little fair-haired child.
PATTERN	(English word) a gathering at a saint's shrine, well, etc.; festival of a patron saint.
PAUDAREENS. See PADHEREENS.	
PAUGH	flutter, panting.
PEARLA AN BHROLLAIGH BHAIN	Pearl of White Breast (Irish air).
PHAIRDRIG NA PIB (<i>Padraig na bpíop</i>)	Patrick of the pipes; Paddy the piper.
PHILLALEW (<i>fuil el-luadh</i>)	a ruction, hullabaloo.
PINCI. See PINKEEN.	
PINKEEN (<i>pincin</i>)	a very small fish, a stickleback.
PLANXTY (<i>plaingstigh</i>)	Irish dance measure.
POGUE (<i>pog</i>)	a kiss.
POLSHEE	diminutive of Polly.
POLTHOGE (<i>palltug</i>)	a thump or blow.
POREENS (<i>poirin</i> , a small stone)	small, applied to small potatoes.

POTEEN (<i>poitin</i>)	(literally, a little pot) a still; hence illicit whisky.
RANN	a verse, a saying, a rhyme.
RATH	a circular earthen mound or fort, very common in Ireland, and popularly believed to be inhabited by fairies.
REE SHAMUS (<i>Righ Seamus</i>)	King James.
RHUA (<i>ruadh</i>)	red or red-haired.
ROISIN DUBH	Black Little Rose.
ROSE GALB (<i>Roise Geal</i>)	Fair Rose.
RORY OGE (<i>Ruaidhri og</i>)	young Rory.
SALACHS (<i>salach</i>)	dirty, untidy people.
SALLIES (<i>saileog</i>)	a willow, willows.
SAVOURNEEN DHEELISH (<i>'Samhuirnin dhilis</i>)	And my faithful darling.
SCALPEEN (from <i>scalp</i>)	a fissure, a cleft.
SCUT (<i>scud</i>)	a thing of little worth.
SEAN VON VOCHT (<i>sean bhean bhocht</i>)	poor old woman.
SHAMOUS (<i>Seamus</i>)	James.
SHAN DHU	dark John.
SHAN MORE	big John.
SHANE RUADH	red-haired John.
SHAN VAN VOGH (<i>an Tsean Bhean Bhocht</i>)	Poor Old Woman.
SHAROOSE (<i>Searbas</i>)	bitterness.
SHEEBEEN (<i>sibin</i>)	a place for sale of liquor, generally illicit.
SHEEIN	young pollack, or of any fish.
SHEELAH (<i>Sighle</i>)	Celia.
SHEE MOLLY MO STORE (<i>Si Molly mo stor</i>)	It's Molly is my treasure.
SHEILA NI GARA (<i>Sighle ni Ghadhra</i>)	Celia O'Gara (an allegorical name of Ireland).
SHEMUS RUA (<i>Seamus Ruadh</i>)	red (haired) James.
SHILLALY, SHILLELAH	an oak stick, a cudgel. From the wood of Shillelagh in County Wicklow.
SHILLOO	a shout.
SHOHEEN HO, SHOHEEN SHO (<i>Seoithin seoidh</i>)	Burthen words of lullaby. Hush-a-by.
SHOOLING	strolling, wandering. From the word <i>siubhal</i> , tramping.
SHOUGH (<i>seach</i>)	a turn, a blast or draw of a pipe.
SHUGUDHEIN (<i>'Seadh go deimhin</i>)	Yes, indeed!
SHULE AGRA (<i>Siubhail a ghradh</i>)	Walk, love; i.e. Come, my love.
SHULERS (<i>siubhaloir</i> , a walker)	tramps.
SIOS AGUS SIOS LIOM	Up with me and down with me.
SLAINTE GEAL, MAVOURNEEN	Bright health, my darling.
SLAINTE GO BRAGH (<i>Slainte go bhrath</i>)	Health forever!
SLAN LEAT!	Adieu! Farewell!
SLEEVEEN	a sly, cunning fellow. From <i>slioch</i> , sly.
SLEWSTHERING	flattering.
SLIABH NA M-BAN	The Mountain of the Women.
SMADDHER	to break. From <i>smiot</i> , a fragment.
SMIDDHEREENS	small fragments. Probably from <i>smiot</i> , as above.

SMULLUCK (<i>smullog</i>)	a fillip.
SOGGARTH AROON (<i>Shagairt a ruin</i>)	Dear Priest!
SONSY	happy, pleasant. Probably from <i>sonas</i> , happiness.
SOOTHER	to wheedle. From the English.
SOWKINSsoul.
SPAEMAN	fortune-teller.
SPALPEEN (<i>spailpin</i>)	a common laborer; also a conceited fellow with nothing in him.
SPARTH (<i>spairt</i>)	wet turf.
SPIDHOGUE (<i>spideog</i>)	a puny thing or person.
SRAHAUNS (<i>spreasan</i>)	an insignificant fellow.
STHREEL (<i>straileadh</i>)	a slut, a sloven.
STOOKAWN (<i>stuacan</i>)	a lazy, idle fellow.
STRAVAIGING	rambling.
STRONSHUCK (<i>stroinse</i>)	a big lazy woman.
SUANTRAIGHE	a sleeping or cradle song.
SUGGAWN (<i>tsugan</i>)	a rope of hay or straw.
TARBH	bull.
TH' ANAM AN DHIA (<i>D'anam do Dhia</i>)	My soul to God!
THE CRUISKEEN LAWN (<i>Cruisgin lan</i>)	Full little flask or jar.
THRANEEN, TRANEEN (<i>traithnin</i>)	a little; a trifle; a stem of grass.
THUCKEENS (<i>tuicin</i>)	an ill-mannered little girl.
TILLOCH (<i>tulach</i>)	small plot of land, a hillock.
TIR FA TONN (<i>Tir fa Tonn</i>)	Land under the wave—Hollow land.
TIR-NA-MBOO (<i>Tir na m-beo</i>)	Land of the live (beings).
TIRNANOGE (<i>Tir nan og</i>)	Land of the young.
TRUMAUNS (<i>troman</i>)	a reel on a spindle.
TUG	the middleband of a flail.
UCHLUAIM	the breast or front hem of a sail.
ULICAN. See HULLAGONE.	
ULLAGONE (<i>ullagon</i>). See HULLAGONE.	
USHA. See MUSHA (<i>mhuise</i>).	
VO	Alas! Oine, ay de mi!
WEENOCK (<i>'mhaoineach</i>)	O treasure.
WEESHEE (<i>weeshy</i>)	little. From <i>wee</i> .
WEIRA, WIRRA. See WURRA.	
WHAT <i>Holly</i> IS ON YOU?	What are you about?
WIRRASTHREUE (<i>O Mhuire is truagh</i>)	O Mary, it is sad! (an ejaculation to the Virgin).
WIRRASTRUE (<i>'Mhuire is truagh</i>)	Mary! 't is a pity!
WISHA. See MUSHA.	
WOMMASIN	strolling.
WURRA (<i>A Mhuire</i>)	O Mary! (i.e. the Blessed Virgin).
YEOS	(English word) yeomen.

GENERAL INDEX.

THIS consists of an Index of Authors, books quoted from, titles of stories, essays, poems, subjects dealt with, of which the library consists, and first lines of the poetry. And these are each indicated by different kinds of type as set forth below.

As 'IRISH LITERATURE' touches upon Irish life at every point, the index has been made as full as practicable without overweighting it, and the entries are cross-referenced as fully as may be needed by those interested in any phase of it.

As the arrangement of the library is according to the authors' names, and as the biographies contain a full bibliography of each author, we have not indexed the whole of their works, but only those represented in 'IRISH LITERATURE.'

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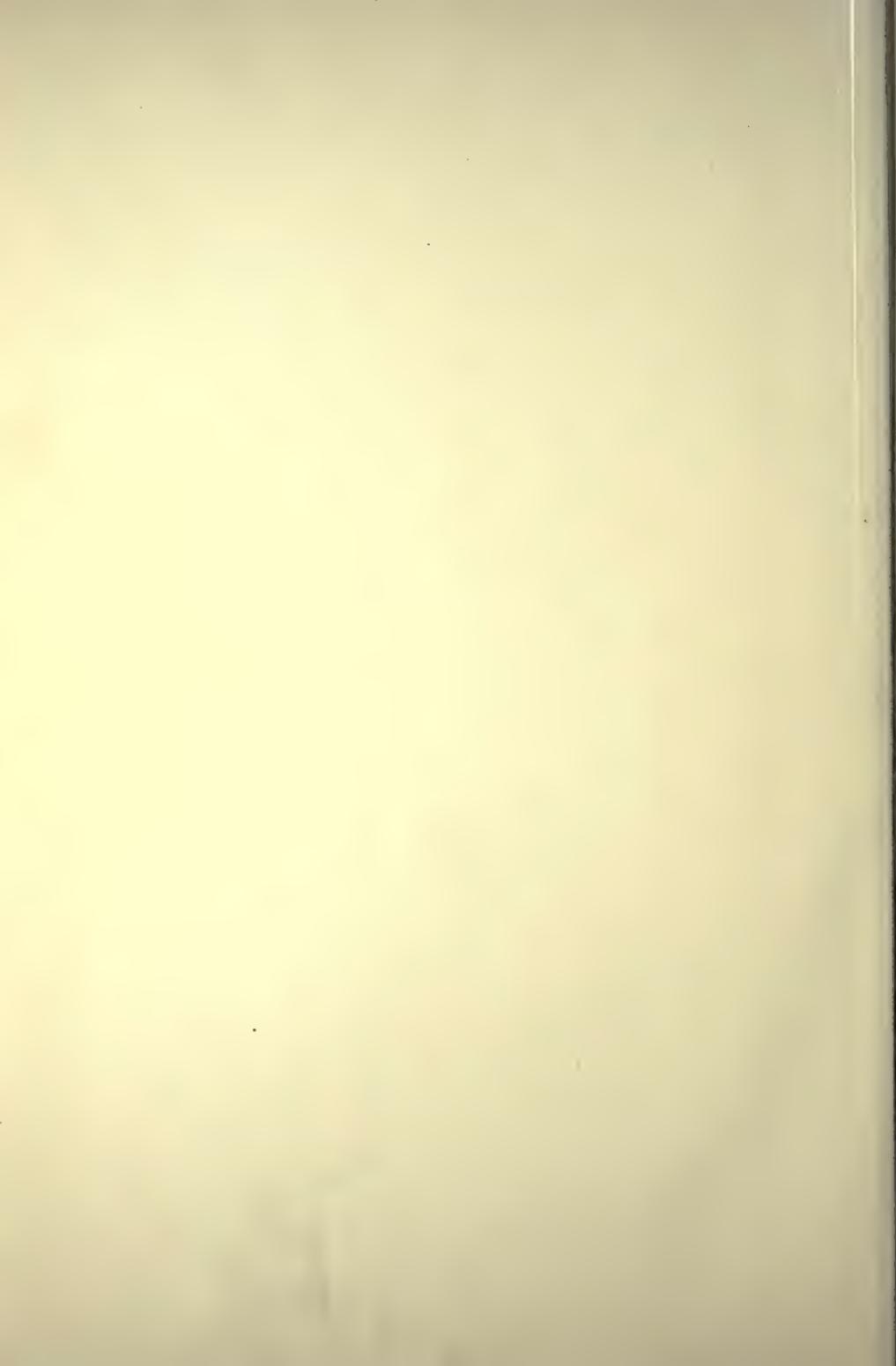
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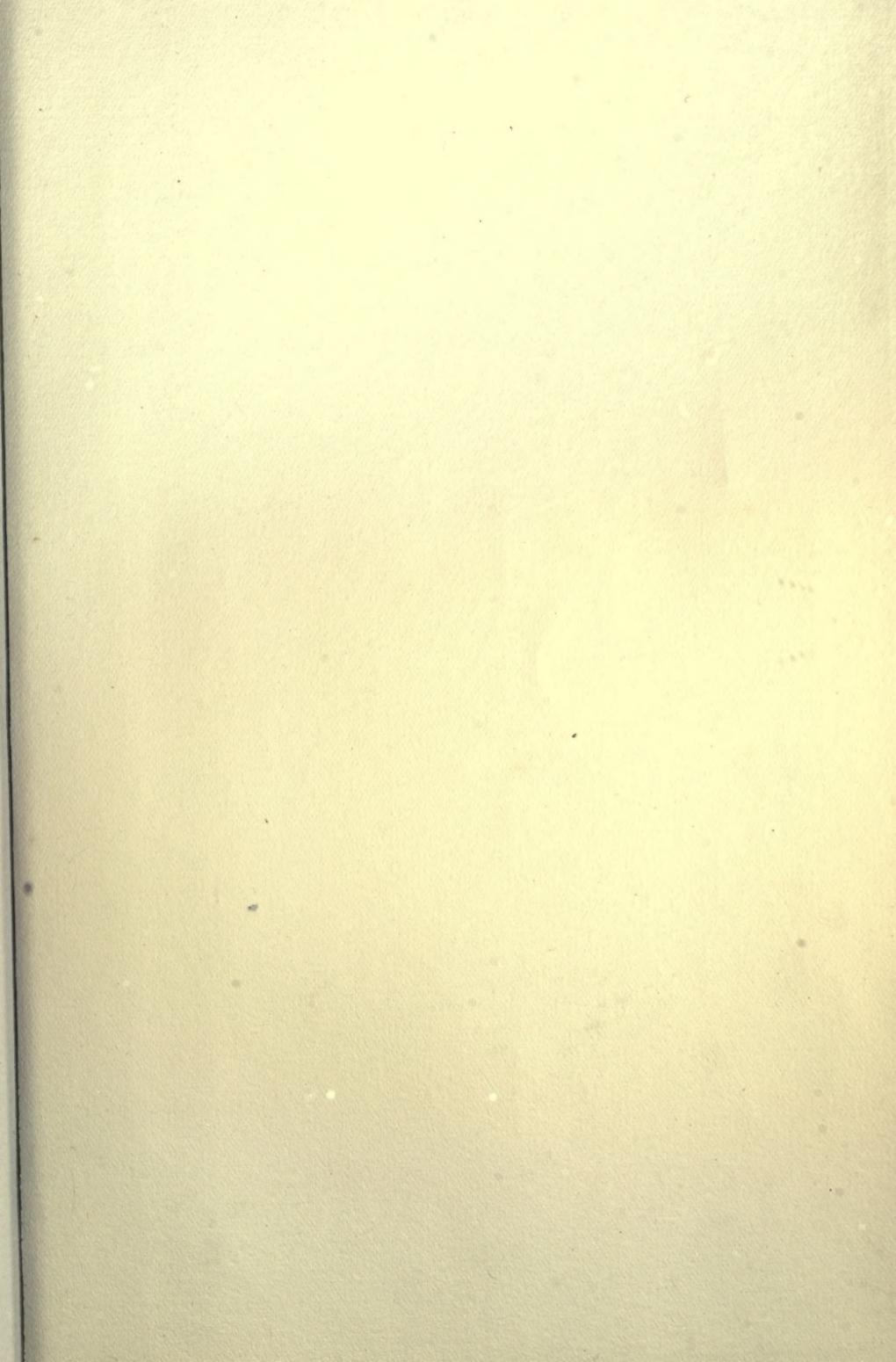
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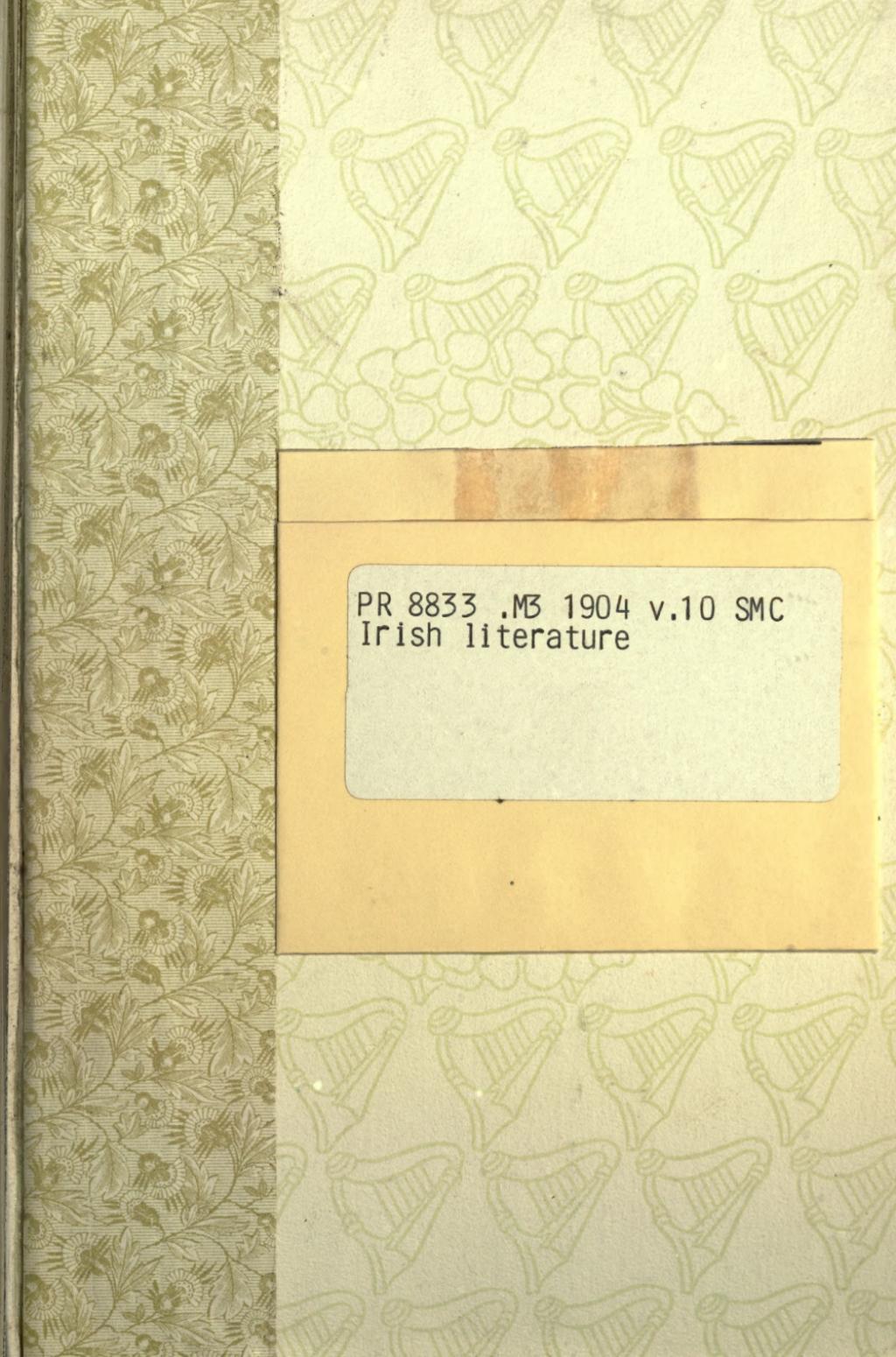
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